This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

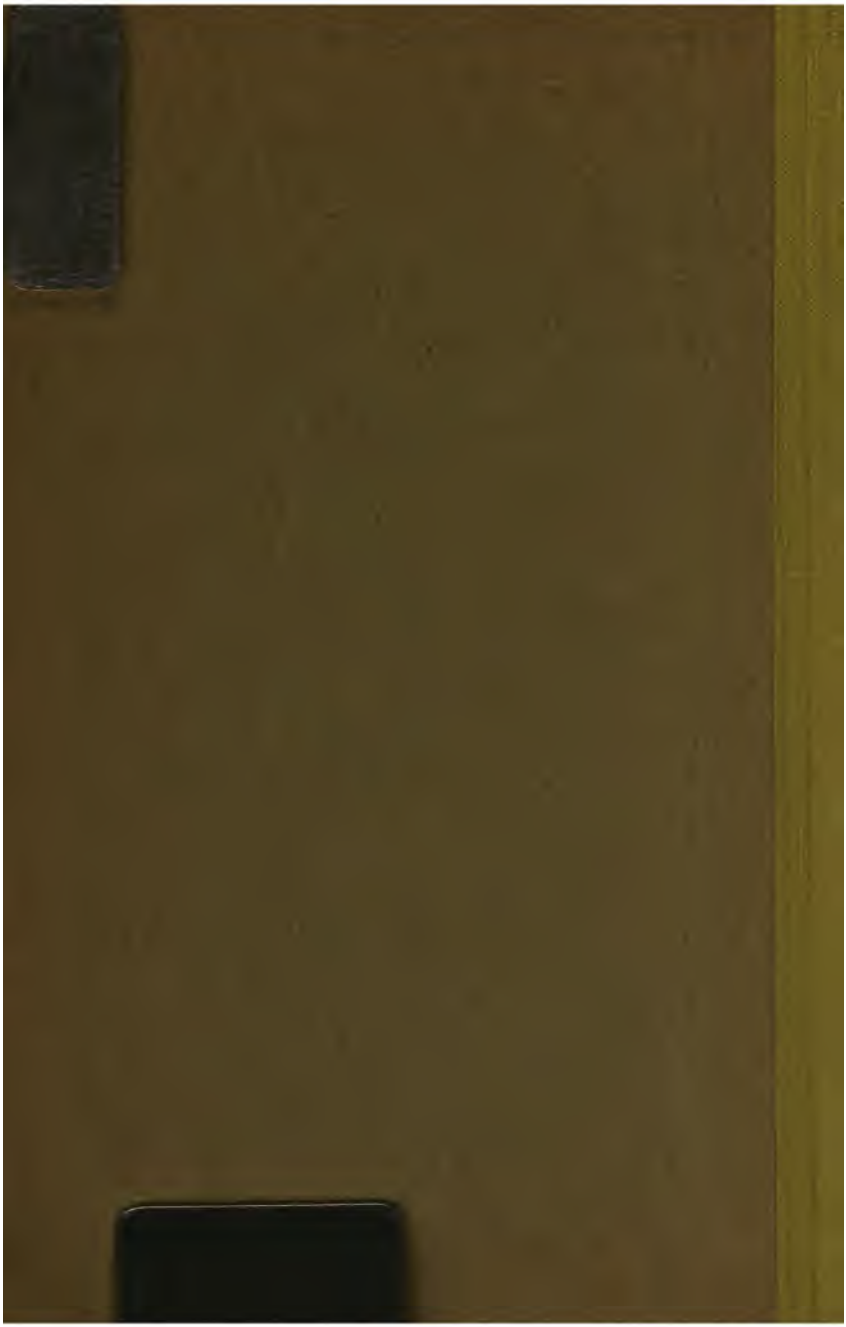
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

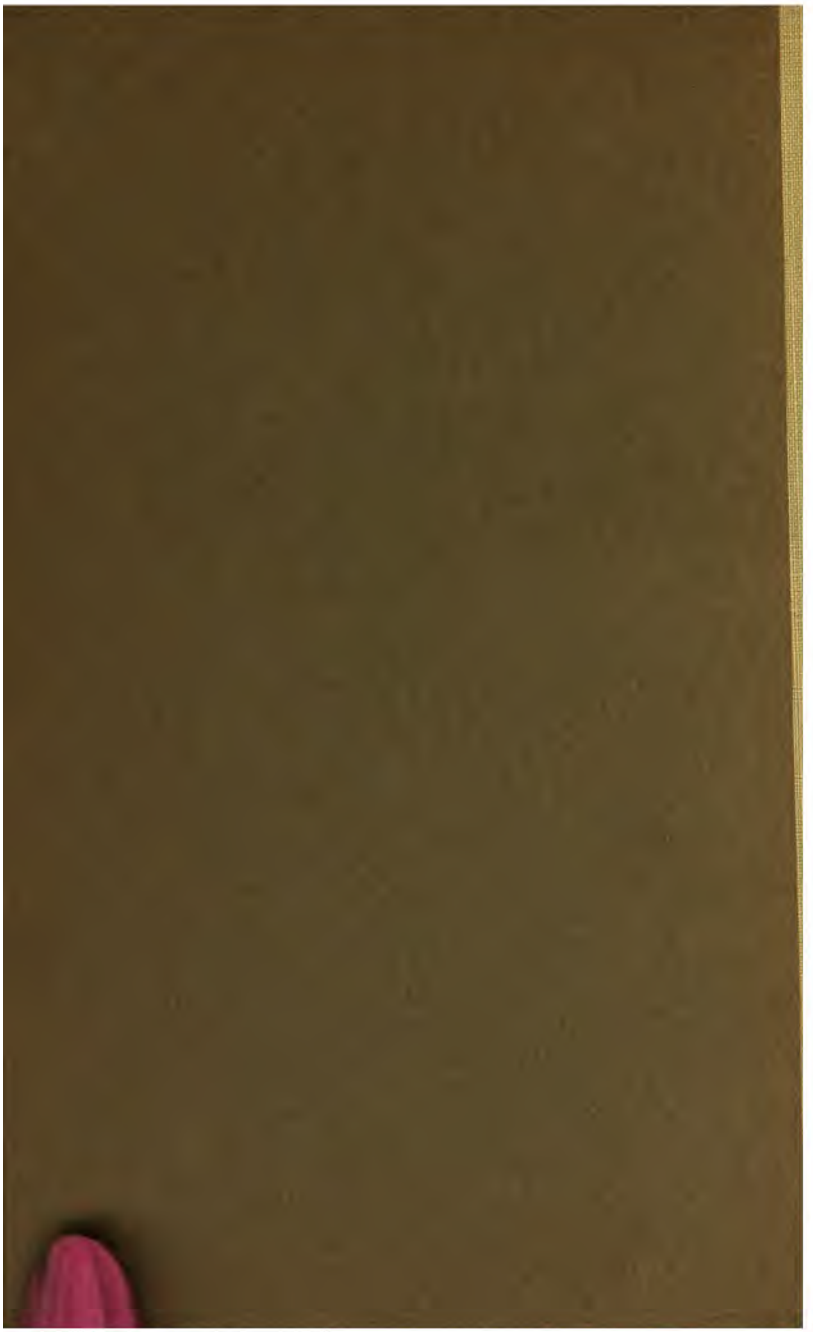
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`





THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R L

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

H. B. Lowe

MEMOIR

OF

REV. H. B. SOULE.

BY

CAROLINE A. SOULE.

God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly
What He has given;
They live on earth, in thought and deed, as truly
As in His heaven.

WHITTIER.

NEW YORK:
HENRY LYON, 333 BROADWAY.
AUBURN:
M. W. FISH, 96 GENESEE-STREET.
1852.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.
R. 1902 L.

ENTERED, according to act of Congress, in the Year One Thousand Eight Hundred and Fifty-two, by CAROLINE A. SOULE, in the Office of the Clerk of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

INTRODUCTORY LETTER.

THE following letter, from a highly esteemed friend, introduces the editor and her labors more happily than anything she could submit from her own pen. I would thank him for the kind words he has written. To those other valued friends, whose contributions have not only enhanced the intrinsic value of this Memoir, but assisted me greatly in my delicate labor of love—to him who first suggested it—and to all whose sympathy and encouragement have relieved the loneliness and strengthened the weakness of my heart during the last few months, I would return my liveliest gratitude. May that day be far in the future, in which they shall need the sympathy they have so generously given their bereaved sister.

C. A. S.

NEW YORK, *August* 20, 1852.

MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE:

My Dear Friend,—I am much gratified to learn that you intend publishing a Memoir and a Selection from the Writings of your departed husband. The work belongs to you. But while you have undertaken it in the right of relationship and affection, I am sure also that, for the public interest, it could not have been intrusted to better hands. Of all others, a faithful and discriminating wife is best qualified, not only to collect the details, but to exhibit that actual *spirit of a life* which is so essential to a complete biography. Such a biography of Brother

Soule you are warranted in presenting to the world, and especially to those with whom he was associated in faith and labor. Respected and beloved by them, lamenting the close of his career in its very noon-tide, they will gladly preserve the record of his personal history and the memorials by which he yet speaks to them. For myself, I need not tell you that I knew him well, and that our toil in a common ministry was cheered by the most friendly intercourse. I will not attempt any personal analysis, yet I would say, that, next to his sterling character, his moral faithfulness, I honored Brother Soule for his sound and cultivated mind, his sympathy with good learning, especially in its relation to the office of the preacher, and the character which he imparted to our denominational pulpit by his own illustration. He brought a well-furnished and disciplined intellect to aid a heart earnest in its Master's cause. I know well the usefulness and ability which with him have dropped from our ranks, the manly nature, the steadfast friendship, which have passed into the larger sphere, and which upon earth abide now only in the deep places of memory. But they will be cherished there; and the task which you have undertaken, attended by the sympathies of all who know you, will freshen and confirm them. For yourself, this will prove to be not only a work of duty, but of consolation. In selecting and arranging his writings—the features and expressions of his own spirit—you will feel that you are still ministering to *him*, while in living over the vanished years—in retracing with a sweet sadness the lineaments of his life and character, and setting them forth in that vividness and proportion which can be wrought only by the inspiration of love—you will realize the perpetuity of human affection, and how imperishable after all are the richest results of our earthly communions.

To those greater Lights, the consolations which are in God and in Christ, I need not direct your attention. You have already availed yourself of them. The illustration you have offered of the sublimity and beauty which the Christian Faith can pour upon the desolation of the widow and the orphan, has cheered and strengthened us all.

Yours, fraternally, E. H. CHAPIN.

CONTENTS.

Memoir ..... PAGE 9
The Child 15
A New Home 17
Going to School 23
Early Sorrow 24
From thirteen to sixteen 29
From sixteen to nineteen 34
The Student at Master Parker's 37
The Schoolmaster 42
The Student at Clinton 44
The Preacher in Oxford 54
in Fort Plain 63
in Troy 70
in Clinton 74
in Utica 80
in Boston 84
Br. Soule in Boston, by Rev. O. A. Skinner 90
in Gloucester 94
in Hartford 96
Letters from Granby 108
Br. Soule in Connecticut, by Rev. T. P. Abell 130
The Liturgy 136
One month in Lyons 139
Personal Recollections, by Rev. J. T. Goodrich 153
" " by Rev. T. B. Thayer 164
Sonnet, by Rev. D. K. Lee 172
An Address 173
Our Elder Brethren in the Ministry 189

What is an Odd Fellow? ..... PAGE 195
The Infidel 203
"He is not here, but is risen" 211
The Uses of Sorrow 217
The Office of Religion 225
One with Christ 235
Punishment of Murderous Suicides 246
Moral Results of Potter's Execution 260
Comparative Excellence of Universalism as a Religion 270
The Religion of Home 279
The Periodic Development of Christianity 287
Goodness its own Reward 299
The Divine Superintendence 306
Accordance of Christianity with Human Nature 315
A Lion in the Way 319
The Death of Christ 327
Impossibility of Endless Punishment 334
Religion of the Bible 344
The Divine Omnipresence 351
Christian Hope 360
Infidelity of Life 366
Historical Proof of the Moral Tendency of Universalism:
No. I. 374
II. 382
"They shall be Comforted" 392

MEMOIR.

MEMOIRS.

The story of life is instructive. Humanity is so mysteriously, yet divinely linked, that "none of us liveth to himself." Let the heart count never so few or so many pulsations, let it be good or evil, happy or sad, it is yet a teacher, and an earnest and impressive one. But while every life has its lessons, all are not equally healthful and holy. That which was scarred, worthless, repulsive, crimson with its crucified hopes, loves and aspirations, is not as worthy of remembrance as the one which was whole, zealous, bountiful, beautiful, true to the divinity within it. The former is only a suggestion; the latter, an inspiration. The demon may warn from hell, but the angel will guide to heaven.

It is well to cherish the memory of a *true* life. Its teachings are all significant of good. They come to the heart, like sunshine and dew to the flower, aiding, strengthening, developing, perfecting. That life only is true, which seeks ever to embody virtue in more tangible and lovely forms, which directs its noble energies in a proper path, which is vital with tender charities, strong hopes, earnest endeavors, divine aspirations. It is the earthly striving to become the heavenly. It may doubt, but it never despairs; it may struggle, but it always conquers; it may fear, but it never falters; it may sin, but it always repents. It is ever loving, forgiving, trusting. It consecrates its time to God, its labors to the good of man.

One who strove to live a true life has lately passed away.

I purpose to write a faithful memorial of his life and labors. I shall endeavor to furnish one which will come to his children as he would have come to their memory, had he not been taken from them when their years were so few; one which shall come to his friends as he was wont when living to come to their firesides; one which shall be a hope and a prayer to the young apostles treading in his footsteps, and a joy and a blessing to all who may choose to read. And if I sometimes write rather as the widow than the biographer, I trust I shall be judged by the heart, rather than the head.

Henry Birdsall Soule was born in the town of Dover, Duchess County, N. Y., on the 7th day of July, 1815. He was the son of Clement and Mary Soule, and the eldest of four children. The "unmusical cognomen," as he was wont to term it, by which he was ushered into the great Christian family, was conferred upon him by an intimate and eccentric friend of his father, who testified, by his partiality for domestic scenes, and his fondness for little children, that his single life was a matter of necessity rather than choice. At the christening, the child received a gift and a promise. The gift, three and a half yards of calico, (a bachelor's idea of an infant's dress!) he wore out; but though he faithfully adhered to the name, his purse was never the heavier for it: whether from the circumstance that the sponsor died ere he found the golden placer, or that finding it, he was enabled to take to his heart those nearer and dearer than the child of his friend, is not known. But he brightened and blessed many an hour of his namesake's childhood, and some of the stories which he whispered into the ear of the little one, were remembered and transcribed by the man.

As far as Henry knew, he did not boast a very distinguished ancestry, though he never had the curiosity to trace his genealogy very far back into the past. His father's family, as the orthography of the name implies, was of French descent, his great grandfather emigrating from sunny France to escape the vengeance which his political opinions had excited against him. On his mother's side, he was of Irish extraction, the second generation back having come from the Emerald Isle to

this, then, new world, in search of their fortune; an enterprise which somehow failed of the success they anticipated.

Of his parents he writes thus:—

"My father I remember as a tall, spare man, with a long, thin face, wide mouth, large irregular teeth, light brown hair, gray eyes, large but thin nose, narrow high forehead, loaded with strong deep furrows. His voice was strong but musical, and when he became engaged, was exceedingly rich and melodious. He possessed an amiable disposition and strong affections, and when he smiled, his whole countenance was expressive of great serenity and benignity. I cannot tell exactly how it was, but whenever he got deeply interested on any subject of a cheerful character, those coarse, irregular features were invested with a charm that was perfectly irresistible; they fastened the attention of the beholder as with a spell—while a resistless witchery dwelt in those

'——— gray eyes lit up
With summer lightenings of a soul
So full of summer warmth.'

"There were great promptness and decision in his character,—not that promptness which is marked with the folly of haste, nor that vulgar kind of decision which sinks into mere obstinacy or imperturbable mulishness,—but those higher qualities which give a man readiness and energy. His advantages of education were of the most limited character, being such as scarcely to enable him to read and write when he entered upon his majority. But he possessed a mind that was inquisitive and loved information; and as soon as he could command the means necessary to procure books, he put himself to study, devoting to it all the leisure he could find. He was by profession a farmer, which afforded him frequent opportunities for communion with his books, especially after his marriage and settlement in life. So much advantage did he derive from this employment of his time, that he became a very competent practical surveyor, which yielded him in the course of his life no inconsiderable pecuniary emolument, besides the storing of his mind with an immense amount of general knowledge. Few men who have supported their families by daily manual labor, have been more extensive readers. His pecuniary ability always remained limited, rendering it impracticable, if not impossible, for him to gather a large library, though no man would

have more gloried in such a possession. It was his custom, after reading his books, with very rare exceptions in the case of favorite authors, to dispose of them, and employ the proceeds in new purchases. He also carried on a pretty extensive business in borrowing books—as much so as possible in a section of the country where that article was not very abundant.

"In his family no man was ever more kind and happy than he; while as a neighbor he was but too obliging and generous for the welfare of his own interests.

"My mother is a woman about the middle size, with an active and energetic temperament, and great decision of character. Over her thin and pale countenance is thrown a calmness and thoughtfulness that, especially when she gently smiles, invests her with a melancholy though pleasing interest. Her disposition accords with the indications expressed in her features, being kind and forbearing to a degree, which is witnessed in no other being but woman. Strong in her affections, the objects of her attachments become, as it were, a part of herself; and no labor is too arduous, or endurance too great, for the demonstration of her devotedness and the fulfillment of the duties which her feelings suggest. She is always deeply interested in the sick and the suffering, and spends many of the most instructive hours of her life in attendance upon the one and in communion with the other.

"Her education was narrow and imperfect; but she possessed strong natural abilities, a quick and accurate perception, and good sense, which have qualified her to discharge the responsible duties of the wife, the mother, the neighbor, and the friend, in a manner every way worthy of her sex. She belongs to that class of women who never yield to anything but success. The heart within her is always mightier than the circumstances without her, however dark and trying those circumstances may be. In all the trials through which the family passed—and they were not few or light—I do not remember to have ever seen her discouraged. I have often seen her unusually earnest and active, in times of extreme difficulty, in seasons of greatest darkness; but I never knew her to sit down, sad and despairing, as though giving up the struggle with adverse fortune. She never distrusted the providence of God. She always looked for a profitable issue from every trial; she would tell us 'she knew it would come, for God did only smite to heal;' and her countenance assured us that she *felt* all she said."

The wedded life of those parents was a perfect and beautiful

consummation of youthful hopes and bridal anticipations. "I never knew a happier couple," said one to me, who knew them well. "They seemed indeed always to be happy; seldom more so, than when under their own roof, alone with their little ones." Not that they were unsocial, for in both the social feelings were strong and well developed. The footfalls and voices of friends were always pleasant and welcome sounds. But such, though they might intensify their joys, were not essential to them. Each could fill to the brim with sweetness, the other's life-cup, and when the cup is full to the brim, who cares to have it overflow?

Their home, though always an humble one, never boasting of luxuries, and at times furnished with barely the necessaries of life, was always neat, well ordered, joyous and pleasant. It was sanctified by faithful, constant, uncomplaining labor, by devoted conjugal and parental love, by earnest strivings after mental and moral culture, by reverence to God and all holy things, by the voice of prayer and the hymn of praise. It was a religious home in the best and highest sense of that term; for though religion was not always the theme of conversation, it was ever the principle of action. The parents never forgot, as too many parents do, that they had once been young. They did not try to make old men and women out of little boys and girls; time would do that full fast enough. So long as their children were good, that is, respectful and obedient to their elders; kind, gentle, and affectionate toward each other; violating no virtue; forming no bad habit, they might laugh and dance, shout and frolic, to their hearts' content. "There is no place like home," was the sentiment they strove to impress upon the thoughts and feelings of the little ones who blessed their marriage, and they did so effectually, because they made that home attractive. Ill-fashioned, lowly, rude as it was at times, it was a holy spot to the child, a blessed memory to the man. Often, when homeless, tossing about from pillar to post, thoughts of the firesides, beside which he sat when a boy, would come to his saddened and aching bosom, like angels from a brighter world, making radiant the dark hour with blissful reminiscences and confident hopes. Who may estimate the

influence of that early home? The recipient of its blessings never underrated them. They were a heavenly host, guarding his heart from temptation, and leading it by sweet and resistless voices into a sinless path.

Is it strange, that in the child of such parents and of such a home, the nobler, higher, and more excellent qualities of the soul should predominate? Is it strange that where the parents cherished towards each other such intense, devoted affection, the child should come into the world with a large, loving heart; that love should be the essence of its spiritual life? But be this as it may, theory or philosophy, certain it is, that the man always blessed God that his parents were what they were. "What I might have been," he would frequently say, "had my father been spared to me longer, I cannot tell; but what I am, I owe to my father that was and my mother that is!"

Of the place of his nativity, though he left it when quite young, he ever retained some distinct recollections. The old and ill-shapen house in which he dwelt, and the pleasant and high-walled garden in which he played, he described accurately twenty-four years after he bade them farewell forever, closing the description of the house with these affectionate words:—

"I loved it when a boy, and I love it still. I have not seen it these many years, yet I remember everything about it; it stands before my mind like a picture, and I must change wonderfully if I cannot see and describe it in heaven."

His memory retained too, some vivid traces "of steep, rugged, though not very elevated hills, of a small circular body of water lying among them, of a charming little stream, whose leaping and singing waters meandered gently through the valley, and of some men and women who have passed away." In a word, the "Crescent Valley," which he describes so minutely in his "Autobiography of a Clergyman," was the valley of his nativity, the embodiment of early memories; and the "Crescent Lake," from whose Marble Rock the lovers took their fatal leap, was a sheet of water, over whose placid waves, the child with his father for an oarsman, sailed many an

hour. For six years and a half he dwelt in the house where he was born; after that, "Crescent Valley and Crescent Lake" were to his heart but beautiful memories.

THE CHILD.

Like every childhood, Henry's was a prophecy; but he was more fortunate than many, in that though his parents did not divine it, the culture they gave his young mind and heart was such "that it might be fulfilled." He is remembered as a serious, thoughtful, diffident child, but not, as is sometimes the case where these characteristics are noticed, gloomy, taciturn, or unsocial. On the contrary, he was hopeful and cheerful, oftener smiling than weeping; but his mirth was musical, never boisterous, and his laugh though gleeful, was never "too noisy." He was always longing to know the why and the wherefore of everything; some question of greater or less importance always puzzling his young mind. When alone with his mother, he would frequently sit or lie by her side for an hour at a time, without uttering a word. But upon her asking him if he were sick or tired, he would reply, "No, I was only thinking," and would then pour into her ear such a flood of questions, that she would often wish sincerely she had let him "think on." He seldom opened his heart to strangers, but when he did love, it was intensely, and to his favorites he would freely communicate his thoughts, hopes, desires and feelings.

That amiability of disposition which so tenderly endeared the man to his associates, was early observed in him. "Henry was always a *good* child," remarks his mother in speaking of the past; not faultless, for he was a human child, but good, in a mother's significant sense. He was always obedient and respectful in his demeanor to his parents, and kind, gentle and affectionate towards all. If he could not make others happy, he would never make them miserable. He was never cross, sulky, or pouting. Not that he was silent, when things went wrong. Whatever his feelings were in such cases, he would speak them out, sometimes vehemently, sometimes gently, but always speak them, instead of brooding over them in a corner.

The only fault his mother remembers to regret in the child, and I have frequently heard him allude to it, was his quick and rather passionate temper. His parents, though they had never consulted any treatises upon parental duties, though they had never studied mental or moral philosophy, were wisely instructed by the dictates of experience, judgment and affection, as to the proper way of remedying this evil. They knew and felt that though natural qualities cannot be extirpated, they can be tutored and directed; that whereas if left to run riot, they prove curses, properly governed, they may become blessings. While too young to be reasoned with, they kept exciting causes out of the way when possible, but never suffered the passionate fit to go unnoticed, kindly and tenderly showing him its folly and wrong, and pointing out the better way. They never attempted to "whip it out of him," but taught him, by example and precept, "to govern his temper with absolute sway." And they succeeded; it was a long but patient task, the reward a happy compensation for the toil. I do not think *the man* was ever angry. And I have been with him at times and under circumstances which would be faithful tests as to the extent of self-government. I have seen the flush of honest indignation mantle his brow, but it was never followed by the hot blood of anger. The impetuosity, native to his childhood, properly, wisely, and timely directed, became firmness and energy, giving vigor and spirit to manhood.

He early manifested an intense love of the beautiful of sound and vision. And this taste was assiduously fostered by his parents; not by taking him into the concert hall, or leading him through the gallery of art, for to neither of these had they ever access; but by walking with him in the garden, the meadow, and the forest, where the singing birds, the whispering winds, and the chanting waves might minister to the one, and the picturesque scenery of his loved valley to the other; and by keeping his lowly home ever musical with affection's voices, and attractive with cheerful neatness. In this way too, not only were his yearnings gratified in a pure and healthful way, but he was at an early age made a communicant of nature and a lover of home.

And he was not only remarkable too for his love of the beautiful of the outer, but also of the inner world. Goodness, truth, holiness, virtue under any name, had a resistless charm for him. A good child was a most interesting study to him, and he was always known to prefer stories which illustrated some virtue, to any others which might be told him. To be good, to do good and to "know something," were the great objects of his childish ambition,—his childish, I said, and truly, but I might have said, of his whole life, for such indeed was the fact. And in this case too, he was blessed in his parents. They not only shielded him carefully from corrupting influences, but they surrounded him with sanctifying ones. They not only plucked up the weed, but planted the flower.

Briefly: in his ardent and unquenchable thirst for information, in his love of the beautiful and true, in his retiring and amiable disposition, in his warm and strong attachments, in his impetuous and sensitive temperament, and in his active and earnest strivings to be a good and happy boy, were hidden the prophetic thoughts, that when fulfilled, made the man as and what he was.

A NEW HOME.

In 1822, Henry's father removed with the family to Central New York, "fixing" upon a residence in the town of Cicero, Onondaga County. They made this journey in January, taking all their goods with them, by means of large lumber sleighs, prepared for that kind of business. They were two long, dreary, dismal weeks on the road. During part of the time the weather was exceedingly cold, often stormy and blustering, and they suffered extremely. It is doubtful if his father ever wholly recovered from the effects of his exposure to the cold and storm during that journey. But its tedious miles were at last all numbered; and they arrived at the house of his grandfather, late at night, exhausted and tired of life. His grandfather lived in the neighborhood of their destined abode, and most welcome was the long expected and beloved son with his family, to the hearth and hearts of his aged parents, though to accommodate their own large family and the new comers, who

numbered eight, including the three teamsters, there were but two rooms, that on the ground and the attic. Beds were spread on the floors, and they all managed somehow to get into them, and to sleep soundly and sweetly when there. The next morning, they breakfasted on "bean-porridge and johnny cakes," and with as good a relish as ever a king ate his morning meal. For beverage "the old folks" drank green tea, and "the young folks" pure water from the spring. The dinner consisted of salt pork, potatoes, and the cold remains of the same "johnny cake." The fragments of these two meals, with the addition of a cup of strong green tea, made up what passed under the name of supper. And the meals of that first day were a fair specimen of the general living in the town at that time. Wheat biscuits were a luxury reserved for company, and molasses ginger-bread the most extravagant cake that then graced the tea-table.

The country was new, wild, and almost uninhabited; "and there yet abounded a great deal of forest, as dense and solemn as when Columbus first set his foot upon the shores of the New World." The farms consisted of large tracts of woodland, with very small patches from which the timber had been removed, though still covered with huge stumps, and in the midst of which stood rude log huts, the dwelling-places of their proprietors. The first impressions of the settlers were anything but favorable. Everything about was so gloomy, rude, almost savage, that with homesick hearts they looked wistfully back to the dear spot whence with high hopes they had emigrated. Labor and privations such as they had never known before stared them in the face. They felt as if they were beyond the pale of civilization, and had wings been granted them, would have soon again been settled in the old house which they had so long called home. But it was not in the nature of either parent to sink under difficulties. Much as they felt, they spoke only cheerfully, each striving to lighten the other's heart of its burden, and to dispel the gloom which rested there.

After remaining a few days with the grandparents, they took lodgings with Andrew Johnson, who had married the eldest

sister of Henry's father, and recently removed into the town. This uncle afterwards sustained a nearer relation to Henry, and was ever one of his dearest and best friends. Indeed, had it not been for his generous assistance, the poor student would have fared harder and endured more than he did. He soon, young as he was, became warmly and strongly attached to him and his family, and the circumstances in which they were placed only tended to make more ardent the kindly feeling first called into being under their own roof. They were indeed his principal friends for a number of years.

It was in the month of February that they became inmates of this family. The snow was very deep, but the weather mild and pleasant; it was the season when the preparations for the manufacture of maple-sugar usually commenced; and to these the attention of the two families was immediately directed. This business they carried on in company, which was found to be so advantageous to both, that they continued it in the same way for several years. For a long time after the settlement of the town, all the sugar and molasses used by the inhabitants were of this home manufacture. Each family generally made, each season, from three to six hundred pounds, at no other expense than three or four weeks' labor of its male members, at a time of the year when they could do very little else to any profit. It was a wise improvement of time.

In the early part of April they removed into their own house, which, with its situation, is thus accurately described in "Ellen":—

"On the eastern side of Vale's Brook, and distant from it nearly a quarter of a mile, there stood—it is now no more—a rustic dwelling. The public road that makes its course east, passed within a few yards of it, making the building face to the north. It was large and nearly square on the ground, and was constructed of round logs, with the rough bark on, just as they grew in the woods; these reached the whole length of each side, and lay horizontally upon each other, being locked together at the four corners by a sort of inverted dove-tailing. The sides of the logs that faced into the room, were slightly hewn, to lessen a little the inequality of surface they presented. Between these rough logs were inserted coarse chinks of wood,

over which, both on the inside and outside of the building, was spread a thick coat of clay-mortar, to keep out the wind and frost, and render the room comfortable. The house was but one short story in height; at the eaves, large logs, of the same kind as those already mentioned, were placed transversely, to serve as beams for the support of the garret floor, which consisted of loose boards, with rather ungracious openings between them, making a wild clatter whenever any one walked across them. Above was mounted a steep roof, covered with riven shingles two yards or more in length. The same material also clothed the gables, through one of which a single pane of glass economically admitted the light of heaven into the spacious attic. Below, two wide passages were cut for entrance-doors—one facing the highway, the other looking back upon the farm. There were also two windows, small and square, and not always supplied with glass—one close beside each door.

"So low was the main story, as to forbid a man of ordinary height walking with his hat on; indeed, even without it, the naked logs that hung threateningly athwart the room, would sometimes remind him, in not the gentlest manner, to be humble and stoop a little. The floor, like that above, was very rough, having gone through no process of smoothing, save that effected by sand and usage. It was, however, secured with nails. Nearly in the centre of it there was a diminutive trap-door, which opened into a small, square, dark hole, five or six feet deep, that served as a very poor apology for a cellar. Then there were two small apartments for sleeping purposes, separated from the main room by a crazy partition, made by setting coarse boards upright, and leaving openings between them of such unpardonable extent, that the curious would find only too little trouble in gratifying an inquisitive eye. In these there were no windows, and of course they were dark, sombre places, except when lighted by a candle. They had this advantage, however,—which was a consideration of no small moment,—they were proof against all invasions of wild beasts from without—which, for many years, were a source of great terror to the inhabitants, particularly to the younger portion of them.

"But the chimney and fire-place were the most curious parts of those log dwellings. They were almost uniformly in the end of the building, and rested for support against the log wall. A broad stone hearth, full as large as a modern bedroom, spread out its broken, uneven surface. From it, lifted up a cobble-stone wall some six feet high; on this was commenced one side

of the chimney, the opposite resting on the log beam, distant five feet or more, the width of the funnel at the bottom being at least ten feet; but it gradually diminished as it ascended, until, at the top, which rose just above the ridge-pole, it was not more than three feet by four. The chimney was constructed of long, narrow flat sticks, like laths, laid up after the manner that boys build houses of corn-cobs, and then plastered over the inside with a liberal quantity of clay-mortar. So large and short was the funnel, as to serve, in addition to its office of conducting smoke, as a window to light the room, and, in the cool season, as a powerful refrigerator. There were no jamb-stones to the fire-place; but the fire was right out in the room; and when you sat close before it, you could look up through the chimney and see the stars. A huge pair of andirons, with the forefeet melted off, and the bars resting on a coarse sandstone, supported the wood for the fire; while a large wooden crane, strong enough to sustain a hogshead of molasses at least, flung its long arm across the fire-place as high as it could swing, loaded with hooks and chains, and trammels of every size and shape, and squeaking and screaming piteously every time it was moved.

"To the attic you were conducted by a short, steep ladder. This part of the building was separated by no partitions, and was generally well filled with a great variety of articles, from white beans and the pork-barrel to piles of bed-clothes and the Sunday garments of the family.

"This was the house, and the furniture in every respect corresponded with it, being rude, simple, and just enough in quantity to accommodate the necessities of the family. And this was the style of building which, at that time, prevailed throughout all that section of the country.

"The situation of this rustic abode was romantic, and not altogether devoid of beauty. The ground was slightly undulating: on the opposite side of the public road and facing the house, a solemn, unbroken forest stretched as far as the eye could reach; the same majestic wood bounded the vision on the east, and stood boldly up against the cultivated portion of the farm on the south. The trees in those forests were noble fellows, lifting their heads to a lofty height, and, during the summer, clothed with a foliage so dense as to wrap the earth in perpetual shadow. The constant rustling of their leaves, and the moaning of the adjacent pines, mingled with the ceaseless music of the winding, murmuring Maiden Brook, that sung itself fleetly on till it united its waters with those of Vale's Brook.

Then there were the clematis, the hop and creepers of various kinds, running hither and thither over the sides of that rude building, and even upon its roof, almost concealing it. beneath the green and tangled leaves and the variform flowers. Altogether, the scenery, in the midst of which stood that humble log home, was imposing and full of interest, especially to the nature-loving and meditative heart."

They were soon settled and happy. His father bought a pair of oxen and proceeded to the preparation of the ground that was cleared for the seed, from which their bread was to be derived for the ensuing winter. The whole was planted to potatoes and corn, the seed being borrowed from his uncle Johnson until the harvest should come in. But in order that the mother should be employed, and the family kept in clothing, some flax was borrowed, to be repaid the next year. A dozen sheep were also procured, and then the spinning wheels were put in requisition; after that, followed the loom, which his father constructed during rainy days. In alluding to this portion of his life, he remarks:—

"It seems to me now, that my mother was always spinning or weaving, or making the coarse fabric of her loom into garments. Yet she never neglected her family in other respects. She had no assistance except what little myself and elder sister could render, in filling spools for the shuttle and in the care of the two younger members of the family. It is marvelous what an amount of labor an industrious woman can accomplish! We were all blessed with good health; everything seemed to work favorably; a piece of ground was cleared and sown to wheat in the autumn; the crops put in in the spring yielded an abundant harvest; and when the long winter set in, we were provided with the means of passing through it with a very considerable degree of comfort."

His father, during this winter, earned a small sum in surveying, the most of which was expended for books, which, a few years afterward, were made the basis of a very respectable public library.

"I remember," he says, "that among those books was an English edition of Robinson Crusoe, which he read to the family

in the long winter evenings. I have never read it since, but I have its principal scenes and characters as distinctly in mind as though I had read it but yesterday. No book ever interested me more deeply."

In the spring, the sugar manufacturing was again attended to, and an immense quantity produced. And in this manner passed away the seasons until he was about eleven years old. The farm was gradually cleared up, but they continued in the same log house without in any way increasing its comforts.

GOING TO SCHOOL.

At this time a new event occurred in his history. A school, under the charge of a lady, was started in a little log building about twelve feet square, and he was one of its members. He had never before attended a school of any description, though he could read with considerable facility and had some knowledge of the principles of arithmetic. His parents had taught him to read without giving him any knowledge of the alphabet, and great was the astonishment the teacher manifested upon discovering, after he had read several chapters in the New Testament, that he did not "know his A B C." Of course he was at once put back to take that initial step in the discipline of the schools; and it was altogether the most disagreeable one he was ever obliged to learn. She taught him nothing of the sounds of the letters, but only their *names;* and the consequence was, that what information she gave him only tended to perplex and confuse his mind. There is certainly something wrong in the ordinary mode of conducting the primary department of our education. The first, is the most difficult step in its whole course. It is grateful to record, however, that there is some improvement being made in this respect; and I hope it may be carried on, until the process of education shall completely accord with nature, thus rendering the acquisition of knowledge easy and pleasant.

"That little school in the woods," he writes, "was composed of about a dozen scholars, all nearly of my own age. The

teacher was a young girl of little information and no experience; she could read and write, and perhaps had some knowledge of geography, but 'in figures' I proved more than a match for her, and often puzzled her with questions which she would dismiss by saying, 'they did not belong to that part of the arithmetic.' In one thing however, she was well skilled; she knew how to use 'the rod of correction;' and daily made a practical application of her knowledge, and generally on a scale of the most liberal kind. I think she was very much governed by her 'likes and dislikes' in the administration of punishments in the school; for while most of the scholars were frequently and severely whipped, myself and two or three others—who, I have no reason to believe, were generally more innocent or unoffending than the majority of our mates—escaped through the whole term, without even a single visitation of her ladyship's chastising rod. At the time, I of course found no fault with this evident partiality on the part of my teacher; but I have often thought of it since, and I must confess that, on account of it, she fills a hateful place in my memory to this day."

EARLY SORROW.

Two years after Henry's introduction to the public school, when he was about thirteen years of age, his father sold his farm and bought one-half of that on which his grandfather resided. They moved into their new and more comfortable home in the early part of the spring. His grandparents resided with them. They anticipated enjoying a great deal of happiness in their new dwelling place. But how little do we know of the future—how ignorant are we of what a day may bring forth. Everything went on as joyously as they expected until the August following their removal, when his father was taken ill with an affection of the throat, which though it occasioned him but little suffering, proved fatal in a few days. His death was unexpected to the very last, and found them in every way unprepared for it.

It was the close of a serene Sabbath-day. The curtains had been raised, that the sick man might enjoy the glorious sunset. A flood of golden light streamed through the window. Heaven seemed to have flung back its gates and granted a vision

of eternity. It was a beautiful time to die. The clouds so richly hued, seemed like fit pillows for those angels to repose on, who wait to bear the spirit up to God. Yet none dreamed that death was near; that its cold, white fingers were even then feeling the pulse of the beloved husband and father; that the heart which had throbbed for them so long, was almost still; that the voice eloquent ever with love's tenderness would soon be hushed.

A few of the immediate neighbors had called in to inquire how he was doing. They sat about the room conversing with him, till it grew into the dusk of evening. All was calm and cheerful. He called for water and they brought it. As he raised up in the bed to receive it, he threw back his arms and said, "I am going." They laid him back on the pillow. His wife took him by the hand and asked him, "Clement, are you dying?" He looked her in the face—his lips moved—but he only smiled; and in a moment was gone. The room in which such lively conversation was going on but a few minutes before, was silent; smiles exchanged for tears, words for sobs. The change was awfully impressive, and upon the mind and heart of the fatherless boy, looking for the first time upon death, an impression was produced which time could never efface. He alluded to it, but a few days before he left me, saying, "I can see it, I can *feel* it to this hour!"

To the family this was a severe blow; but none of them except the widow fully appreciated their loss at the time. But it well nigh crushed her; her grief seemed inconsolable. And I cannot forbear mentioning the incident which first gave peace to her stricken soul. About six weeks after the burial, while watching late at night by the bedside of her father-in-law, who was "sick unto death," she rested her head a few moments upon his pillow. Closing her wearied eyes, she slept. Her husband, just as he looked in life stood beside her and conversed earnestly with her for awhile; then pressing her hand and turning to go, he whispered—and to this day she remembers the tone and accent—"Mary, I can't come to you, but you will come to me!" She awoke with the words sounding in her ear, and so distinctly, that she looked for the speaker, and could

hardly realize that it was a vision of sleep. But a beautiful one it was, and a sacred memory it has ever been.

Henry's father was connected with no sect. According to the account which his mother gives of them, his religious opinions must have been mainly Unitarian, and they gave some offense. The people about were either Baptists or Methodists; bigoted and superstitious; and were very much alarmed by the appearance of liberal opinions in religion. No objection was ever urged against his character or life; it was only his rejection of the doctrine of the Trinity, and his peculiar views of the atonement, that excited the unfavorable notice of his religious neighbors. How far their bigotry carried them in their opposition to what they regarded as heresy, was painfully shown by the Methodist clergyman refusing to perform the usual services at the funeral, and being sustained in his bigotry by his parish. The burial therefore took place without any formal service, a circumstance which of course added much to the intensity of the widow's grief. My heart is full of comments on this incident, but I forbear to give them utterance. "Pure religion, and undefiled before God and the Father, is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

But this was not the most cruel form in which that blind bigotry was to manifest itself. Henry's mother was a Presbyterian, but as there were none of that persuasion in that new country, she divided her sympathies between the two denominations of Baptists and Methodists, though she never united with either of the churches last named. At this present writing, she is a believer in the distinctive doctrines of Universalism, and has indeed been so for the last ten years or more. She finds in these sentiments a consolation and support which nothing before them had ever been able to afford her. They have disarmed her of fear and filled her with trust; God has now become her Father, and she has entered upon the rest of His "dear children."

"In the October following the death of my father, my grandfather, Latin Soule, deceased, at the age of something more than sixty years. He was much broken down by the ex-

cessive labors of his early life; but there was something venerable in his appearance and manner, that commanded respect; his influence, however, derived most of its weight from the goodness of his heart, and the exemplary character of his life. He was an active member of the Methodist church. His funeral was attended by the very clergyman who refused to perform the customary rites at the burial of my father. And it was here that he took occasion to exhibit his bigotry and inhumanity in the most unpardonable form, by instituting a detailed comparison between the father and son, who had passed into the other world within a few weeks of each other, as to the grounds of hope in their salvation. The bold and merciless conclusion was, that, beyond doubt, the father was in heaven among the redeemed; but there was no hope for the son, since he had died without the pale of the church; he was in hell, and the parent and child would never meet. And the cruel, impious man seemed to exult in his horrible conclusion; there was something fiendish in his look and manner, as well as his thoughts. The effects of his remarks were awful.

"Upon my mother they fell like the notes of despair, and it was for some time doubtful how the struggle would issue. Upon the mind of my grandmother, the effect was still more severe. She was a member of the Methodist church, and consequently a believer in the doctrines set forth by the speaker; and she dwelt upon them in connection with the case of her son, until she sunk under the increasing weight of sorrow which they brought, associated with the tones and manner of the preacher, and early in the following spring was carried to the grave."

Thus in the space of less than seven months, the father, mother, and eldest son passed from the mortal to the immortal state and left a house filled with desolation and sorrow, and opened the way for a long course of trial in the maintenance of the remaining portion of the family.

Upon the mind and heart of Henry, young as he was, these events produced a deep and permanent impression. Constitutionally devotional and religious, he had early become acquainted with those grand central truths around which all Christian worship revolves. But owing to the difference in the doctrinal views of his parents, he had known but little about sectarian theology. Now, strange thoughts began to hover in his

mental horizon; strange questions began to rise there. Bigotry, even as it introduced orthodox theology to the inquisitive and thoughtful mind of the boy, introduced with it skepticism as to its validity. Like an over-dose of poison, it was its own antidote. He never for a moment believed the doctrine promulgated at his grandfather's burial, though it was several years ere the beautiful, holy and blessed faith of Universalism, calmed the troubled waters of his soul.

To these events likewise, are attributable partly, that tinge of sadness, that reserve of manner, which was frequently observed and commented on by his intimate friends. The love which he had cherished for his father, had been so intense as to border upon worship, and though too young to realize his loss in all its bearings, he yet felt sensibly the loneliness of his fatherless condition. A void seemed made in his affections which earth could not replace. Every day for several weeks after his father's death, after laboring awhile at the toilsome duties which had devolved upon him, he would enter the house, exclaiming in sobbing tones, "mother, I *cannot* work *alone!*" And frequently would she, leaving her household work to the little girls, go out, and by her assistance and company cheer the sad heart, and strengthen the depressed energies of her "poor fatherless boy." "I felt so much for him," she remarks, "that my poor heart often seemed breaking with suppressed emotion. Fatherless, poor, in the midst of a new country, spurned and laughed at by many of his wealthy relatives, because obliged to work, ah, C——, his was a hard, sad lot. Poor boy!—how much he went through."

His father had sympathized deeply with his active and inquiring mind, ever answering its questionings to the best of his ability, and gladly, freely, giving to the son, the fruits of his own study and experience. He had been the confidant too of all the hopes and aspirations of the young enthusiast, never clipping their white wings, but pointing them to brighter, holier homes, and aiding their flight thither. When Henry lost his father, he lost likewise his friend and instructor, and the loss could not be supplied by any of his remaining relatives. In the silence and secrecy of his own heart, he was obliged to sup-

press all that he had formerly delighted to reveal to him, and thus necessity induced a habit of concealing his deepest emotions and thoughts. I do not think, however, these peculiarities of character would have been anything more than transient, but for other causes, growing out of these domestic afflictions; causes of so delicate a nature that I forbear to mention them. It is enough to say that if now and then his friends thought he was sad without a reason, or reserved when he should have been communicative, there was sufficient apology for both in the memories and necessities of the past. Those who knew his sacred sorrows, wondered not that they should so deeply affect his heart, but rather that he rose above them as he did.

FROM THIRTEEN TO SIXTEEN.

The private journal of my husband furnishes all the narrative necessary for these three years.

"After the death of my father, my mother had the field of her labor and care greatly extended: she must supervise the affairs of the farm as well as manage those of the house. And she must do it pretty much alone, for none of her children were of an age sufficient to render her any considerable assistance. But she shrunk not from the task, though she was quite conscious of the trial that, in consequence, awaited her. She often talked with her children upon the subject of our loss and the increased labors which it imposed upon herself, and thus endeavored to impress us with a more active sense of our duty. And in my own case, certainly, her labors were not lost; a weight of obligation to my mother, of which until that time I had been unconscious, took possession of my breast, and I believe has not since forsaken me. I have yet a vivid recollection of the emotions excited by her telling me, that I must now take the place of my father; that she should look to me for the performance of those duties which belong to the head-man in the family; and she had no doubt but I would do everything in the best manner. The confidence which she reposed in me operated like inspiration. I really felt as though I should try to answer her high expectations. And beyond all question this course of procedure on the part of my mother, exerted very material influence upon my future efforts and character, and helped to make a man of me before the years of manhood came. He

who is made to believe he *can* do, as a general thing, *will* do. It is a common mistake into which mankind fall, that they *distrust* too much, show a want of active confidence in their fellow beings, and thus discourage, by the consequent coldness which characterizes their manner and intercourse. Upon the young, especially, does this faithlessness operate as a painful evil. It dampens and enervates the energies of their hearts, and hence disqualifies them, to a corresponding extent, for that fresh and vigorous application so indispensable to all distinguished success. Parents especially should beware of throwing discouragements into the path through which their children must make their way up to the estate of manhood. They need help—all the help which good counsel and confidence can give them—and even then they will sometimes fail.

"The first year after the decease of my father, I do not remember as having been marked by the occurrence of any event of noticeable importance. During the winter I was kept at school, over which presided one Master B——, a *small* man in every sense of the word, from the stature of the body to the dimensions of the soul.

"The ensuing summer I was employed on the farm, the management of which was conducted by a man whose name has escaped my memory: I have not forgotten, however, that he made me labor too severely for my strength.

"At the time of my father's death, the estate was small, and not in the best condition for the advantage of the family, it consisting mainly of a farm which was yet encumbered with a considerable debt. This circumstance rendered it necessary to practice the most rigid economy in the family. We lived scantily. But there was no murmuring: my mother inspired us with the feeling that it was best it should be so, for the present at least. Everything was sold which could possibly be spared, and the money endorsed on the mortgage. By this means the debt was considerably diminished the first year that the affairs of the family came under the entire control of my mother.

"The winter I passed at the district school, which was again under charge of Master B——. The time spent at the school was quite wasted: I learned little except mischief. B—— was passionate and often severe in his government; but he was too vacillating and undignified to command the respect and secure the obedience of his scholars. They really despised him, and improved every opportunity to practice tricks upon him. Whenever he detected them, he made them suffer cruelly for it, for in

such instances he generally exhausted his strength in some severe kind of corporeal punishment. But it was seldom he caught the rogues. There occurs to my mind one transaction of the kind here referred to, in which I was to be the sufferer. I had some natural taste for drawing, and I practiced it some, in the best way I could without instruction, until I could sketch objects, and especially persons, with a good degree of accuracy. One day I employed my rude pencil in making a sketch of Master B——, as he sat in a most ludicrous position, leaning back in his chair, with his feet on the stove, and elevated somewhat above his head, his face drawn out of shape as he was squinting about the room, the tobacco-juice flowing freely down each corner of his mouth, his left hand scratching his head, while his right one sported a large birchen whip. When it was finished I passed it along for the inspection of my neighbors, every one of whom it filled with an almost irrepressible desire to laugh. At last it reached the hands of a girl—Miss C——, who, upon looking at it, burst into a loud laugh. When the cause of this impropriety was demanded, to save herself from all consequences of having any connection with it, she at once revealed the author. Master B—— commanded me out into the middle of the room; his eyes flashed with anger; the blood retreated from his face, and left it pale as a ghost; he literally trembled with his excitement; and I expected a brutal beating. He ordered me to extend my hand; I did so, but felt the while not a little roguishness stirring within me. He showed me the drawing, and demanded, in harsh tones, if I were its author. Upon my replying in the affirmative, he exclaimed, vociferously,—'You rascal! I'll teach you to be in better business,'—and swept back a large ferule as if to gather all the force possible preparatory to a blow, which, from these indications, looked threatening enough. My hand was lying in his. I watched the motion of his arm, and as the ferule came down, the temptation was so strong I drew my hand away, and the whole force of the blow was lodged on his own hand. It was a tremendous one: it would have nearly crushed my hand, being resisted as it was by his on the under side; and it caused him so much and severe pain, that he wrung his hands like a child in agony, and deferred the chastisement until another day. But for some reason which I have now forgotten, I was taken from the school, and consequently never went to receive 'old Master B——'s beating,'—which, I have no doubt, occasioned him frequent and deep regret. He was afterwards heard to say, that 'he should never again beat children as he had been in the habit of doing.'

I think he realized that chastisement was easier to give than to receive.

"During this winter, my mother earned a considerable sum of money by weaving, for the neighbors, woolen and linen cloth. Our fire-wood was cut and drawn to the house by the benevolent people of the town, who generously came together on an appointed day, and cheerfully gave us their own labor, and those that had teams, the labor of them also. It was a noble pile of wood that those kindly people left in our yard, at the close of that cold winter day. They had a widow's gratitude, for often do I remember hearing my mother speak of that day's service, and repeat the names of those concerned in it. I hope they had other reward than the widow's gratitude. Indeed, I know they had; for he that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord, who will repay him a thousand fold.

"During this winter, also, among the other causes of trial to my mother, I distinctly remember that I was one. I was naturally exceedingly bashful; I had but few companions, and they were from the families living nearest to us. But there were rude, ungainly boys in town, with some of whom I became acquainted at school, and who took advantage of my confidence to lead me astray. They were all older than myself, and were much too wise for their age. They filled my mind with notions far above my years. It is painful to reflect upon, even at this distant time, but they succeeded in poisoning my mind with cruel and wicked thoughts against my mother; and, by persuading me that I was at home more severely dealt by than other boys, inspired me with an evil spirit of disobedience, that for several months was the source of inexpressible anxiety and sorrow to my mother. My heart sometimes bitterly reproved me for the course I pursued; but when I met my evil companions they would soon 'laugh me out of it,' as a piece of childish folly, of which men never were guilty. But one day I saw my mother, after she had been seriously conversing with me about my waywardness and ingratitude, and pointing out to me the painful consequences of such an improper course of life, in a room alone and weeping like a child. I knew it was on my account. She thought no one but God saw her. I gazed at her a few minutes; but the scene was too much for my heart; my eyes swam in tears; I turned and went away. But I was converted; I saw and felt that I had been shamefully abused by my companions; and my mother appeared to me again the angel she had been in my younger years. The history of those boys who thus seduced me into the path of disobedience, has,

in every case but one, been so sad, that I can see no reason why I should not attribute my escape from ruin to the tears of a mother, shed in the secret place.

"An incident occurred, either this or the following winter, but which I cannot now say, that well nigh blasted all the hopes which my mother reposed in me. I went, as company, with a young man, about two miles through the woods, to get some liquor for his employer. When we went, there was a good firm crust on the snow, which was deep, and the walking was fine; but before we were in readiness to return, the weather had moderated very much, and the rain descended like a shower, which soon dissolved the incrusted surface of the snow, and thus destroyed our highway. The labor of getting home was exhaustive in the extreme. We were completely saturated with the rain before we had proceeded far. My companion loved the intoxicating cup, and indulged his appetite pretty freely whenever opportunity occurred. On this occasion he drank from the large stone jug in which the liquor was contained, very frequently—at each time urging upon me the necessity of doing the same, if I would reach home without carrying with me the elements of a fatal sickness. He pressed me so hard that I finally consented. He held up the jug; I drank, strangled, and swallowed—how much I do not know. My head soon grew dizzy; I got home somehow; I remember my mother's helping me into the door; but the dose was too much, and for several hours my life was despaired of. A few days afterward I found some liquor in the house; my mother was absent; my drunken fit had excited a burning thirst for something that would intoxicate; and as soon as I discovered the bottle of brandy, I felt unequal to the temptation, and drank of it freely. My mother returned and found me drunk again. She now thought my fate was sealed, my ruin inevitable. Her feelings may be imagined. But she cured me of the folly, the sin. When I awoke the next morning, she was sitting at my bedside, with a candle still burning, and reading from the Bible. Upon inquiry, I found she had spent the long night in watching over me. She reproached me never a word. She said she found me sick, on her return; that I was not in my right mind, and she did not wish to leave me alone till I should be better. It was enough; I said nothing in reply, though I could scarcely control my feelings; but I resolved to 'drink no more.' I never expressed this resolution to her; I ought to have done so, for it might have saved her much pain; for I remember that she observed my

conduct during several months, with the most anxious solicitude. But I drank no more, which in time gave her relief."

FROM SIXTEEN TO NINETEEN.

At the age of sixteen, "the possession of considerable manual dexterity, and the love of exercising it in working in wood, led him to select carpentry as his trade for life." But he obtained release from his indentures the following autumn, and attended the district school through the winter. The school, however, was of but little profit to him.

The next summer he wrought at the carpenter's trade, under the direction of different men; and as usual spent the winter following with his mother, and in attending school.

In the spring of 1833 he assisted in building a house for one of his guardians, a near relative; and afterward labored for him on his farm about seven months; but he was treated with marked injustice. "All he ever received for his eight months hard labor was $20, a pair of poor coarse boots, and a chip hat!"

During this summer, it was observed that Henry's habitual gravity and thoughtfulness greatly increased. He seemed to carry a burden on his mind—to wear a secret in his heart. Evening after evening he would repair to the rustic bridge that spans Vale's Brook, and, seating himself on the rude planks, remain for hours, as if rapt in deep musings. The character of his thoughts he revealed to no one at the time; but years afterward I stood beside him there, one starry night, and listened to a long sad story of a poor boy, who, yearning to grow up an intelligent, worthy man, who, thirsting after knowledge, who, striving after excellence, sat on those same rough boards, whether the moon shone brilliantly in the heavens or they were lighted but by the storm-flash, and canvassed doubts and difficulties. Many a lofty air-castle rose above the turbid waves that sluggishly rolled below, and many, too, sadly and suddenly found a grave beneath them. Many a soul-struggle was endured on that old bridge, and it was hallowed too by many a soul-victory. "Many a time have my tears mingled with that brook," said

he; "and many a prayer have I sent up to God from this same spot—answered prayers they have been too;—let me be grateful!"

When in the course of the following winter he proposed to get an education, the cause of all her poor boy's anxiety of mind, was understood at once by his mother, and from her he never failed to receive that sympathy and encouragement which he needed at that critical time. But when he laid his resolution before his friends, strange as it may seem, they nearly all opposed it;—some with great bitterness, while others endeavored to discourage him wholly from the attempt, by telling him he would never succeed—"he might just as well throw his money into the fire and done with it." But none were so violent in their opposition as the relative, the guardian, who was indebted to him for eight months hard labor. "He protested against the plan as the most downright folly. 'General Jackson,' he said, 'never went to college! and as for myself, I've went to Congress tu winters, and hain't never been inside a 'cademy yet. So, I say, if you can't make something without goin' to school tu or three years, you'd better throw your money into the fire and stick to your work.'" Night after night did the poor boy go to the house of his debtor; and since he could not get his consent to go to school, endeavor to procure the hard earned wages. But all he ever received, as I have said before, was "$20, a chip hat, and a pair of poor coarse boots." A most gracious guardian truly!

Opposition had its usual effect. Instead of deterring and discouraging him, he only became the more fixed and determined in his purpose. How he was to climb the rugged road he saw before him, he did not know, but to make the effort he was resolved. In this case, as in many others, his decision, while it had the appearance of haste, was in reality the result of mature deliberation. At the time when he determined, positively and solemnly, that cost what it would, an education he should have, he was working at his trade. His fellow carpenter had observed his increased thoughtfulness and gravity, and while silently commenting on it, was suddenly astounded to see Henry drop the plane he was shoving as though his hand was palsied,

and walk off. At that moment, soul gained the victory over doubt and fear, and, strong in the might of its high purpose, transformed the mechanic into the student. He never went again into that old shop, nor ever knew whether his plane wore out or rusted. But the skill which he had acquired in its use, he loved to exercise later in life whenever occasion required it, or opportunity invited. He never regretted that he had once been a carpenter.

Fortune is never all on one side. During this season, his mother had married Andrew Johnson; the uncle thus becoming the step-father, and a noble, generous one he proved, too. From the first, he had sympathized warmly with the desire of his nephew, and had used all his influence to obtain the consent of his guardians to the appropriation of Henry's little dowry to the expense of his education. Failing utterly in this, he resolved to assist him himself so far as his straitened circumstances and duty to his own family would permit. His resolution, unexpressed as yet, was maturing in his mind, when an accidental discovery revealed to him so much more native talent and self-cultivation than he had ever dreamed the boy possessed, that he determined at once to make his sad heart happy with the promise of "material aid."

In a day of search amidst the rubbish of the old garret, he carelessly knocked over a candle-box: to his surprise, a quantity of manuscript, in every conceivable shape, rustled at his feet. But his surprise was greater still, when he ascertained, as he did, at a glance, that they were original efforts in Henry's hand-writing. Hurriedly but carefully he gathered up the treasures; and, after showing them to the mother and an old neighbor, a particular and warm-hearted friend, who chanced to be sitting with her, he spent the day in reading them. "I'll tell you what, 'squire," said the aged listener, "you'll have to edicate that boy. I always knew he was cut out for something more than a carpenter." The 'squire thought so too; and though Henry's sensitiveness was cut to the quick that evening, as he learned his jealously concealed literary efforts were "town talk," his heart was lighter than it had been for many a month, for he was going to school.

Henry's attachment to his uncle had ever been fervent, but gratitude cast rich and fragrant incense on that altar of love, and from that time his father by marriage was reverenced as a father by blood. Nor did the excellent uncle ever regret that he had proffered his assistance, or ever repine over the pecuniary sacrifices it cost him. His nephew only once gave him sorrow, and that was when so sadly and so suddenly he passed from life to death.

THE STUDENT AT MASTER PARKER'S.

On the 20th day of April, 1834, Henry entered the select school at Lodi, about a mile east of Syracuse. The school was under the charge of Master Parker, a graduate of Cambridge University, a good teacher, but a singular man. He was full of projects, was getting rich every few days, but every few days, when he awoke from his dreams and brushed from before his mind his South-sea visions, found him as poor as he with his pride could well live. But in spite of all his wild scheming and Utopian projects, he commanded not only the respect, but the affection of his pupils.

From the "Autobiography of a Clergyman," I take the following extract in reference to this period.

"I was now among strangers; and when the hour for retiring came, I was put into a large room, alone; and such a sad and sleepless night as followed, can only be known by experience. Like the woman's toothache, 'it was worser felt than told.' I repeated in my mind every thing I knew—every thing I had heard, seen, or felt, again and again. And as frequently looked for the approach of morning; but the morning, it seemed to me, never would come. It did however, and then I was provokingly sleepy; but there was no time for sleep now, the wicked little bell kept ringing till all were at their places for the morning services. The day, though a tedious one, finally passed; and at night I found myself fairly enrolled as a student. The work was begun which is never to end.

"Late in the evening, as I was about to retire, Master Parker took me by the hand and led me into a private room, where was a young man sitting, who, I had seen during the day apparently engaged as assistant teacher. 'Permit me to

introduce to you, Mr. Francis Dunham—Mr. Soule. You and Mr. Dunham will occupy the same room.'

"'With pleasure, sir,' replied Mr. Dunham.

"I, of course, not knowing what to say, was mute.

"'This arrangement will be agreeable to you, will it not, Mr. Soule?' inquired the Master, after a few moments, with much sternness.

"'O yes, sir; yes, sir,' was my hasty answer, trembling with fear.

"'When I speak with you,' continued the Master, 'I shall expect prompt attention and replies. You are now at liberty to retire to your own room.' We bade the old gentleman 'good night.' Mr. Dunham took a lamp from the table standing in the hall, and I followed my new companion to our own apartment.

"Mr. Dunham was a handsome young man, about twenty-four or five years of age. In stature he was the middle size, straight and well-proportioned. His eyes were a deep blue, round, full, and clear. Black hair and eyebrows. His teeth only were defective—they were a little irregular, though very sound and white. For one so young he had enjoyed many advantages, possessing a good education and various accomplishments. There was a winning kindliness in his voice and features when in conversation, that at once gained him admittance into one's confidence. A week found us as intimate as though we had been on terms of friendship for many years. What I was to him I cannot say, but his presence rendered me happy.

"But he was troubled with one thing of which, at that time, I was entirely ignorant. So that first night we passed as bed-fellows, was a terrible night to me. Not having had my usual rest, I soon fell asleep. The lamp was extinguished. Far in the night I dreamed I heard a man dying. His agony was awful; I struggled to get beyond the reach of his groans; but I could not move without stumbling and falling. My situation became too painful to be endured, and I awoke, and to my horror found that the very sounds I had dreamed of hearing, came from my bed-fellow. Some ghost-work there must be about it, and my life, too, I thought, was in peril. So, pitchy dark as it was, I bounded out of the bed, and came down upon the floor with a crash. Here I waited for no explanation, nor to see whether the noise I made produced any effect on that worse noise that had so alarmed me; but I started for the door, run against the table, oversetting it, and breaking the lamp into a thousand pieces, and severely marring my body in several

places. But this offered no impediment to my progress; I got around or over the prostrate table—which, I cannot tell—and out of the door, and, the next thing I knew, was lying, half dead, at the foot of a long flight of stairs. 'Who's there?—what's the matter?' came from all parts of that great house in thunder tones. In a moment the old Master appeared with a light, when, with the aid of two young men, I again made my way back to my bed, badly bruised, and in great pain.

"'How came all this, Mr. Soule; you are a stranger among us, and yet disturbing us in this manner?' The old Master's look almost annihilated me, as he said this.

"As well as I could, I gave him the history of the whole affair.

"'Humph!' said the Master, 'I think you had better study English till you know what *nightmare* is, before you study Latin.'

"Dunham burst into a loud laugh—'I must laugh at your being frightened out of bed, at midnight, by my nightmare, though I exceedingly regret that you have received any injuries in consequence of it. I forgot to tell you that I am very subject to it, and would thank you at any time, when you find I have it, to awake me.'

"'I hope, Mr. Soule, you will not again disturb us at this unwelcome hour, unless you see something larger than a nightmare!' These words were grumbled out as the Master was passing from our room into the hall, where, for a few minutes I heard his voice, and then there followed a roar of laughter from a multitude of human throats, so provoking that for a long time I fairly forgot my pains. I slept no more that night."

This Dunham was a gambler, and used repeated efforts to entice his young friend into the unholy paths which he was treading with reckless step. But he was saved from the snares set for him, by the remembrance of his mother's reiterated and positive injunction, "never to gamble, either for amusement or money." A terrible end did that Francis Dunham meet, dying in one of the lowest hells of New York City. He was a brilliant star, shining for a moment in the horizon of life, struck from its high station by the flash of sin, and lost in the darkness of despair.

Henry remained at Master Parker's until the following October. With the instruction he received at this school, he was much benefited. Here he commenced the study of English

grammar, never having before seen a treatise on that subject. He also studied Natural Philosophy, Latin, and Geography, which latter he had looked into before, but in reality knew nothing about it. As a student he probably labored the most severely at this time, of any in his life, and in his mental enthusiasm forgot, as is too frequently the case, that his physical nature needed cultivation likewise. By taxing it, as he did, with not only daily but midnight toil, never giving it a chance to recruit its weary and exhausted energies, he undoubtedly laid the frame work for a train of physical evils, which lingered in his system until about two years previous to his decease. He was afterward duly sensible of his error in this regard, and always in counselling young students, he gave as the first grand rule—"take care of your health."

Writing, in the summer of '51, to a young friend, who had entered with enthusiasm upon a collegiate course, he remarks—

"I hope among the first things you set yourself to do, will be the careful reading of 'Andrew Combe's Physiology applied to health and mental education.' It may save you from some physical and mental sins, for which repentance will come too late, when once they have been committed. And the primary thing with the student should ever be, the preservation of his mental and physical health. I talk the more earnestly to you because I have had some sad and bitter experience in what I am striving, I trust effectually, to caution you against."

And again, to another friend—

"I add a postscript, to suggest to your attention, if you have not already perused it, the excellent practical work of Dr. A. Combe on Health and Mental Culture. Every student should be familiar with it. If I had been blessed with such a guide when I first set out on my educational career, I should have probably kept my health and accomplished more in the way of study."

Many and varied were the criticisms passed upon the young student, on his return home.

"Well, what do you think of the boy's improvement?" said his worthy uncle to the 'gracious guardian.'

"He's learnt how to be high-flown, that's all I can see he's learnt," was the reply.

"Not at all," resumed the other, with considerable warmth. "He only uses better words, and heeds the rules of grammar."

"Grammar!—what's grammar good for? Ha'n't I been tu Congress? I guess I have, tu tarms, and I never see a grammar in all my life. So there's no use in talkin' about grammar, when it won't put a single penny in a man's pocket. If the young man had learnt how to make money, and save it, his schoolin' might be worth somethin' to him. If his father was livin', he wouldn't be throwin' away his time, and his money tu, in learnin' that high-flown stuff, you call education. And I'm sorry, for his sake, his father's dead and gone; but we must make the best on't now."

"It is impossible to make a guinea out of copper," concluded the uncle,—a finishing stroke to the conversation.

In the "Autobiography," Henry thus alludes to the criticisms he suffered.

"The next day my acquaintances and friends came in to see me; but I was sadly disappointed in the pleasure I had all along so confidently anticipated. They were all cold and distant. They all appeared to regard me as a matter for criticism, and not as a friend—as one whom it made their hearts glad to see. Accordingly, one accused me of being proud; another said a little larnin' had puffed me up with high notions; this one ran to the dictionary to hunt out the new words I used; that one asked me what horse was in Latin. They unanimously declared that I 'did not speak like common folks any more, and that I wouldn't never amount to anything in the world.'

"Returning one evening from a singing school, held in the old school-house, we came to a stand at a very wet and muddy place in the road. As well as I knew how, I was waiting on Miss Maria, one of my most intimate and youthful friends. Having looked a moment at the obstruction in the road before us, I very innocently turned to Maria and said, 'this is *dubious* enough, truly;' whereupon the company all burst into a loud laugh. 'Who ever heard such a word as that before?' exclaimed John.

'What did he call it?' asked Andrew.

'Dubus,' replied Oliver.

'That beats all the words yet,' said Asa.

'It's only one of his high-flown things; he's been to school a

little, and you can't expect anything better of him!' exclaimed Lucinda.

'Dubus! dubus!!' said Harriet—there an't such a word in the dictionary: I'll bet my life on't.'

"Then Hamlet very sagely remarked, 'I guess there is such a word, but it's Latin.'

'By golly!' said Horatio, 'that's it; but what business has he to be talking Latin here?'

'What an ugly language that Latin must be, to have such abominably humbly words in it!' said Esther, in a remarkable tone of voice.

'We'll just look when we get home, and see if there is such a word,' continued John.

'I motion,' said Andrew, 'that Henry be called Mister Dubus.' The motion was seconded by Oliver, and passed without a dissenting voice.

"Accordingly, I was addressed by all the young people as Mister Dubus."

THE SCHOOLMASTER.

So successful had Henry been in his labors as a student, that he felt himself competent to teach a common school; and shortly after his return home, he applied to the school committee for a situation. When this became known, great was the astonishment manifested by most of his friends, and many were the wonders and "guesses" as to the success of his application. The ordeal of examination took place in the sales-room of the principal store of the town, "where at least half a dozen witnesses, interested no doubt in the fate of the boy in whose learning they had no confidence, were looking on very suspiciously, until some one got hold of some new idea, or some fancied mistake—when, with the velocity of lightning, he shot out of the room and across the street to the tavern—where a full report was made and a hearty laugh enjoyed." It was highly creditable to the young aspirant for pedagogue honors, and a certificate, duly honored, was presented to him, while the marvelous knowledge the boy had exhibited, was forthwith bruited from one end of the town to the other.

The circumstances under which the young master commenced his duties, were anything but favorable. The school was noto-

rious for turning or "barring" out the schoolmaster. Indeed, the committee told him that they would not insure his head, but they would insure him $12 a month, if he succeeded in maintaining his ground. Many of the pupils were his former play and schoolmates, and by all he was known as a boy who had grown up amongst them. But to surmount difficulties, to overcome obstacles, was characteristic of him; and these things instead of intimidating him, only excited him to the more faithful and vigorous exercise of his talents. He noted carefully the signs of the times, but in so quiet a way as to lull suspicion, and the surprise and mortification of the ringleader of the faction, upon finding the master not only nerved for the conflict, but victorious too, was so extreme as to completely revolutionize his manners. "You made a man of me," said he, years afterward, to his former teacher: "I had thought, to turn the schoolmaster out, was to do the greatest deed I ought; but when you showed me so resolutely, that there was one I could not turn out, I concluded life must have greater deeds for me, and endeavored to learn their character. Yes, to your stout ferule, I owe all that I am." It was the first and last time corporeal punishment was ever inflicted by the master, either there or elsewhere. He commanded from that day not only the obedience and respect, but the affection of his pupils; and what, as all teachers are aware, is a yet more difficult point, succeeded in satisfying the parents and friends. But while engaged as a teacher, he made teaching his business: all other things were subordinate. Though he longed never so much to read and study, he would never permit himself to do so, until he had first carefully and accurately prepared himself for the morrow's duties. To actualize his ideal of a teacher, was his constant aim while engaged as such, and that ideal being perfection, his whole soul wrought in the effort; nor labor, nor time, nor care, were spared to make it result in the highest possible success.

While engaged in this school, he underwent the ordeal of "boarding round," and some of the trying and ludicrous positions in which this placed him, he was intending to reveal in his purposed works. I have frequently heard him say, that he never came so near freezing to death as he did that winter. His

lodging-room was usually the garret. And a garret, though a pleasant place to sleep, when the summer air breathes through the chinks, or the summer rain sings its lullaby on the roof, wears quite another aspect when the winter wind howls about it, or the winter storm drives snow and hail on the sleeper's head. If to these we add total darkness and scanty bedding, the picture has but little comfort associated with it. Uncovering his head one morning, for his warm breath was too precious to be frost-bitten, he found his whole bed white with drifted snow, a sheet which, though beautiful to the eye, was anything but comfortable. One severe night, he was obliged to rise and dress, so thin and comfortless were the coverings; and finding he was likely even then to perish, he rolled himself in the clothing, and not having Goldsmith's wit to get *into* the feather bed, he got *under* it, and thus succeeded in keeping his blood above zero. But such were not the most trying things he endured. To have the fire "raked up," and the candle put out, while the half-studied lesson claimed his mind, and the unread book lay beside him, were trials hard to endure. Hunger and cold, let them torture the body as they would, were as nothing to the wants of the active, enthusiastic soul. "Fire and light —O, I shall have ye yet!" he would frequently exclaim, as he stumbled up the steep, ladder-like stairs, to his airy attic; "ye are my masters now, but ye shall be my servants by-and-by." True, now and then, the "square-room" was at the service of the master, and wood and candles till dawn if he wished them, but it was now and then, and the and between them was a crooked one. But the long and tedious winter passed at length, and with his hard earned wages in his purse, he put aside the badge of authority and became again the student.

THE STUDENT AT CLINTON.

In the spring of 1835, Henry became a member of the Clinton Liberal Institute. The following brief description from "the Autobiography," will be recognised at a glance:—

"Babilville was a pleasant little village, handsomely located

in a broad and beautiful valley, and contained about twelve hundred inhabitants. A charming brook, bearing a sweet Indian name, flowed with its cheerful music along one side of the village: the banks being finely shaded, afforded an agreeable and much frequented resort in the warm days of summer. The school was kept in two buildings—a large stone building painted a lead-color, and a small wooden building painted white. They were separated from each other by some dozen or more dwelling-houses. Back of the male department, the stone building, there lifted up a beautiful round hill, with a level summit of considerable extent, and bore the odd cognomen of the *Knoph*. On the eastern side of the Knoph, there was an abrupt, ragged glen, thickly shaded with elms, and almost inaccessible, except from Suss Brook, where the gulf opened into the valley below."

Henry's friends, with the exception of the "gracious guardian," offered no opposition when he laid before them his proposal to spend the summer as a student. And if they had, it would not have altered in the least his resolution, but rather strengthened and confirmed it. But silence did not in this case, give consent—it was the virtue of necessity. Of the relative who uttered his negation, he writes thus:—

"As was to be expected, —— —— protested stoutly against my spending any more time or money, in such a profitless way as the study of books. It seemed to him criminal, that I should expend another dollar for education. 'There is an account in the Scriptures, how a prodi*gal* wasted his father's substance, and afterwards had to live on corn-husks and barley straw. Now, if you keep going on this way, I shall live to see you going about begging your bread. My advice is, to stay here and work on the farm, and lay up your money, and after awhile I'll du what I can to send you tu Congress. I've done my duty—so if you're ruined, my skirts are clean from your blood.' I bade him adieu and departed, without a tear or regret."

So scanty were Henry's pecuniary resources during the first term he spent at Clinton, that he was compelled not only to board himself, but to confine his living to crackers and milk. But the spare diet to which his poverty compelled him to sub-

ject his physical appetite, was amply, he thought, compensated in the rich and nourishing food which his present situation allowed him to present to his mental cravings. He entered with ardor upon his labors as a student, prosecuting them with the most commendable diligence, winning the admiration of his fellows, and earning constant encomiums of praise from his instructors. No task was too difficult for him to master, no duty too arduous for him to perform. Idleness was a sin to which he was a stranger; industry a virtue to which he was wedded. He studied, not to gain honors, but to gain knowledge. The long day was not sufficient, but his mental application was carried far into the hours of night, not unfrequently studying until his head would fall upon his book, and sleep, unwooed, seal his heavy eyelids. Many too were the nights in which he did not retire at all, but spent the whole twenty-four hours in laborious application. Success of course attended him; but this brought no rest, it was only a stimulant to further exertions.

But though his mental acquisitions were very great during this term, they did not yet keep pace with his spiritual growth. A great and important change was wrought in his religious feelings. I say change, but I would not be misunderstood. He was never a believer in orthodox theology. Love was the essence of his spiritual life, and such a nature of course could have no sympathy with doctrines of which hatred and revenge are the fundamental principles. But neither was he a Universalist. Indeed the name, though he had occasionally heard it, was not one of any definite import. He believed in God, Christ, a future state; and the Bible to him was emphatically a holy book. But he had never been able to answer satisfactorily to himself, the questions to which those denunciations of bigotry to which he had listened when but a boy of thirteen, had given birth. He had ever since sat in the shadow of a dark cloud, waiting and longing for sunrise to dispel its gloom and flood the far heavens with light divine and peerless. Years afterwards he wrote, "there is, however, but one sun in the broad firmament of religious faiths. Where the sun shines it is day, bright, glad, cheerful; so where this faith pours out its

moral radiance, the night fleeth away, and sin, and all that maketh afraid, and the sheen of heavenly beauty and peace resteth sweetly on all." This sun rose now in his spiritual horizon; cloud after cloud fled before it, till the blue heavens were radiant with haloes, and musical with the glad anthems of that angel trio, faith, hope, charity, which, sweet as the primal music of the morning stars, reverberate now in the vast arches of eternity. No weary watcher of earth's midnight hours ever hailed with such complete satisfaction, the rise of the solar sun, as did Henry the first faint rays of the spiritual.

Ere the term closed, he had embraced the gospel in its fullness of hope and consolations; he had become a Universalist in name, and I believe in spirit. The following extract from a letter to Rev. S. R. Smith, reveals the name of the preacher who first gladdened his heart with tidings of a world's salvation.

"Do not give it up yet, for I am certainly going to visit you, if I live. If I attend the U. S. Convention, I shall not be at your house till the week before I go to N. Y.; and in that case will spend the Sabbath with you, and enjoy the privilege, once more, of listening to the voice of the first Universalist preacher I ever heard. It is a fact, which, I guess, I never stated to you —but 'tis even so—that you are the very man, who preached the first Universalist sermon I ever heard—and that was in May, 1835. And another fact: I have heard more sermons, a greater number of sermons from you, than from any other man of any denomination whatsoever. And still another fact: you are the very man too, by whose influence I was led to enter the profession of which I am so unworthy a member, and the duties of which, I am at best but very imperfectly qualified to discharge. O, that labor and toil could make me, as a preacher, what I know you have desired I might be—but 'tis a hopeless task to undertake to make guineas without gold.'

"*Fort Plain, July 15th*, 1841."

In the autumn of this year, Henry returned home. He spent the winter in teaching school on the "town lot,"—"the same where he played pedagogue the winter preceding."

In the spring of 1836, he returned to Clinton, and became a boarder in the family of Rev. S. R. Smith. And the circumstance or providence which drew him at this impetuous and im-

pulsive age into communion with this great and good man, was undoubtedly one of the most happy and beneficial of his life. A warm, confiding, permanent friendship was the result. While the elder brother lived, the younger loved and reverenced him, and never did I see him so deeply moved as when he learned that that venerated friend had passed away. No death ever disciplined his heart as that. And precious and beautiful to him during the brief space that elapsed ere he joined his master and father in the faith, were the memories of their social and intellectual communings, and of their friendly correspondence. "One has gone whom my heart could ill spare," said he with a white and quivering lip, "but thank God, I shall go to him. 'Till now, I did not know how well I loved him. Strength, Father above, to bear this trial as I ought!"

An unfinished article, entitled "Recollections of Rev. S. R. Smith," commences thus:—

"Among those men whose acquaintance has been interesting and profitable to me, Rev. Stephen R. Smith holds the most prominent place. He left upon my mind a deep and peculiar impression. My memory of him is more vivid and distinct than of any other person I ever knew. Whenever I think of him he comes up before me without that shadowy vagueness which invests my recollections of other men like a nebulous halo. He still seems living and actual, and I can hardly realize that his voice is hushed and his body slumbers in the tomb. A feeling still keeps about my heart that I shall look upon him again and be moved by the power of his eloquence."

Some time ere this term closed, illness obliged Henry to return home. A mathematical problem of difficult solution was proposed to him. It seemed to baffle all his efforts—to be beyond the grasp of his mind. But to solve it, he was resolved. All the leisure he could command, he devoted to it for three days and nights, not allowing himself during the time an hour's sleep. On the fourth night, long after midnight, as he sat with his pencil in hand, his worn and exhausted physical nature refused longer to work, and unconsciously his head fell upon the table, and sleep gave rest to his heavy eyelids and his weary

hand. But it gave none to his mind. As actively, as enthusiastically as before, it wrought, and what the student could not accomplish awake, he did while asleep. The exclamation of joy and gratitude which burst from his lips, as the long sought answer was found, was so vehement that it awoke him, and ere his dream in its vividness had passed from his memory, he had traced it upon the slate and found in it the solution that had exercised so long and severely his patient labor. Such excessive, unnatural mental action, as might naturally be expected, resulted in brain-fever. By medical advice all study was interdicted for a time after his recovery. He therefore entered the store of an uncle, and performed some light duties as a clerk until the following winter, when he again became the schoolmaster, instructing the public school at Clay Corners or Euclid, where three years before he had been a scholar. "And I met with no difficulties," he remarks.

In March, 1837, he again returned to Clinton. At this time he formed an acquaintance with Rev. W. H. Griswold, then a student in the Institute, and a member of Mr. Smith's family. This singularly noble, talented, much enduring man — this strong, unwavering, practical Christian—was soon to him a bosom friend.

"In the darkest and most trying period of my life, he was my companion, by day and by night, for many, many months. Often have we wept together. Our hearts were one, as were our sorrows and our joys. With him I have passed some of the most blessed hours that have fallen to my lot."

In a note appended to the biography of this loved friend, Henry thus alludes to the literary society of which both were members :—

"The Philotimian, which its now scattered members must ever remember with pleasure, for the many scenes enjoyed in it of intellectual amusement and social cheer. It was in it, that I made my first effort—and failure too—in debate: of course I shall not soon forget it! Still some of the happiest hours of my life were spent within its walls."

I have frequently heard him allude to that first effort. It was a most signal failure, but it did not discourage him; like all other failures, it was the stimulant to increased zeal. The young man who, in 1836, could only say, "Mr. President," and that with a trembling lip and scared heart, in 1841, pronounced the annual oration at the Anniversary of the Institute. But who may number the trials through which that diffident student passed in that space of time? Many a page might I fill with their story—but let them pass. Not so deeply would they touch the heart as does the significant lesson which they teach. Trial was never the victor with him. It was the discipline that nerved his diffident and sensitive spirit for the "weary march of life." "It was to him a refiner's fire—his soul's crucible."

At the annual exhibition at the close of this term, he was one of the speakers. The subject of his choice was characteristic: "Happiness founded on Moral and Intellectual Improvement." The earliest letter which has been preserved, was written the week previous to this Anniversary: it is to his parents, and exhibits him in a mirthful mood.

* * * * "The public debate of our society is now got along with. I did much better than I expected in opening it, for I neither fainted nor lost myself, but knew where I was and what I was about all the time I was on the floor. So you see I have lived through it. The examination comes on next Tuesday and Wednesday, but that is nothing. The Public Exhibition which commences on Wednesday at one, P. M., is what 'tries men's souls.' I may wish myself out of it before I get through." * * * "The exhibition of the Female Department will take place on Tuesday evening. They are 'coming out loud.' They say they are going to beat us 'all hollow.' Be that as it may, it will be a chance though, if some of the boys don't get touched in their hearts, just to give love a keener relish, when all those 'better halves' of men come out in complete costume and beauteous faces and perform their matchless feats upon the stage—whew! what times are just ahead! Do you think I may possibly be among the number who will get wounded by the resistless darts that will be hurled from the ramparts of Cupid? I guess you will be mistaken once, for I have been drinking ice-water so freely for a fortnight, that my affections are all frozen up solid.

It is an excellent preventive! My health is good, and so are my spirits, as you will infer from the above."

"S. R. Smith preaches his farewell sermon one week from next Sunday. Then look out for 'a strong one,'—for sad faces too, and weeping eyes, for deep and affecting signs of grief and heartfelt sorrow, for they lose their best friend when S. R. Smith goes, and no man will be able very soon to completely fill his place."

At the close of this term, instead of returning directly home, Henry went considerably out of his way, to visit a relative, who at the solicitation of his friends, had consented to loan him sufficient means to bear his expenses another term. But it was a treacherous promise. When the poor student arrived at the place, the relative had changed his mind, assigning no reason, but refusing utterly to lend him a cent. Thus was he left ninety miles from home, with but twenty-five cents in his purse. His self-respect, (call it pride, if you will,) prevented him, under the circumstances, from revealing the scanty state of his finances. He resolved to walk the distance. About sunset the second day he reached the house of a relative, distant three miles from his mother's. To his exhausted strength, these three miles seemed nearly as formidable as had the ninety, on the preceding dawn. He resolved to pass the night there. The family were at supper, when he entered the house. But, though he told them of his weary walk, and his excessive fatigue, they neither invited him to eat or sleep there. Foot-sore, lame, faint, sad, he with languid step paced the distance to his mother's door, and completely exhausted, sank upon the threshold, wondering to himself, whether in the economy of creation, some human beings were not left heartless. In a calmer moment, he judged his friends more correctly. "They thought me a fool," said he, "and treated me according to my folly."

But the generous, self-sacrificing friend, who had stood by him so long, did not desert him now, in his extremity. His step-father aided him sufficiently to allow his spending another term in Clinton, and early in October, he returned there. On the eleventh of the same month, he writes thus to his parents:—

* * * * * "I called upon Mr. Smith, (Rev. S. R. S.) Tuesday morning. He talked with me about two hours, using his greatest efforts to persuade me to come and stay with him after the close of this term. He asked me many questions, some of which puzzled me much, about the professions and occupations of mankind. After he had finished his interrogations, I asked him what sphere in life he thought me best calculated to fill, and whether I should attain to any degree of eminence in any of the professions. He answered that he thought me best calculated for a preacher, and that I would reach a higher eminence as such than in any other profession, but that I would distinguish myself in any I might follow in some degree. I laughed at him, but he said it was true, and laughed heartily. We then passed some jokes, in which I happened to get the start of him a good deal, which pleased him highly, and he replied, 'boys, like women, will sometimes catch a wise man,' at which I left, bidding him good morning. 'Very well,' said he, 'but I want you should come back and see if the night will be as *good*.'—I now board at Mr. Smith's mother's."

During this term he for the first time, prepared articles for the press. His first effort was for the "Magazine and Advocate," over the signature of "Iota," which signature he for several years employed when he did not place his proper name to his published articles. The last sentence of his first article is so characteristic, or in common parlance, sounds so much like him, that I cannot forbear quoting it. "If you would be *happy*, you must be *good humored*—and if you *can't* be *good humored*, be as *good humored* as you *can!*"

The most important event of this term, was his choice of a profession. Until now, he was strongly inclined to become a student of law, and much of his reading had reference to that end. But he finally changed that intention into a resolve to enter the ministry. In the biography of his friend and brother Griswold, he thus narrates the circumstances that led him to become a gospel minister.

"In November of the same year, (1837) so great a change had been wrought in my feelings,* that I began to think

* I cannot forbear mentioning here a scene which produced a deep impression on my feelings, and, I have no doubt, led my mind to the subject of the ministry—singular as it may seem to the reader, that it should do so. Rev.

seriously of preparing myself for the ministry. The denomination had no theological seminary; the want of which I then and have ever since deeply felt; and I was at a loss what course to adopt, to prepare myself for the duties and trials of that responsible office. One day while walking on the banks of the Oriskany, my thoughts busy with the new vocation towards which I was looking with increasing interest, I met Mr. Griswold, and revealed to him the state of my feelings in regard to the ministry; and proposed to him that he should lay aside his farming project and turn his attention to the same subject, which was then engrossing my own thoughts.

"It was nearly sunset; we sat down on an old moss-grown log, and weighed probabilities and canvassed difficulties; expressed our hopes and fears, and alternately resolved and yielded to doubt, until long after the moon had been visibly climbing the eastern heaven. We finally concluded, however, to enter the ministry, and doing the best we could, leave the result with Providence. The future was dark; but we felt that when it should approach us, it could not be without some light, to guide and cheer us.

"It was an interesting and imposing scene: two youths, inexperienced and without any one in the world to counsel them, sitting beside a storied stream that murmured softly in the night air, the solemn heavens bending in silence above them, with no eye upon them but God's, and no ear to hear them but His—resolve with anxious and half-doubting hearts, conscious that they must depend on themselves alone whether the undertaking be prosperous or adverse, to enter the ministry of an unpopular and persecuted sect, and become the messengers of Heaven's truth. The impression which it made on the feelings could never be forgotten. When we had mutually pledged ourselves to the resolution, and implored the sanction and assistance of Heaven, a long silence ensued—when I looked up, and, in the pale moonlight, saw the tears trickling down my com-

---

S. R. Smith, was bidding me adieu as a member of his family, (as we did not expect to meet again before his removal to Albany,) and, among other remarks, said to me:—"You are going to preach, brother? Indeed, I *know* you are." I replied that I had never thought of doing so, but was inclining to the profession of the law. "You'll *preach*," said he in a tone of the most unwavering confidence; "remember, that the next time I meet you, I shall see you standing in the pulpit." The next time we met, (nearly three years after, in Fort Plain,) he preached my ordaining sermon! When he entered the house, I was *sitting* in the desk, so nearly was the prophecy literally fulfilled!

panion's face. Not a word was uttered—we looked at each other—rose—I took his arm, and, in silence, we left the spot."

THE PREACHER IN OXFORD.

After spending a few weeks in private study, Henry, in April, 1838, went to Oxford. "Rev. J. T. Goodrich, a fellow student, was pastor of the Universalist Society there, and Br. Griswold was preparing for the ministry under Br. Goodrich's direction. Br. Soule completed a trio, who became boarders under the hospitable roof of a most genial spirit, Br. David Brown—giving and receiving sympathy, and affection, and social influences, which were ever afterwards fondly remembered."

Very soon after his removal there, he addressed the following letter to his parents.

"As you may possibly look for a letter from me about this time, and as my destiny is far different from what you expected, and as I feel it my duty to inform you respecting any change I may make in the general plan and course of my life, I will send you a few lines. I found things in Clinton in a state far different from what I had anticipated. * * * * I thought over my situation and prospects for the future, and having had a good chance offered me, I, in the moment when conflicting interest and inclination were in the heat of wrangle, resolved to follow the natural bent of my mind,* which I must think you, in charity to my situation and feelings, will not impute to selfish or sordid motives. You have been friends to me, and aided and assisted me when none others would; and hence, I feel it my duty to tell you what my designs and purposes for the future are. I have come to Oxford for the purpose of studying theology, be it more or less, and I have no desire you should keep it still, but tell all who trouble themselves to ask about me. I have had this in view some time and have thought of it much; so that it is not precipitate and rash." * * * *.

---

* This expression had reference to a conversation which his step-father held with him a few days ere he left home, in which the former expressed to Henry his conviction that he would one day be a preacher. "Why do you think so?" "It is the natural bent of your mind"—an expression shadowing forth in homely terms the prophetic thought of his childhood.—*Ed.*

Very soon after, early in the month of May, I think, Henry preached his first sermon. "We much regret," writes Rev. A. B. Grosh, in a Biographical Sketch of his friend, "that we have not the information to record the circumstances and character of Br. Soule's first efforts, as faithfully as he has given those of Br. Griswold. We only know that many persons noticed the strong resemblance of his early style and manner to those of Br. S. R. Smith—and a few, who did not know the power and integrity of the young man, even suspected him of "borrowing Br. Smith's manuscripts!" His admiration of this much revered man's character, for intensity of thought and nervous power of expression, may account for some of this resemblance of style and manner; but it was most noticed when Br. Soule, forsaking the composure of a studied delivery, broke the reserve that shadowed his feelings, and abandoned himself to a warm, free, extemporaneous utterance. As his mind became more matured, and his style more cultivated, the resemblance grew less, and his character of thinking and feeling made for itself a style more peculiarly his own."

In July, Henry writes thus to his parents:

"A longer time has indeed elapsed since my last than I intended should, when I then wrote; but thus it is, week after week passes away and is gone, before we indulge even a passing reflection. Although nothing of much interest or importance has taken place, yet that would hardly excuse a delay in letting you know *where* and *how* I am. Even under existing circumstances, I cannot but indulge the fond and animating thought, that still an interest is felt in my welfare and future well-being by you, from whose kind hands I have already received so much, as to make me continually feel that I owe you a debt of gratitude which my heart can never fully pay. But, be assured, I am not insensible for past favors, kindness, and succor, and I would to heaven that I were at this moment so situated as to be able to remunerate you to the uttermost farthing, not only for actually received benefits, but also for trouble, care, and anxiety had on my account. I do not know but Uncle —— —— sometimes thinks that what he let me have were as well thrown into the fire. But not so, for should he never get it, yet *I* have been benefited by it; which of itself

were better than to destroy it. But he must not despair, for surely he shall yet have it.

"I do not know but my friends in Clay have all forsaken me, but I cannot yet believe it to be so. But *if* it be so, what must H. B. S. do?—why, *bear* it to be sure—he can do no better, and anything else would certainly be worse. And should such ever be the case, (which heaven forbid) they may rest assured I shall not be entirely friendless, though alone I roam over earth's fair face, and dwell in the land of strangers. But where am I —what am I about?—alas! 'twere folly to chase such idle phantasies which appear awhile and quickly pass away in illusions! Sweet dreams are pleasant; and if such you have, may nothing that comes from my erring pen, indited by a weaker hand, ever disturb them or break the spell that binds you. I doubt not but you often think of Henry—but I beseech you to give yourself no uneasiness on my account. O! let me not be the cause of pain or trouble. It is human nature, I know, to feel more or less anxiety for the weal of absent relatives. But this case is a peculiar one. I am where I am and what I am—a sojourner—a pilgrim of earth—traveling with my fellows the common road to the tomb; and should I never more chance to see you face to face on earth, let it be no cause of grief or sorrow, of pain or anguish, to you: and should you learn that I lie beneath the sod, spare your tears, and let all my faults and follies and foibles lie with me in undisturbed repose forever. Yes, when my career on earth is run,

> 'Then may this mortal body lie
> Alone, in some secluded spot,—
> Nor e'en bedewed by one kind tear,
> But friendless, silent, and forgot!'

"Perhaps you will like to know how I get along preaching, —well, I get along slowly: last Sunday I gave two discourses in this village, for which I received eight dollars. There was present the largest audience I ever saw there (except at the Convention): such is the fact—judge ye!"

On the 6th of September, the Chenango Association, held at North Norwich, granted the young brothers, Griswold and Soule, letters of fellowship. At this time he writes thus to his friends at home:—

"I still continue to reside in Oxford, preaching to destitute Societies in this section, whenever opportunity and preparation

will allow. My health, as a general thing, since I left home, has been good, though I have had two or three ill turns, all short and tolerable. * * * I do not yet give myself any uneasiness as to the issue of this affliction, [a tumor situated on the jugular vein.—Ed.] and I want you should not. If it grow worse, and is like to endanger my life, you shall know it forthwith, and then you must not let it be the cause of any trouble to you. As you regard me, I pray you to give yourselves no uneasiness on my account. 'Let not borrowed trouble your bosom harass.'"

In October, his correspondence with Rev. S. R. Smith commences.

"Bro. Smith,—Although a long time has elapsed since we last saw each other, and a long '*apology*' is due on my part; yet, even under the existing circumstances, I will not trouble you with such 'apology.' Apologies are well in their proper place; but if a man be guilty, 'tis better and more manly to confess it and reform than to attempt to palliate it by a studied apologetic letter. The truth is, I have often felt it my duty to indite something to you; but then there is that 'effeminate delicacy,' that too often unmans me of the necessary resolution, and consequently deters me from discharging my duty. I must —I will away with it—and will no longer be prevented from acting, by the *foolish fear* that, in every respect, I shall not act precisely right, or as I might afterwards wish I had. * * * *

"With regard to myself nothing *very* important has taken place, since you last saw me, except that I have been converted from a school-boy to an Universalist Preacher—for better or for worse—time alone can determine. As yet I feel not the least regret that I have entered upon the stage of this great theatre. I feel the many and weighty responsibilities that rest upon him who undertakes the discharge of the duties of the ministerial life; and I am also sensibly aware of the manifold and trying difficulties through which, under the present state of things, especially in the religious world, I shall in all probability have to pass; but I feel NOT to retire from the field or bolt from the course because a mightier warrior or more fleet courser is there—or because a few unforeseen difficulties obstruct my path. I love the cause too dearly not to contribute my little mite. My fellow and kindred race is bound to me by ties too strong, their happiness is too much identified with my own, or, rather mine with theirs, for me to be an idle spectator, to look upon

the mighty ocean of misery, in which almost the entire human family are vainly struggling for 'their being's end and aim,' with a brute, unconscious gaze, and unfeeling heart. So long, therefore, as my mind and feelings remain what they now are, you may expect what little I *can do*, *shall* be done."

In January, 1839, he writes again :—

"Bro. Smith,—A longer time has elapsed since I last wrote than I intended should, before you heard from me again. But thus goeth the world: time is on the wing and our moments quickly pass away. Indeed, ere we are aware, weeks, nay, months, have stolen by, have gone into the mighty ocean of the past. And often, when I reflect upon the transient nature of human life, how swiftly *I* am moving on to the venerable age which your years now number, do I feel the importance of giving more earnest heed to the injunction of the good Apostle, '*Be sober*—be vigilant.' And thus I mean to be." * * * *

"And now a word for myself. Last Sunday I had an appointment at East Greene. (My appointment was of four weeks standing.) Afterwards the Baptist preacher made one at the same place and at the same hours, declaring at the same time (as I am credibly informed) that 'if that boy' (meaning myself) 'came there again, he would crush him to atoms, and kill Universalism on the spot.' Well, I went down, and on arriving at the house, found it so crowded that it was almost impossible to reach the desk. Our friends proposed a discussion, but 'the thing was laid under the table.' I then proposed to the Baptist preacher that he should preach first; as he was more than twice as old as I was. But he would not do it. I suppose he wanted the last fire so as to be sure of victory. To be honest about this matter, I wanted the privilege of speaking last myself, for, not expecting any such effort, I was not prepared for it. I took about eight or ten minutes to think over the matter, and then selected the following passage for my text: 1st John 4 : 14. I spoke an hour and twenty minutes. I had most profound attention. The Baptist preacher then followed, taking for his text the last clause of Jer. 43 : 2. He spoke two and a quarter hours—never but once alluded to my discourse—never attempted to refute a single conclusion—his whole aim and argument was to show that I was a false prophet—'that God Almighty had not sent the little stripling there,'—making use of language too gross to be repeated. He was *mad*,—called me everything he could think of—abused me most scandalously

—even the *devil* himself could not have treated a man worse. When I was speaking I quoted Heb. 2 : 14, 15, and John 1st, 3 :.8. In reply to the same, he said I had proved that Christ *had* killed the *devil.* My answer was, 'if I said so, I will recall it, for the gentleman's conduct has clearly shown that the devil is alive yet, but I did not say so,' and again quoted the scriptures. After he sat down, I rose, said a few words concerning his text, exposed some of his falsehoods, contrasted his conduct with that of Christ, pointed out some of his home-made scripture, and defied him to find it in the Bible, gave out my next appointment, and sat down, (of course). He then warned the people against me, said the devil helped me, or I could not make use of such smooth and fascinating language, that I was wise in the wisdom of the world, and if they heard me, would certainly convert them to my damnable heresy, and lead them down to ruin. I held meeting two miles below in the evening, and a goodly number of his people were present. What the result will be, I cannot tell—we will wait a little—'tempus omnia revelat.' * * *

"Well, Br. Smith what think you? this day we have a wedding—but 'tis not I who am to enter on the blest arena of connubial felicity—no—not such good news as that yet. The Fates have decreed that I shall 'paddle my canoe alone,' a 'little spell' longer at least. I sometimes look through the narrow vista of the future, and anticipate—but alas! the uncertainty of the future revives the recollection that I may never reach that eventful day—that I may never emerge from the isolated, cold, and gloomy regions of single blessedness into the noon-day splendors and 'living felicity' (and the multiplied cares too) of the married state, 'and my anticipated joys —where are they?'"

The following extract from a letter to one of his sisters, furnishes some useful and practical suggestions to those persons who view letter writing as the most difficult and irksome of duties:

"You say, you can't think of anything to write!! But is this so? Maria, can't you tell me whether your health is good or bad, and if you are sick, can't you tell me what ails you? Can't you tell me how mother's health is, and how she enjoys herself?—how and where all the rest of the family are, and what prospects they have for the future? Can't you tell me how much butter and cheese you have made—how many cows

you milk—how much grain M— has sowed, and a thousand other things? Yes, you can do all this, some time when you would do nothing else. And these are just the things I would wish to hear about. I don't want you to sit down and write as though you were preparing a piece for the paper—no, nothing of this. Sit down and write the first thing that comes into your mind, if it be nothing more than a rain-storm or thunder-shower—write just as though I was there, and you were *telling* me the story—and you need not think any more or any harder in writing to me, than you do in talking to me.

"There is another reason why I want you should accustom yourself to, or get in the habit of writing, or if I may say so, make yourself familiar with writing letters, and it is this—that in after life when it may be necessary, you will be prepared and ready to write on any subject that may require it at your hand. This consideration to me is of very great importance. How many are there who are now in the bloom of life, or have begun to travel the declivity of age, who would give almost any sum if they could only write letters with ease and readiness. But Maria, if these same persons had spent a small portion of the time they have passed in idleness, doing absolutely nothing, in simply practicing in letter writing, by telling some friend what they were doing, or had done, in their kitchen affairs, or on the farm, or what had, or was taking place among their associates, playmates, or neighbors, or of any of the little simple occurrences of life,—if they had done this, they would now be able to write down their thoughts with as much ease and readiness as they could tell the same with their tongue."

To the same sister, at another time, he writes:—

"Your kind letter is received, and believe me when I tell you, it gave me much pleasure. There is a spirit which breathes through a sister's letter that comes through no other. She ever speaks with a frankness and affection, which fail not to awaken admiration and sympathy in the bosom of a brother. It is a rich boon to peruse the sweet effusions of tender thought, and witness the easy manifestation of deep and abiding interest in one's welfare, as they come from the pen of one bound to us by the ties of kindred, brought up around the same fireside, under the care of the same tender and good mother, and—I like to have said, under the eye of the same kind and indulgent father —but alas! Maria, we have none. He left us in our childhood to the care of mother alone, and well, well has it been for us,

that we have been blessed with one so good. What that she could, has she not done for us? I answer, nothing, nothing. O, how deeply ought we to love and venerate her while she may live to bless us, and how sacred hold her memory when she shall have left this scene of trouble, pain and wo! May God bless and support her, be her great comforter through life, and her stay and staff in the hour of death. But where am I? I have wandered from what I was going to write when I took up the pen, but I could not help it, for I have thought much about mother of late, and as soon as I begin to talk or think of home, she is present to me, and ere I am aware, I am talking or thinking of her, the being who brought me up. Sometimes my feelings get so excited that I resolve, for the moment, to drop all, and fly again to her kind embrace, but—but—I will tell you more, Maria, at some future time.

"I have done more reading since my return [from a brief visit home—Ed.] than I ever did before in the same length of time. At present I study about ten hours a day, beside keeping the books of the office, preaching not a little, and doing many other things. Since I saw you, I have preached much more than I intended. I have rode some over these craggy hills, but not as much as I did last season. I rode about forty miles one day, and attended a funeral. Such jaunts are too hard, however, for my constitution, and if I were to continue them, would soon wear me out.

"My voice, my friends tell me is improving very much—a circumstance much in my favor, and for which I feel very thankful.

"I have only time and room to add, be industrious and prudent, and you will prosper; be virtuous and good, and you will be happy."

To his younger sister, at the close of a long letter, he writes—

"You say, 'I must want to see home by this time.' Yes, sister, and so I do—it would give me great pleasure to see you all seated around the fireside in social converse, and myself in the midst. But you know we cannot always have what we wish, and *just when* we wish it—were it so, I would come and bring this letter to-night. Tell mother she shall see me in due time, and may the God of heaven bless and keep her till that time arrives.

"I add a postscript to inquire what your notions and prospects of marriage are. As for me, I have as yet thought, and

of course care nothing, about it—and I don't know but I shall sail across life's ocean in the much despised ship of old bachelorhood. However, I would not pledge myself that will be the case; for, like all the rest, I may get the 'fitful fever,' and forsaking the old barge, embark on board the new ship matrimony. But of this no one knoweth, no, not even myself. My opinion of matrimony is simply this—if any one can better their condition by getting married—I mean their condition on the whole—the best thing they can do is to marry!

"I must crowd in, at this time, one word of advice: spend your leisure hours in reading; it will not only store your mind with useful information, but will cultivate a taste which will very much aid you in after life."

The last letter which he penned in Oxford was addressed to his parents:

"A few letters have found their way to me since I left, and from pens, too, that never wrote me before. Glad, heartily glad was I for them. They have been read and re-read. The reason why I prized them thus highly is because they come from home—a place most dear to my loving heart. They breathe a kindness of feeling, and are fraught with something which letters from no other place are, and which awaken in the mind a countless host of fond recollections. It almost causes one to forget himself, and to mingle again in the joys of the social circle around the fireside, in the company of those we love most, and in whose society the hours most rapidly and happily pass away. Nor is this all, for it gives us a kind of satisfying pleasure to know that our friends are sufficiently interested in our welfare to trouble themselves occasionally to write us, and to do it in the spirit of ardent and devoted affection.

"I have adopted a plan of systematic exercise which I think will result in great benefit to me. I walk one mile as fast as I can, every morning before breakfast; another before dinner, and another before tea. And whenever I get tired of sitting, instead of walking about my room where the air is confined, I put on my hat, go out into the open air, and take a tramp up some of the hills. And I assure you I always come back refreshed. I have also adopted a simple diet and regular hours for retiring and rising. Order is said to be Heaven's first law, and I have resolved to know if it be equally so with respect to the human as the planetary bodies. Time, which faithfully tries all things, will accurately give the result."

On the last Thursday and Friday in September, 1839, a Conference was advertised to be held at Ford's Bush, on the promise to our few friends there, that the Lutheran Church would be opened for their accommodation. But when the day came near, the church was refused! Br. Conrad Snell, the father of Rev. Nelson Snell, immediately had seats arranged in his *barn*, the most convenient place to be had, and tendered its use for the meeting. But alas! when the day came, a cold rain-storm came with it, and Br. J. D. Hicks was the only preacher present! Discouraged, chilled, feeling almost forsaken, what was their joy to see a young man who was greeted by Br. Hicks as a preacher, enter the meeting in the afternoon. It was Br. Soule. He was put on the preacher's stand, and speaking extemporaneously, abandoned himself to the feelings of the circumstances by which he was surrounded, and carried all captive by his eloquence. Br. Belding arrived on the second day, and such was the gratification of that gloomily commenced Conference, that before it closed, resolves were formed and plans projected, which resulted in the erection of a neat, comfortable Universalist Church at that place, which was dedicated Oct. 14th, 1840.—*Extract from a Biographical Sketch, by Rev. A. B. Grosh.*

IN FORT PLAIN.

On the fifth Sunday in September, 1839, Henry had an engagement at Fort Plain. An invitation to settle with them followed, and was immediately accepted. "These, his *first pastoral labors*," writes Br. Grosh, "were highly appreciated by the friends generally, and were productive of much benefit in softening the stern features of bigotry, checking the fanaticism of revival operations, and building up the congregation in social and fraternal feelings."

On the first Wednesday and Thursday in March, 1840, a Conference of the Otsego Association was held in Fort Plain, at which time the young brother received ordination, Rev. S. R. Smith preaching the sermon.

On the day on which he arrived at Fort Plain, he writes to a sister—

"It seemed almost like going from home to leave Mr. Brown's, I did not think I should feel so deeply on parting from them; but I found, when I came to leave, I was strongly attached to them. It is ever thus. We know not the worth of our friends till away from them. It is a trite but truthful saying, 'Blessings brighten as they take their flight.' But I have left those dear ones, good as they are. For the kindness they have shown me, I shall ever feel grateful. May God bless them, and abundantly too."

Under date Dec. 25th, 1839, he writes to a clerical friend:—

"Our affairs in this place are beginning to wear a little more favorable aspect. The friends are becoming more united, and our congregations are evidently increasing. New energy seems to have been infused into the society by the idea of having regular preaching once again. And I hope the flame which has been kindled will continue to burn on until this moral atmosphere shall become fully purified. However, before this can be done, there is a vast deal of labor to be performed, both by preacher and people. Universalism is designed to make people better: and *true* Universalism will do so. It is only necessary for it to accomplish its object, to imbue its believers with its spirit. And when I look at the moral condition of the world, I deeply feel the want of more zeal. That zeal which nerves the soul with untiring energy, waking into activity all its dormant but ennobling powers. We want a true, enlightened, Christian zeal. And this wants to be inspired in the breasts of all the people. At any rate, this is necessary to the moral redemption of this region.

"We celebrated the Nativity of our Savior last eve, and had a great and good time. The house was decorated and illuminated, and was literally full at the hour of six. I was alone. I invited the officiating clergyman at the other church in this village to unite with us; but he had or made business from home, and of course was absent. The affair has somehow got out, and is operating as nearly as I can learn not a little to his discredit. I took for a text, St. Luke 2: 10, 11. I spoke an hour—the house as still as death.

"At present I preach two sermons every Sabbath in the village, one every other Wednesday evening at Southville and Dutch Town, and occasionally at Fry's Bush, besides jaunting nearly every week several miles to attend funerals, at which a sermon is always expected,—a little too much this for a boy of my experience."

Under date Feb. 4th, 1840, to his parents:

"For some weeks past I have had a great deal of mental, and I may add, bodily exertion. I preached in Cooperstown two weeks since; on my return I attended the protracted meeting now in operation in this place, and in the space of fourteen days heard fourteen sermons and preached seven, and traveled sixty miles. Universalism they say must be crushed, or this place is lost forever. I have reviewed some part of their sermons, and on these occasions our house has been filled to overflowing. Instead of injuring us, their meetings are a benefit to us. Their scurrility and abuse recoil on their own heads."

Nov. 9th, 1840. "My time is now all devoted to this place; I do not preach out of town at all. I found the labor was too much, and to lessen it the Society have raised my salary.

"I am again the only preacher in the village. The new Presbyterian preacher gave his farewell discourse last evening. He is the second that has tried his skill and power in undertaking to break me down and drive me out of the place, that has had the pleasure of being himself broken down and driven out. They both threatened my destruction, and prayed God to help them effect it, and how successful they have been! The Universalist Society, instead of being broken down, has increased in numbers so as to be able to raise one hundred dollars more for a salary than it could last fall!"

Dec. 14th. "We have just completed the organization of a church in this village, and you cannot imagine how it makes the opposers stare. It has wrested from their hands one of the strongest weapons they had, and they know not what to say. I anticipate speaking to one of the largest congregations that ever assembled in this place, on the first Sabbath in next month, as the Eucharist will then be administered for the first time by Universalists in this region of country. There is already a good deal of curiosity existing, and it will increase until the day arrives. One is asking 'What will they do?' another is saying, 'Who ever heard of such a thing?' And so it goes—it is spreading like wild-fire. Our answer to all their questions is in the language of Peter, '*Come and see.*'

"I remain yet the only preacher in the place, and consequently am left in peace. No one of late disturbs or molests me in the least. I have got as high as the frog that was left *alone* in the pond. But how long I shall remain there is another question. One thing however is quite certain, I have

become quite popular in the marrying line; for I have married every couple that have been married in this village during the last fifteen months, besides a good many out of the village. I have not only been called upon to marry Universalists and Nothingarians, but even Presbyterians and Methodists. Who knows but that the next step will be that they will call upon me to preach for them, or rather *to* them!

"That busybody, Mr. Report, has got into circulation the story that I am going to be married New Year's or thereabouts; and about half the people believe it. This is a strange world, and I trow they will get mistaken this time. Why, bless my stars, I haven't dreamed of going into that business yet. But the most laughable of all is, that they *know* I am going to be married, but they can't tell whom I am going to have. This is something like our opposition friends finding out 'the *secret will*'—and I may add that they know just as much about the one as the other."

July 8th, 1841. "You will indulge me a few words about our celebration of 'the fourth.' Notice had been given that I would give a national discourse on Sunday morning on this subject, 'The Blessings of American Freedom.' At an early hour the house was full—the people came from all the country 'round about.' My discourse was written at length, and it took me just one hour to deliver it. During the whole of that time the entire audience gave the most profound attention. For my performance I have received very high compliments—whether they are merited or not is another question, and one which I, of course, shall leave to the public to decide.

"I have received an invitation to give the annual address at the exhibition of the Clinton Liberal Institute, some time in the course of next month. I have accepted the invitation, which as you can well judge, imposes on me a new and arduous task. I am afraid that I shall not be able to meet the public expectation on that occasion. It is an important one, I am willing to grant, yet I think the public generally expect too much from the one who gives the address. I will do as well as I *can*, and if I succeed in meeting the general expectation, I shall certainly think I have gained one victory in my life. This address will occupy in its preparation all the time I get between this and the time of its delivery—and even then I shall not have as much as I ought. The truth is, that my reputation as an orator, for a time at least, very much depends on that effort; and it behooves me, as I regard my own interests and popularity, to do the best I am able. And be assured I shall do so—so that

if I fail, it will be an '*honest failure.*' I hope, however, at least, tolerable success.

"I wish I had wings, I would see you ere another sun. I am lonely—I have been so for several days, and I know of no better medicine for that disease than to go visiting. I am almost resolved sometimes to take that pleasant medicine, even if I don't get but half a dose; and then again I am of a different mind. I am determined not to come home until I can make a good old-fashioned visit—stay a fortnight. That's the time it used to take them to 'visit out' in the good old days of our fathers; and I am for reviving ancient customs. But to be candid—when I come home I want to have matters so arranged that I can stay just as long as I have a mind to. As soon as I can bring that about you will see me; and I shall stay too until you will be glad to see me gone again. But I must stop writing about home, or I shall get homesick in good earnest.

"Next week I expect a wedding. Ah! these weddings—I wish they would come a 'little thicker and faster too'—they are grand good business, quick got along with. You did not know that I am married, I suppose? Well, 'I ain't any way;' and 'I ain't like to be, no how, so there.' I am waiting for the sign to come right. But everybody knows I am going to be married. I wish people would allow ministers to do as other men do—choose a wife when, as, and where they have a mind. If I speak to a young lady now-a-days, 'it means something;' if I call upon one, 'he is engaged;' if I walk with one, 'he is to be married very soon.' I am annoyed beyond measure at times with this talk about being married. I wish sometimes my society was composed only of married people—that there were not a girl in it—I might hope for peace then. Get married!—it will do well enough for boys to do that, and so I would advise my friend —— to get him a wife, and so get out of that very peculiar state of feeling he has been in so long; that most singular state, when one loses his eyesight and runs about nights thinking all the time it is broad daylight. Yes, I repeat it, getting married will do well enough for boys, and now and then a *man;* and if I ever do so, you may think truly that 'a change has come over the spirit of my dream;' whether waking or sleeping, it matters not.

"Did I ever tell you of a certain wedding, I once attended? Its history runs on this wise: On one stormy Thursday last winter, as I was going to the Post Office, I was accosted by a young man, or *old boy*, (I don't know which, but shall leave you

to judge,) with the inquiry, 'I say, mister, can't ye tell me, sir, where Dominie Soule lives?' 'I suppose I am the man you are seeking.' The young man's countenance changed. The expression of intense anxiety passed away, and was succeeded by one of ludicrous bashfulness. 'Well, then, you're Dominie Soule, be ye? Well, I want to see you a few minutes, if you've no objections.' 'None at all, sir. Be so kind as to walk into my study with me, where we can attend to your business by the side of a comfortable fire.'

"Once in the study, he asked again, 'you're Dominie Soule, the minister, be ye?' 'I am.' 'Be we all alone?' looking sheepishly at the half open bed-room door. 'We are,' said I, as I closed it. I knew well what he wanted, but I was wicked enough to enjoy his embarrassment. After hitching and shuffling, and hemming awhile, he spoke out, 'well, I come for to get you to go and marry somebody to-night.'—'*Indeed*, and how far is it?'—'O, it's only just seven miles up here, you know.'—I wanted he should go and get some one else; it stormed furiously, and I did not feel like buffeting a cold northeaster that night. But he said 'no; the old folks want you, and the gal wants you, and so do I wants you, and the old folks wouldn't like it if we didn't have you, you know.' 'Well, if you must have me, I wish you would postpone it till better weather; I will then come up and marry you.—'O dear, that won't do, no how, for we've postponed it once, and we wouldn't postpone it agin for nothin'.' I then said to him, 'sir, I'll tell you what I will do—if you will come down here, I will marry you for nothing.'—'No, that wouldn't do neither; cause the old folks wants for to see us git married; and you must come any way; you shan't lose nothin'.'

"The poor fellow begged so hard I concluded to go; and accordingly hired a horse and cutter, and about five o'clock started on my novel wedding mission. I found the traveling exceedingly bad all the way, and particularly so after I left the main road. At length I reached the log-house in which the fair bride lived. Hitching my horse, I went to the door and knocked, when a stern old voice bade me 'come in.' Entering the house, I was invited to sit down with all my overclothes on. I asked the old man if they were going to have a wedding there that evening. He said they were. I then looked around to see, if I could, where the parties were coming from. There was but one door to the house, and that let out into the world. Very soon, however, I heard a clattering up stairs, and to my astonishment, the bridegroom and bride came down the ladder

—he backed down, leading her by both hands. They were seated. 'If you are ready for the ceremony, you will please rise.' They stared at each other, at the old folks, at me, but sat still. Twice I repeated it, and twice was met by the same vacant stare. 'If you want to get married, stand up,' said I. That they understood, and I proceeded to make the twain one. When I came to this part of the ceremony, the matter run thus,—'do you take this woman,' &c.—'Most sartinly, sir.'—'Do you promise to love her above all others,' &c.?—'Why,' said he, '*I've done so, this good while.*' I almost forgot the solemnity of the occasion, in my efforts to suppress laughter. When I came to the bride with this question, 'do you take this man,' &c.—'He's took me, hain't he, for to be his wife; he's my husband then, without my takin' him.'—'Do you promise to love him above all others,' &c.—'I'll love him jist as long as he loves me, and that's long enough.' I smiled, but succeeded in governing myself so as to conclude the ceremony, which throughout was of the same *unique* character. When it was over, the bridegroom passed around a bowl of good old black-strap; and then gave me a cigar. Just as I was leaving, he gave me some change, which I put in a separate pocket, to know just how much I had. When I got home, I paid ten shillings for my horse and cutter, and on counting my change, found that he had given me the sum of six and sixpence. But as he had said, I didn't 'lose nothin' '—the other three and sixpence I had in fun.

"*July 15th.*—Our affairs in this village are progressing slowly, but I believe surely. Universalism appears, at present, as though it had concluded to settle here for life. Its devotional spirit begins to exhibit itself; indeed it has already effected an almost total change in the taste and feelings of my regular congregation. When I came here, they would scarcely listen to a sermon that did not breathe the spirit of war; whilst now just such sermons as they then loved to hear, they have no relish for now. In their feelings they are certainly very much refined. I never saw an audience more easily moved to tears. Well,—in a word, I *do* believe we are improving altogether as a religious society. God help us to become a good people.

* * * * * "A man ought to be silent on religious subjects, till that time arrives when the conduct of his life will corroborate the teachings of his lips—no, but till he can *both speak* the truth and *live* it. It makes me sad, that in these difficult times a professor of religion should give occasion for reports of evil.

We have enough to contend with, let our lives and hearts be never so pure and holy. God give us all strength to live our faith!"

IN TROY.

In November, 1841, Henry removed to Troy. Soon after his arrival he writes to a clerical friend:

"I hail you from another part of the world. I have turned Trojan in earnest, and trust to be one, 'good and true.' I left Fort Plain with regret. At the time I gave my valedictory I felt like a child, and I guess I acted like one—and before I was half through I wished, from the bottom of my heart, that I had never thought of leaving. Such scenes are enough to kill a man, and Heaven save me from another.

"Br. Smith is preparing a course of lectures on the social and religious duties of life. What an everlasting thinker that man is! He has done more real hard thinking than a whole generation of ordinary ministers; and can it be that such a man, after having just learned to think well, will in a few days cease to think at all! Nay; thought is but cradled on earth; it has eternity for a lifetime!

"I wish I had some of the friends of 'long ago' with me for awhile—for I am lonely, notwithstanding I am in the midst of so great a multitude. Solitude in the country, there is none—for nature with her ten thousand voices speaks to us: but in a city—Oh! I am sad to think of it—it is stern in its reality."

In January, 1842, I saw for the first time the subject of this memoir. We met at the house of Rev. S. R. Smith. I cannot say that any very deep impressions were made, as I took the offered hand of the stranger, who was ere long to occupy so large and holy a place in my heart. We exchanged the greetings of the New Year, and parted. Had we met the next day, I doubt if we had recognized each other; for the parlor was crowded, and each was to the other but the half-seen acquaintance of a moment.

In February, a Conference of the Hudson River Association was held in Albany. I was not present at the first meeting, on Tuesday evening. My curiosity was not a little excited the next morning, by my mother's enthusiastic eulogies of the

young preacher, and his excellent discourse. "Come now, and let us reason together," 'was his text,' said she, 'and he *did* reason!' I asked his name? "It was Br. Soule." And when I saw him at church that day, I recognized the countenance I had half seen before. But it was not until late in March that I had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with "Br. Soule."

I then passed an afternoon and evening in his company at Br. Smith's. We met as strangers, we parted friends. It does not always take months or years to perfect friendship. Such mental and spiritual revelations may be made in a few hours, nay, in a sentence, a glance, a tone, that they who never met before may long to meet again. That day marked an era in my heart. I saw him but two or three times after that, ere I left home in the middle of April, to become the youthful principal of the Female Department of Clinton Liberal Institute. But I heard much of him. He was enthusiastic in the Temperance cause, and his lectures, both in Albany and Troy, called forth large audiences, while the high moral tone that characterized them made them deservedly popular. There was mirth in them at times, never levity; sometimes, indeed, they sparkled with humor, yet its flashes were ever pure as bursts of sunlight. But they were most remarkable for a depth and earnestness of feeling—he spoke indeed from his heart—a heart to whom the weal of the race was dear as his own. As a preacher, too, he was much admired in both cities, and in both had as warm friends as a man could wish; while his integrity of purpose and undeviating rectitude of principle won esteem from those who would not attend his ministrations.

In June, of this year, one of the great hopes of his life set forever. His only brother, a youth of rare native talent and some considerable cultivation, too, after suffering intensely for three years, passed away. It was a heavy blow. There had ever been in the future a beautiful vision of a home, in which that brother was to be one of the dearest inmates. They were to occupy the same study, read the same books, follow the same profession—the elder waiting on the younger, as a father on a son, till the star of his destiny should be bright in a cloudless heaven.

Early in May, Henry visited the sufferer, and remained with him till his symptoms seemed more favorable—till there was hope the issue would be life. Illusory it was. On the 7th of June he writes thus to his mother and sisters:

* * * "Mr. F—— saw me in the stage for Troy, and very kindly came and spoke to me, and gave me the sad intelligence that my brother is no more! I had heard nothing of it before, and the agitation of my feelings—which poor human nature ever strives to conceal—I must confess, made me quite unsocial with him, notwithstanding his kindness. And I now know not what to say, nor how to say it. I wish I could have been with him in that last hour—and I almost feel reproached that I did not stay longer, even difficult as my circumstances were. But I did not, and let it pass.

"I feel an anxiety, which no language can express, to know what were his feelings and conversation in the closing scene of life. Our friend tells me that his death was calm and easy, and his mind composed till the last moment. I feel no common gratitude to God that he was permitted to enjoy so much with which to close the eventful drama of life.

"And yet I feel that it is hard for one so young, in the most promising period of human life, to break up all his attachments here, and quit their presence forever. And yet I ought not so to feel—for He under whose government it is permitted can do nothing wrong. I will not grieve, but sorrow I must feel. In spite of all I can do, the recollections which cluster around our childhood and hearth-side rise up before me in all the freshness of yesterday, and produce emotions as unutterable as they are touching. But I cannot write you now; my thoughts are transient and dissociated. I must wait till time and reflection have composed me.

"I am tempted to come home to you. And let me say to you, mother and sisters, that though he has left us and will not come to us again, we shall go to him. I trust he has met ere this our departed father. This thought is a consoling one.

"How strange is life, and how precarious! but thanks be to God, a better and perpetual life lies beyond! And to that life we are swiftly winging our flight. Griffin has but just gone before us—a few more days, at most, and we must all follow;—and I feel that

> 'I would not live alway—I ask not to stay
> Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way:
> The few lucid moments that dawn on us here
> Are followed by gloom and beclouded with fear.'

May God in his infinite mercy be with and bless you all; and when I am more composed I will write again."

Writing to a clerical friend soon after, he says:—

"And thanks be to God, that though he will not return to me, I shall go to him. I designed to visit you this week, but I shall be obliged to defer it a few days. I am not fit to visit in my present state of feelings. I want to be alone, for I am sad. I have no early friend here to sympathize with me, and I must turn to commune in silence with my own heart. These things are trying, Bro. With all the blessed hopes of Universalism to console us, still they are trying; they press heavily upon the heart. But it is well: our duty is in resignation."

July 15.—"I design visiting you, at home, sometime this fall. I find that my health, both physical and intellectual, will require me to spend a week or two, at least twice a year, in the free, health-giving atmosphere of the country, where I can throw off all restraint and care and anxiety, and abandoning artificial life, can invigorate my spirits and energies amid the freshness and reviving influences of 'old nature's' beauty and simplicity.

"It has for some time past been very sickly in the city. I have attended two or three funerals a week, and no one can tell what an effect these things have upon the feelings; being with the sick, the dying, or the dead, every day, works an incredible revolution in the tenderer feelings of our nature. I have to be a sharer in all the grades of society, from the most distressing poverty to the luxury of wealth. It is a great school—it abounds with the most instructive lessons; for no one can pass from the sick bed of the rich man down through all the gradations of rank and prosperity to the unnoticed pallet of straw, on which one of stern poverty's children is struggling with his last enemy, without witnessing the exhibition of facts that will leave impressions as ineffaceable as the hand-writing of wisdom on the conformation of the globe.

"There is one thing which I have noticed as generally true, and that is, that attachments are deeper and stronger in the lower, poorer classes than in the higher. Love and friendship seem to burn with a steadier, purer, holier flame, on the altars of poverty and toil, than amid the glitter and ceremony of wealth and fashion; they are more ardent because more sincere; less deceptive and unstable because more dependent, simple, and truthful. Friendship in fashionable life is a sickly

plant, which, with a touch, is crushed to death; but in simple, toiling, common life, it is a great and sturdy oak which stands in its noble grandeur, unhurt, amid the furious winds and the scathing vengeance of the battling elements. But I am moralizing, and will return.

"Things at present with us are quite encouraging, and if nothing happen, I hope soon to see the opening of a better era in the history of Universalism in Troy. Our Conference Meetings have increased ever since we started them. These meetings and our church organization have done more for the interests of the Society since I have been here than my preaching. Their direct tendency is to unite the Society in the tenderest affection and give religion an interest which pulpit sermons alone never will effect."

Aug. 24th.—"I have just returned from Clinton, whence I was called by an invitation to take charge of Clinton Liberal Institute, and make preparations to enter on the duties as Principal of the Institute on the 19th of September next. This will be a new thing for you—and indeed it is to me—for I never dreamed of being elected Principal of that Institution until I received notice to that effect. Several considerations have induced me to accept it. How wisely I have acted in this matter, the future must determine. One advantage I shall have, a vastly better opportunity for both general and critical study; and I mean to make myself a better and more extensive scholar, so that there shall be one at least bearing my name, who is worthy of the appellation. If ——— [his gracious guardian.—ED.] wants any boys educated, I am now prepared to teach them, even in political constitutions and political economy! * * * I am poor enough, but I would rather have my head than his farm."

IN CLINTON.

In September, 1842, Henry resigned his pastorship in Troy, and removed to Clinton.

"The Clinton Liberal Institute, without endowment, and poorly supplied with means, was a heavy and embarrassing charge to its various Principals and officers, and passed through many changes in the hope of improving the condition of either the school or its retiring teachers. Bro. Soule was invited to become its Principal, in 1842, and accepted the office with much distrust of his own ability, but solely with the hope of effecting some changes in its financial affairs, by which its condition

might be permanently improved for some more competent successor. Indeed, it is believed, [I *know* it was so.—Ed.] that the potent persuasion of Bro. S. R. Smith was the strongest inducement to its acceptance."

During his stay in Clinton an uninterrupted correspondence was held with Br. Smith, and taken altogether, it is the most interesting and profitable of any of his that I have been privileged to peruse. It has made me sad; for what is more touching than to see noble energies, unceasing toil, enthusiastic zeal, wasted in hopeless, unappreciated efforts, meeting with repulse where it should have sympathy, contumely instead of reverence. I regret that I cannot insert the letters at length, but I could not without prejudice. They are necessarily so interwoven with allusions to and comments on various individuals and opinions, that with a few and comparatively unimportant extracts, I must lay them aside. Precious relics though of the most blissful season of my girlhood. Mutual pursuits at Clinton necessarily drew us together—mutual trials begat sympathy, and who does not know that sympathy is the dawn of love. Ere the first term of our engagement closed, our hearts were one, how fondly, how truly, it matters not—*we* were satisfied. "I have only two hands, a head and a heart to offer you—but these hands and this head will labor for you while I have life, and this heart will love you while it pulsates here, and forget you not when called to Heaven!" If wedded life were ever the embodiment of betrothal pledges, surely it was our own. Though the present be never so sad, the future never so dark, there was never a past more beautiful, never a past more happy;—no dead has it to bury—amaranth for its memories! Forget this brief love passage; I do not say forgive. If you have a heart, you will; if you have none, it would be vain to ask.

During the first term, in addition to his arduous labors as Principal, Henry regularly supplied the desk in Clinton, and to good acceptance, if one might judge by the large audiences which braved the freezing sensations that were at that time unavoidable attendants upon that sanctuary.

"Such a cold place as that church—I wonder every Sabbath to meet so many there; no one can attend with any sensations worthy the name of comfort, and I am sure I cannot speak with any degree of interest; we go to the church; we go through the ceremonies and return home, I feeling that I have performed my task, they that they have discharged a kind of Sabbath day duty. Not very much profit, such meetings, I fear."

Sept. 30th. "I find it no easy matter to bring myself to all the duties which I find imposed on me, and I am afraid that my health is not going to hold out. I already find that they wear upon me. I must hope, however, that when I get a little more habituated to my duties, they will use me less harshly."

Oct. 16th. "Of what I am doing I have but little to say. It is a hard matter 'to get things round right'—it is not a work which can be done in a moment, if indeed I shall, single-handed as I find I must work, be able to accomplish it at all. It is hard work to enforce a discipline here now—he who undertakes it should be an Argus almost, and faithful, with ninety-nine eyes awake all the time; and even then it were a miracle, if some things did not escape his vigilance. So far, however, I believe things have gone tolerably straight, but not without grumbling."

* * * "There is another trying fact. Everybody, nearly, speaks of the infidelity that flourishes within the walls of the Institute; and it grieves me deeply that there is too just cause for such remarks. I am utterly astonished at the state of things here in this respect; and while they exist, no agencies under heaven can ever cause it to prosper. Indeed, I believe we can date its decline back to the very time when infidelity first began to speak out its sentiments within its walls. I do not remember having heard it openly avowed and advocated here until the summer of 1836; afterwards it was too frequently a topic of conversation, which brought into notice the great works of infidel writers, the reading of which had the effect to make either skeptical or infidel, young men who had never before doubted the truth of Christianity, or knew indeed that such books as had been the means of their unhappy conversion were in existence. From that time too, the Institute has been on the decline until the present hour—Christianity has become less and less popular, and gradually lost her influence, while skepticism and infidelity have increased in their popularity—and what is eating my heart out is, that it is not at all disguised—it is more barefaced and impudent than the zeal of fanaticism. This is too much for me—I cannot bear it—it is murdering me—I

cannot live where heartless infidelity, absolute brutism, lifts up its head and is proud. I do not know what to do with or about it. I have preached indirectly on the subject—I have spoken decidedly on it, and I am vain enough to believe that it fears me a little; at any rate, it is no longer even mentioned in my presence. But here I stand—my influence is all I can use, and that is not adequate.

"When I came here I thought I should be able at least to keep my own, but I am not; I am growing thin; these things are wearing upon my physical man, and I cannot help it—I struggle against it as hard as I know how, but still it keeps the mastery, and I am beginning to fear on account of my health. I have not half the physical energy I had when you last saw me. I cannot bear the thought of wearing out in a few months, though I do not know but I shall."

Nov. 5th.—"Until something be done which the present managers of the Institute seem afraid to undertake, I have hardly any hopes of the resurrection of this long cherished object of our affections. Well as I love the Institute, and earnestly as I may devote my abilities to its interests, single-handed and alone, I can never accomplish much towards placing it where you would love to see it. No. Br. S. for this I confess my inability. It is as much as I can do to manage affairs in the building, and even this is a harder labor than I ever performed before in my life.

Nov. 16th.—"I do not feel that I ought to sacrifice too much for the Institute—so much, at any rate, as will ruin me during after life. I love the Institute, and I would it might be raised and fixed in the front of heaven, to shine with increasing brightness and glory forever. But prayers and promises will never place it there.

"How I am to live is problematical, my receipts do not begin to cover the expenses. I am willing to labor, and to labor severely, and to endure pain, but I do not feel that it is my duty to pay for the privilege of laboring and suffering, especially while all around me is a thankless world, rolling in luxury, and laughing at my folly.

Dec. 6th.—"I cannot believe that I am childish always; I know I am sometimes, but always is more than I am willing to confess; but I shall feel like a new being to get in Albany again; to be at liberty to go when, where and talk what, I please—to meet again with men and women who seem glad to see a fellow though he be poor. It will do me good to go

to Troy again, and see those dear Trojan friends, for though I had not known them long, I was strongly attached to them.

"I know you have more faith than I in the ultimate prosperity of the Institute. I had faith—I had too much—I regret being obliged by the force of circumstances to confess so sad a truth. O, I am heart-sick with eating anxiety, oppressive care and felt responsibility. Were it not that when earthly duties are all done, our future is in heaven, how could we poor mortals be sustained—but *there* 'the weary are at rest.'"

At the close of the term we returned to Albany, I to remain in my childhood's home, and Henry to return to his discouraging labors after a happy week of vacation. And it was a happy week indeed. He visited his former parishioners in Troy, his warm friends in our own city and—sad thought, enjoyed for the last time the hospitalities of his venerated and beloved Br. Smith. On his return to Clinton, he engaged to supply the desk of the Universalist Church in Utica, until the 1st of April. Although he probably wrote more letters during the ensuing three months than at any other period, there are only two or three from which I dare make extracts. That a somewhat extensive correspondence was held between ourselves, will be inferred and correctly, but by mutual consent all "love letters" were destroyed a fortnight after the wedding. And had they been retained, I doubt if many would have found a place in these pages. Sacred with the deepest, holiest emotions of the heart, it was better they should be the victims of pure flame, than of idle curiosity or cold criticism.

From a letter breathing a sad spirit in every page, I extract a few lines. It was addressed to a sister.

"That you have written me again is a consideration of no small moment to your brother's feelings. I sometimes almost feel that I do not care how soon my earthly pilgrimage comes to a close; I am away from home, and I have been away from home almost entirely during the past nine long years; among strangers, who feel but little, or no interest in my welfare, only so long, and so far, as I am of some service to them; battling constantly by hard labor with the fortunes and misfortunes of life, with no mother, or sister, or companion present to know my situation and sympathize with my feelings—oh! little do

they know, who have a good home, the trying fortunes of a heart like mine. The coldness of the unfeeling world around me, the perpetual conflict of passion and prejudice, the infinite perplexities of modern artificial social life,—to all of which I must add the incessant toil, night and day, amidst books or with the pen, to keep up with the age.—Oh! Maria, I could sometimes weep, if weeping would but find my heart relief. But alas! tears avail us nothing; they can at best only soothe the spirit, not relieve it.

"I have but few friends left who are linked very closely to my heart—but I will not complain—in a few years I may not need them any longer on earth. My comfort lies in the beautiful thought, that when I sink in death, it will be only that my disencumbered spirit may catch the seraph pinions of the blest spirit-land, and mount the regions of light, where amid the realms of fadeless glory, I may meet a departed brother, and press with filial love the hand of a father; and in due time meet the rest of a scattered family, to live and love where parting shall be known no more. Oh! if Heaven were not in the future, who would wish to live. God be thanked for the blessings He hath given, and the promises He hath made of a final and happy home,

"Where bright angels' wings are folded o'er the peaceful brow and breast,
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

Feb. 4th.—"That I felt, and felt deeply, when I wrote you, I am free to confess, but that feeling was caused by other things than your letter. This vexing world around me, and with which I have so much to do, is the chief cause of all the melancholy feelings that visit my breast. There are some other causes to be sure; but the perplexities that arise from my contact with the hard-hearted and unfeeling world, are the principal source whence flow the streams that touch with sadness the pathway of my career."

April 6th.—"I do not believe my connection here has had a very good influence on my temper. Bro. Smith, to tell you the truth, 'I am not that which I have been,' as Byron would say. It seems hardly possible to myself that I am the same man that I was no longer ago even than last summer; and I really believe I have suffered more mentally during the last seven or eight months than I ever did before in all my life. But I have a fair prospect now of soon getting better natured!"

IN UTICA.

Failing to receive the assistance he had expected in the affairs of the Institute, Henry, in the spring of 1843, resigned his office as Principal and removed to Utica, where he assumed the pastoral charge of the Society in that city.

"The change was but one of *evils*. The Society, loaded down with the hopeless fragments of a large debt, discouraged by repeated, fruitless efforts, and sore disappointments, was not to be extricated; and Bro. Soule was relieved from being present at its death, a year or two later, by an invitation to become assistant-pastor to Father Ballou at Boston. His labors at Utica were affected, undoubtedly, by the discouraging circumstances that had preceded his removal and attended his stay there; but his sermons were generally of a superior order, and among those who became acquainted with him, he was highly valued as an intelligent and interesting companion."

We were married at Albany, August 28th. We proceeded at once to Cooperstown, and passed a few (of course blissful) days at the residence of a clerical brother. Our amusements were certainly quite becoming a ministerial bridegroom and his companion: none could have been more innocent,—sailing upon the placid bosom of Otsego Lake, and rambling on the beautiful banks of the Susquehanna. The first Sabbath was spent at Fort Plain; but I was always vain enough to believe that the large audience to which he ministered, came together quite as much to see his bride as they did for the pleasure of hearing once more their former pastor! Very soon after the second service, we prepared to return to Cooperstown, anticipating a most romantic ride, as it was a charming summer's night, and there was promise of a glorious moon. Alas! for the romance. Life, with its stern realities, soon stared us in the face. We had proceeded but a few miles, ere my husband was taken ill. He urged on his horse to fleeter speed, hoping to reach his friend's house, ere medical advice would be necessary. But he soon sank from the seat, the pallor of death upon his countenance, and its faintness on his heart. There was no

dwelling in sight. I was utterly unused to driving, and had never traveled the road till the previous week. But could I sit there and do nothing? Ah, no! the timid bride was transformed in a moment to an energetic woman. I seized the reins and the lash, and away we went, where, I cared not, did we but reach a house. My terrified calls for help, at the first that came in sight, soon brought the inmates, a woman of singularly repulsive aspect, and a lad of twelve years, to the door. Together we bore the unconscious man to a bed, and, after repeated efforts, restored him to animation. But what a place for an invalid, thought I, as I contemplated the room. It was a bedroom, barely long enough for the bed, and having about two feet of unoccupied space in front. The walls were hung with cast-off garments, which, to all appearance, had been strangers to soap and water for many a day. Fortunately there was a window at the head of the bed, and, after many unsuccessful efforts, I opened it and allowed, I should think for the first time, the pure breath of heaven to enter that stived room.

I then inquired for medicine: they had none—not the simplest drug. My heart sank; and in spite of all I could do, the tears flowed down my face, and I sobbed aloud. "I've got plenty of *sperit;* wouldn't that be as good," said the woman, seeing my evident distress. I eagerly seized the idea—yes, and the "sperit" too. The sick man was soon swathed in hot flannels wet with the same, and with novice hand a glass prepared for him. A novel compound it was: hot water, coarse brown sugar, a liberal quantity of "sperit," and in lieu of nutmeg, *black pepper*—that by the way, a suggestion of the woman, who recommended it highly. "I cannot drink it," said he, after tasting; "it is too vile." "You *must*," was the young wife's rejoinder; "you'll die if you don't." "I shall die if I do," and he pushed it away. But my matronly authority was not to be disputed, and he drank it, and soon fell asleep. How anxiously I watched him! It was my first effort in pharmacy. I had little hope of a cure. "He'd a died if he hadn't had it," said the hostess, as I expressed my fears that I had killed him with the draught. It was poor consolation, but it had to answer. What a long night that! such sad and lonely hours I

never knew before. Never was dawn so welcome, and, oh! my joy. My husband was almost well—able at least to ride. "Have some breakfast," said the woman, as we hastily prepared to depart. Breakfast! if your bedroom is such, what must your pantry be? We declined, and called for our bill. "I s'pose it's worth twenty-five cents for keeping the horse, and as for yourselves, why, I reckon, sixpence a-piece will do." "But your trouble," said my husband; "and your 'sperit,'" said I; "I used a great deal of it." "I don't care a cent for the sperit, for I've got plenty more; and as for the trouble, it's our duty to help our fellow beings when they're in sickness and distress." Nor could we prevail upon the woman to accept anything save her customary dues. She taught me a lesson I have never forgotten,—judge not by the appearance. She was a very hag in looks, and if in the depth of the night-time she had stolen to my side and attempted strangulation, I should not have been surprised. But in reality she was a kind, warm-hearted woman, governed by duty. All powerful, all saving, as was the compound we had jointly prepared, I could never prevail upon my husband to repeat the dose: "sperit and black pepper," were ever as odious to his taste and memory as his sixpenny lodgings had been to his fainting, deathlike form.

During the time we remained in Utica we formed part of the happy household of Rev. A. B. Grosh, and no memories were ever more happy and beautiful than those we ever cherished of that brief period. In the autumn, my husband made a journey East, to visit and sympathize with his afflicted friend, Rev. W. H. Griswold, who during the previous summer had been the guest of the excellent brother with whom we boarded, which Henry says, "afforded my friend and myself an opportunity of enjoying each other's company at all hours of both day and night—and with me time was never spent more happily. And the time—four weeks—seemed so short! When friends are together, time has swift pinions, moments are truly golden." But that friend, so loved, so almost reverenced, was to be spared but a little longer. Early in the following spring he passed away. Henry was not with him when he died, but he stood

beside his grave a day or two after it had closed over his remains. In an old note-book I find an allusion to that hour.

"Sad yet blessed spot it was to me, that new-made grave. Sad, for in it slumbered dead dust that had long enshrined a loved and loving heart; blessed, for that long-enduring, long-suffering one was pangless now. My tears fell thick and fast upon the cold brown mould, not for him,—ah, no! but for my own lonely, smitten soul. And yet I would not have called him back—nay, though every fibre of my heart quivered with agony intense and sorrowing, still I bowed my head in grateful prayer, that Griswold was in Heaven. In Heaven! Yes, his pale face is radiant now, and tearless forever. His oft sad heart is joyous now, and will be so forever. Sleep then, dead dust—thou art not Griswold;—and Griswold, stay thou, my sainted friend, where God has called thee. Soon shall *I* sink in death, and then I'll join thee. Blest hour! thou wilt atone for this."

In January, Henry writes to Br. Smith:

"I hold a relation to the Magazine and Advocate which I never thought of doing, and from which I would beg humbly to be excused. They tell me here I shall make a popular editor. But it is a station which requires a great deal of labor, a great deal of care, and will give frequently a great deal of perplexity. The labor I can perform, the care I can use, but the perplexity I do not like. And if I am to be an editor, I want to make that my business, and my whole business, so as to make the paper as good as labor and my talent could enable me possibly to do. But as it is, I feel timorous about coming out before the public in that capacity. I have to prepare and preach three sermons every week, and give a temperance lecture as often as once a week, besides pastoral duties here, and ministerial services to all the country in the vicinity. It is too bad for a man so employed to appear as the editor of a paper.

"I have a class studying Latin with me now, among which is my wife. Don't you think there will be music when we *both* get so as to read old musty Latin books? I am digging away at the German too. If I live I shall probably be able to read it by-and-by, but I fear I shall never be able to pronounce it, it has too many gutturals for my Yankee palate. And, by the way, do you not think I had better go to Germany and get my name up? Do you not think a great noise about my having been to Germany would give me more influence than years of hard study?"

During the latter part of the winter Henry spent four Sabbaths in Boston, supplying the desk of Father Ballou. While in that city he found one of the kindest and happiest of homes in the mansion of S. Packard, towards whom and his amiable and intelligent lady he soon cherished an affection second only to filial. God bless them for their kindness to the stranger.

IN BOSTON.

In the spring of 1844 we removed to Boston, my husband having accepted an invitation to become assistant pastor to the venerable and now sainted Father Ballou. Soon after his settlement, he writes thus to Br. Smith:

"We have got widely separated, my friend. What a change a few years have wrought. I, the bashful boy, that as a poor student sat at your table in Clinton in 1837, have removed into Boston and become a sort of colleague with Hosea Ballou! I dreamed of no such thing a year ago—I can hardly realize now that I am really here. But here I am, and I confess it looks to me not a little miraculous. After all, how much of Providence we see in life—how evident that there is

'A divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them as we will.'

"You will want to hear a word of our Father in Israel. He continues in good health for a man seventy-three years old; he preaches yet as strong as most men at forty. Nothing but death will ever bring rest to his labors:—most men at his age would sit down, and in dreamy idleness or mere social converse, wait their call. Not so with him—his God-given mission will not be finished till his lips are sealed forever,—he will preach as long as he can stand, and as long as he does preach his ministry will be reverenced;—preach as long as he can stand, yes, and longer; when his aged frame, pangless and cold, sleeps in the grave; when that voice, eloquent so long with 'good tidings of great joy,' shall be hushed on earth, then will Father Ballou preach as he never did before,—his life, with its sainted virtues, its noble toil, its Christian zeal, will be a sermon, how thrilling, how divine, they'll know who read it. May it be long ere it is written. God bless him in his old days, and sanctify his example to the young servant who stands beside him."

The intense love of study which had ever characterized my husband, seemed now to increase in fervor. He devoted himself to it with an enthusiasm which hardly knew bounds; but his zeal, though it could not fail to awaken admiration, yet saddened his friends; for they felt that life must be a sacrifice to such unremitted toil. And, joined to this love of study, was an earnest desire to improve his ability as a public speaker. He entered with animation upon a system of physical training for that effect, and pursued it with unwearied assiduity. Unfortunately, it was a most injudicious one for him, and in connection with his severe mental toil, finally broke down his health, and for several years life was a burden—so shattered was his nervous system, and so intense its sufferings.

Writing to a friend, in February, he says:

"Except Sunday nights, I have not been to bed until after midnight, since I have lived in Boston. The early part of the day I devote to elocution; the rest, until nine o'clock in the evening, to the society, lectures and meetings—and in the night I read and write.

"My nerves are much steadier than they have been for some time, and my side, though far from being "whole," is, I think, improving. Last summer, I experienced such severe pain in it, that my physician advised me to give up writing altogether, or at least not to write at a desk or table. And I did pretty much give up writing sermons—simply making out a couple of briefs every week. And it is a fact, that I can preach better sermons without notes than with them; but it is more labor to prepare them. But I did not see how I could get along without doing a good deal in the way of writing; and yet I became satisfied, unless some change took place, I should be obliged to give it up altogether. And thus I was in a "quandary." It would not do, I felt confident, for me to undertake to preach much without writing my sermons. I must write to keep my vocabulary good, to prevent falling into the use of choice words and stereotyped phrases—which is a convenience to the speaker that is never very pleasing or acceptable to the hearers. And so there I was, feeling that I ought to do, and feeling that I could not do, and striving to be patient. At length I adopted the plan of writing on a port-folio, in my lap, which seems to operate favorably, and I shall keep at it, though it is hard work to write at arm's length, and I sometimes make a horrible scrawl of it.

But, somehow, medicine never is very pleasant! And you would laugh sometimes to see the figure I make, with my great port-folio piled in my lap, inkstand at my side, feet bolstered up on a chair, and arm poked out as though I was afraid to touch the paper, lest it poison me. Yet, in this way, I have written over three hundred folio-post pages in a month.

To his sister, he writes the same month:

"What a change is taking place in my old town—so many are dying and moving away. Then the children are all growing up to be men and women, and are getting married and raising families. So the world goes. It really makes me feel like an old man, to think of the changes that have taken place in that town of Clay, since I was a little boy playing ball at the 'Corners;' yes, and since I was a young man, shoving the plane. And I have some grey hairs, though not thirty years old yet! It will be eleven years in April since I left home for school at Lodi. What a world of things have I done in that time! And still I am no nearer the end of my wishes than I was the day I started, so far as education is concerned, and probably never shall be satisfied while I live, in this respect. The more a man reads and studies, the more he sees there is that he does not know. But the grave will at last close this scene of study.

"On the first of January, I commenced publishing the Biography of my old schoolmate and friend, Rev. W. H. Griswold. It is hastily written, but I could not devote more time to it. I wrote it out as a sketch, and meant to re-write, or rather to write the sketch out, but I could not find time. It will be issued in book form, probably, by-and-by.

"I am also writing a sort of novel, which is now in the course of publication in the Repository. It is called the Autobiography of a Clergyman. The character is a created one, but the incidents mostly historical. My wife is quite out of conceit with the *nom de plume* I have assumed. She declares it barbarous—what think you of it—Schoolcraft Jones! You must not think I am turning novel writer, for the story I am writing is intended to have a moral effect; it is to be a satire upon some of the things and doings of our times, told in an amusing way. Some of life's sorrows will find a place in it, too—for no story would be true to life, if it did not sometimes touch the heart with the sad chant of faded joys and blasted hopes. No one here, as yet, knows the authorship, which gives me a fine opportunity to hear unbiased criticisms.

"Read as much as you can. You will never regret it. And practice writing too. Remember it is by practice that I write as easy as now. I did not learn to do it in a week or a month, but have been at it these dozen years. Any body can learn to write if they will only practice long enough; but it cannot be done *well* without great labor. Yet, after you get accustomed to it, it is just as easy to write as to talk; and you can do one almost as fast as the other."

To his parents, he writes soon after:

"Well, it is strange what changes will take place in this world! It seems to me but a little time since I was playing about Clay Corners, and now I am a preacher in Boston. Nor have I forgotten all the trials and feelings of my young days; they are fresh in my memory; and it will be late ere I can forget the unkindness of some of my friends who should have been my guardians and counsellors. I have forgiven them long ago; but I know not how it is, my memory is more faithful to my sad than to my glad hours.

"And you would like to hear Father Ballou preach. I do not wonder, and wish you might. He is one of the strongest minded men I ever knew, and in my opinion one of the greatest men of the age. He has done a great intellectual work in his day, and he has not yet finished it—finished it!—as though a man could finish his intellectual work on earth. Nay, aged as he is, Father Ballou's great work is but commenced. He is a good man too, I wish there were more like him. His example is a peerless one. God bless him and spare him long to us. We need him. I love him, and I love to hear him preach.

"I have been giving a course of lectures on the Philosophy of Christianity. I am not one of those who work miracles, but I trust my efforts here are not entirely worthless."

To Br. Smith he writes in the course of the winter:

"I trust what I have done and am doing will be for the permanent interests of the Society. And when they can get a man who will serve them better, I am willing to retire. But this much is true; if I have done anything here, I have done it and nobody else. Not a particle of noise has been made about me or for me. I have not been *puffed* into popularity and a location. And yet I believe I have won the love of my congregation. At any rate, I have received a great amount of favors,

—substantial things from them. * * * * * * I'll not be the slave of any man though he were a king, but I'll do my duty, and do it to the best of my ability, come what may. Duty is God-sent, all duty, whether involving high or low considerations. It is the soul's noblest employment. May I be true to it.

"I have just finished Palfrey's Lectures on the Jewish Scriptures—he goes against the authenticity of many portions of them—in fact he leaves but little that is worthy of our faith—he does too much. I cannot go so far; the Old Testament has to me a peculiar value, and with very few exceptions of minor importance, I must still receive the whole of it. I have also gone through Norton's Genuineness of the Gospels, in the last volume of which he takes occasion to question the authenticity and verity of the Old Testament. His argument for the New Testament is a good one, but that for the Old is not satisfactory. I have also read Parker's Discourse, and Parker's De Wette, both skeptical after the German fashion. Indeed, there is a good deal of that kind of theology coming from the press here and getting hold of the public mind too. What it will lead to is a problem. But the Bible has been talked about before.

"Very much has been said and written, but as it appears to me not very efficiently yet, among us, upon the subject of improving the culture and discipline of our ministry. It appears to me to be of such importance as to be worthy of more earnest attention than it is at present receiving. Little, comparatively is now said about it, and no effort is put forth to bring into existence the means of accomplishing so desirable an object. And I confess, Br. Smith, that I am sorely pained at the apparent indifference which exists among us on this subject. The difficulties with which I have had, and am still obliged to struggle, resulting from an imperfect education, and still more imperfect mental discipline, fill me with anxiety for the welfare of the denomination. And quite as much as anything the specimens of preachers which are sometimes thrown into my way, and which are fellowshiped by the denomination. Too humiliating! Then again the withering contempt which some unlettered ministers pour out against the schools. With them, the term Doctor of Divinity is more hateful than devil. I care not for the title of D.D., but I do care for the learning of which it is designatory. And it is a fact, which doubtless you have often noticed, learning is almost always decried in bad English. It is not the learned, but the unlearned that decry learning.

"Since the age of miracles is past, a long and careful preparation, it would seem, would force itself upon the mind of every one who should think of taking upon himself the office of the Christian minister. And yet how many assume the responsibilities of a preacher of the Gospel, with very little thought, and with a course of preparatory studies which can be gone through in the space of a few weeks. As though the mind needed no familiarity with the subjects of which it is to treat, nor cultivation and discipline in order to present them with elegance of diction and logical power. From conversations which I have sometimes heard on this subject, I have been impressed with the conviction, that, with some persons, the only qualification that is deemed requisite to be a preacher, is to *talk* about the Bible and against all other sects; whether or not, the candidate can do that without insulting in almost every sentence the grammar of his own language. These things, Br. S., make me sad. We ought to be ready to supply faithfully and well, the high stations which will ere long be vacated by our Fathers in the Faith—but shall we? I would I could impress upon all my youthful brethren, the necessity which has so deeply impressed itself upon my own heart, of a more careful, more thorough preparation for that glorious work, whose true mission is to enlighten the mind and lead it to Christ and the Infinite Father.

"We want a periodical work of high character. But of one thing I am certain, talk as much as we will, coax and scold as we may, we shall never succeed in maintaining such a work, until we have the influence of a good Institution breathing throughout the whole denomination—an Institution which will send out a thoroughly educated ministry, who shall cultivate from their pulpits a more refined and classical taste in the congregations to whom they minister. An uneducated man may teach the main truths of the gospel, it is true; but it is not equally true that he will and can cultivate that taste in his hearers which will take pleasure in reading the productions of the most disciplined and classical minds."

The summer of 1844 was passed by my husband in the mansion of his friend S. Packard, myself visiting friends in Albany. In the autumn of that year we entered our home—*home*, yes, he who for ten years had been a sojourner in the homes of others, then had one he could call his own. And if ever a home was prized it was that one;—in spite of all the cares, perplex-

ities and rivalries with which, during all his stay in Boston, he had to contend, he had only to exclaim, "Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home," and all exasperating influences were forgotten. With the companion of his love, and the little dove whom God had sent to thrill his heart with its delicious cooings, he found a compensation for all out-door toil—a joy blissful as it was pure.

BR. SOULE IN BOSTON.

My acquaintance with Br. Soule commenced with his settlement in Boston. I had heard much of him for several years before; and all that I had heard gave me a high opinion of his Christian character, his talents, and his attainments. I had also met him at one or two conventions, but under circumstances which gave no opportunity for conversation. His appearance, however, impressed me most favorably, and I felt assured that he was a true man and a good minister. I was therefore highly gratified when I heard that he had been invited to settle so near me; and I gave him a most cheerful welcome to his new field of labor.

The people have but little idea of the solicitude which ministers feel, when a brother who is a stranger to them settles in their immediate vicinity. All who preach the gospel ought to have its spirit; and we have great reason to bless God that so large a proportion of our ministers have been true to their office. Ministers, however, like other men, have their foibles and peculiarities; and often very good ministers are far from being agreeable co-laborers. They may be unsocial, selfish, dictatorial, headstrong, or have some other fault, which will make them repulsive. Peter was a more eminent apostle than John, yet it is said the Master loved John. In one sense he loved Peter as well as he loved John; but in another sense he did not. For John he had a strong personal attachment; he admired his amiable disposition, his gentle manners, and his devoted affection; and he loved to have him lean upon his bosom. When ministers have this *true* personal regard for each other, it strengthens equally their ties of office; and is a

sure guarantee that, if they are agreed in doctrine and purpose, they will work cheerfully and faithfully together.

Br. Soule, in a pre-eminent degree, was a man to be thus personally loved. Those acquainted with him, not only honored him for his talents and attainments, for his unswerving devotion to the duties of his sacred office, and for his firm adherence to the Gospel of Christ, but they had a strong regard for him as a man, they loved him for his urbanity, his meekness, his kindness, and his social qualities. He was not disposed to stand aloof from his brethren, he did not by his deportment indicate that he preferred to walk chiefly alone, and labor chiefly alone. Neither had he any of that selfishness which makes a minister direct all his efforts to his own parish, not caring, if he succeeds, who suffers in consequence thereof. While he looked well to his own, and was true to his own, he remembered that he held a fraternal relation to other ministers, and that he was under sacred obligations not to encroach upon their rights, or increase the weight of their burdens; and he also remembered, that he belonged to a denomination of Christians, whose prosperity he was bound to seek, whose interests it was his duty to serve. He was as free from dictation as from selfishness. He had nothing lowly in his manners, and never addressed his brethren in a haughty tone. He was in all respects a kind, affable, and pleasant co-laborer.

I did not often enjoy the opportunity of hearing him preach. Ministers seldom have the privilege of listening to each other. There are many brethren with whom I have been on intimate terms for a great number of years, that I have never heard preach. I did, however, on a few occasions, hear Br. Soule at my evening vestry meeting. I was highly pleased with the sermons which he delivered. They had simplicity, directness, and unity; they were plain and forcible, and presented great truths in a manner well calculated to convince the understanding and to enlist the affections of the heart. He was not satisfied to preach a systematic, well-arranged, sound sermon; he felt that his duty was not done unless he had presented some great doctrine or precept of the Bible in such a manner as to give it control over his people. He wrote in a chaste, elegant

style, and prepared his sermons with much care. He delivered them in an earnest and affectionate manner, and always secured the sympathy of his hearers.

The most marked feature of his ministry in Boston was in the part taken in defense of supernaturalism against German rationalism. He justly regarded the latter as deficient in some of the principal elements of Christianity.

In faith as well as in life, he was a true Christian. He gave no countenance to error in any form, but was bold in warring against it. He did not, like some, shrink from his duty, and content himself with preaching poetry and science, and such moral points as all his hearers were ready to endorse. Against all sin did he lift up his voice, and against all error, whether it sought refuge in theology, in philosophy, in custom, in government, in fashion, or in cliques. He was fearless, he was manly, he was faithful,—a true follower of a true Master,—a noble soldier of the great Captain of salvation. By this unflinching devotion to the truth, he gave ample proof of his sound judgment,—his fitness for his work,—and the integrity of his heart. The last few years have been years of peculiar trial to our ministry. We have been subjected to a great variety of evil influences. Many, who in former years were our strongest opposers, have abandoned some of their principal doctrines, and have said to us—Let us meet on a middle ground. Others who have ever sympathized with us in most of our opinions, feeling the need of new strength, and dreading our growing power, have sought in various ways to induce us to yield our distinctive points. Others have come to us in the garb of philosophers, and have talked about the absolute and intuition and naturalism, till some have thought that Jesus had no supernatural wisdom or power—that he wrought no miracles—that he rose not from the dead—and that man needs no one to come from heaven, to teach him truth or duty. Amidst all these opposing influences our brother stood unshaken, having too much honesty to be bribed by flattery or offers of honor, and too much discretion and judgment to be deceived by a shallow philosophy. Jesus as the Son of God—Jesus as a divinely commissioned teacher—Jesus as the Savior of the world—was

the great burden of his preaching. He kept the faith—he wore it in his heart as a rich jewel.

There is one other point upon which I feel it my duty to speak. Br. Soule was fond of social meetings. He not only established a weekly conference meeting in his own church, but was regular in his attendance at the conference meetings of the First Church and the Fifth Church, and thus he performed a great service for the cause of religion. It adds much to the strength of our Zion to have its ministers march shoulder to shoulder and toil with united hearts. The people, seeing their interest in religion, and their harmonious efforts for its promotion, are awakened to a new zeal, and drawn together by closer ties. Br. Soule felt this, and most cheerfully did his part, to give interest and life to the conference meeting. He was always ready to speak, and always spoke with great warmth. He had a good gift at extemporaneous speaking, and expressed himself with remarkable elegance and correctness. He often delighted me with his fine periods, and exhibited a taste and a quickness of thought, which rendered him one of the most attractive and pleasant speakers that I was accustomed to hear. He had a good memory, an active imagination, and a fruitful mind: he spoke like one who loved the gospel, and was deeply anxious to have all men follow its guidance.

On a visit to Boston, made somewhat over a year previous to his death, he attended my social meeting, and made a speech of rare power. His theme was the Lord's Supper; and the principal topics on which he dwelt, were the duty of making a public profession of religion, the sacred nature of mementos, and the fitness of the Lord's Supper to keep the Savior's memory alive in the hearts of his followers. His thoughts were grand and inspiring, his reasoning clear and logical, his incidents appropriate and touching, his language free and eloquent, and as a whole, the speech was one of the most perfect and powerful that I ever heard. It seemed as though he was inspired; for, well as he was accustomed to speak, he was never so extremely happy before. I wish it could have been written; and in some sense it was written, and deeply too, on the hearts of all who were present. At the close of the meeting the friends gathered

about him, and, with a tearful eye, expressed the pleasure derived from seeing and hearing him once more. Never will that speech be forgotten: often, very often, is it mentioned with feelings of grateful joy.

Br. Soule had many warm friends in Boston, and among them were persons of wealth, character, and influence, and their hearts were filled with sorrow when he decided to leave. I question whether any minister ever succeeded in so short a time in making better friends. It was with great reluctance, therefore, that they consented to his removal; and a proposition was made to have him open a meeting in the western part of the city—but he preferred to accept the invitation extended to him from Gloucester. All his ministering brethren regretted when he decided to remove, for pleasant had been their walk with him: they had found in him a true friend, a faithful minister, and an exemplary Christian. His memory is gratefully cherished by the excellent society with which he here labored; for when the news came of his death, the most friendly and commendatory resolutions were passed, and a very generous donation was promptly made for the benefit of his family.

O. A. SKINNER.

Boston, July, 1852.

IN GLOUCESTER.

In June, 1845, we removed to Gloucester, my husband becoming Pastor of the first Society which John Murray established. It was in a most excellent condition, being perfectly united, and composed of some of the truest, most devoted Universalists the sun ever shone on. Father Jones, the successor of John Murray, who had ministered there for over forty years, was then living, though too feeble to take any part in the Pastorship. In a letter to his venerable friend, Father Hough, my husband thus alludes to him:

"Father Jones, venerable man, has gone to his rest. Though I was so well prepared for the event, the intelligence of his death came sadly to my heart. I felt that I had tears to shed, for a good man had died. I yet remember the last time he was at church—how he strove to hear—how he smiled when he succeeded—and how nigh he came to falling when he attempted to

descend the steps. But he has gone to that glorious temple in the skies, where age and infirmity bloom in youth again, and the voice of gladness and praise never falters. And the reflection, my venerable friend, must be a joy to you, that you will soon be with him in that imperishable home of beauty and love, to go no more out forever. It is a blessed thought, to which I love often to recur, that in a little season, at the longest, I shall be with my friends—where I can enjoy their friendship without any more interruption. Can we be too grateful for the revealed assurances that we shall thus live forever."

The year spent in Gloucester would have been a very happy one, had not my husband's deeply injured health been the source of constant and harassing anxiety.

"While I was there, I passed hardly a day free from pain in the head. I did not complain much, but it quite unfitted me for writing and preaching. It more than spoiled me for social life, and sometimes drove me to the verge of insanity. Had my health been otherwise, I should probably have spent my days in Gloucester. Perhaps my misfortune was your gain."

Among the memories of his social life, ill qualified as he was at the time to sustain his part, none were more prominent or more fondly cherished than those whose reality was experienced there. Writing to Father Hough, from Granby, he says:

"Could I persuade you, my venerable friend, how frequently you are the subject of conversation between my wife and myself, and with what delight we live over, again and again, the few months we had the happiness to spend in your society, I am sure I should add much to the pleasant satisfaction with which you must review your past and excellent life, since these happy and interesting memories are the direct fruit of your urbanity and moral excellence. I have often felt moved to write you, that, before you should be translated to your glorious home, you might have some assurance of the deep and lasting interest and affection which your Christian kindness awakened in us. Gloucester, though it was our home but a little time, can never be forgotten. Happy memories are angel guests which the soul loves to cherish."

Notwithstanding the poverty of his health, still the year spent in Gloucester was fruitful of much mental cultivation and pro-

gress. Though a season of outward repose, it was one of severe labor. The mortal and immortal of his nature were in perpetual conflict; his depressed physical energies exacted rest, while his irrepressible longings for spiritual growth drove him to unceasing toil.

During the summer he wrote "Ellen, or Forgive and Forget;" recording in it some of the incidents and associations of his early life. This was to have been the first of a series of works for the young, in each of which some great Christian virtue was to be exemplified. But the poor health and strength which were his, from that time until a year or two previous to decease, forbade other writing than that indispensable to his profession. During the winter, he passed his few leisure hours in acquiring a knowledge of phonography, copying the entire New Testament in that hand.

During the time he was in Gloucester, he wrote but few letters, except those of a purely personal character. In one to Br. Smith he alludes thus to Clinton.

"I learn that Br. Sawyer will probably take charge of the Institute. Good—glorious! And that the State Convention have taken it under their care. Good! I hope and pray, and will labor that it may all work well. And also that Theology is to be taught. I have heard nothing that has so rejoiced my heart since I have been a Universalist. And when I get back into New York State, I shall feel prouder of it than ever."

IN HARTFORD.

In June, 1846, we removed to Hartford. The bracing air of his sea-side home, which my husband had hoped would have recruited his deeply injured health, proved during the winter and spring to be anything but beneficial, and a change was indispensably necessary. How sad we were to leave Massachusetts! There, had been the first home of our wedded life, and there we left friends bound to us by ties almost as sacred as those of kindred. Those parting scenes between Pastor and people—how trying they were. Our comfort lay in the happy thought that those we left would not be desolate, and in the beautiful

hope that the strangers in another State would find as warm and loving friends as those from whom we parted.

During the entire time of his connection with the Society in Hartford, my husband suffered from poor health and an unutterable prostration of the nervous system, rendering him most of the time totally unfit for the duties either of the preacher or the pastor.

"I cannot forbear to say, because it will explain why I have sometimes done so little, that during the period of about six years my sufferings were past description. I have often preached when obliged to hold on to the desk with both hands, to prevent myself falling, my nerves were so beyond my control. Often the sound of my voice, when elevated above a low key, would send the acutest imaginable pains flashing through my brain, until I became nearly blind, and my head seemed on the point of flying into a million of fragments. For many weeks together I have been compelled to spend a large portion of every day in lying down and keeping as quiet as possible. For more than five years I never enjoyed an hour's entire freedom from pain in my head. I wrote my sermons, and then preached them, in the midst of perpetual torment. How I accomplished what I did seems wonderful to me now, as I look back upon it; nor is it less a matter of wonder to me how I preached as acceptably as I did."

Physicians of nearly every practice tried their skill upon the afflicted man, but in vain; like the woman in the gospels, he "grew nothing better but only worse." In the spring of 1850, his miseries had so multiplied that he determined as a duty he owed to himself, to give up preaching entirely. But the urgent solicitations of many of his clerical brethren to make still another trial, at length induced him to relinquish his purpose. He changed all his habits of living, "cast all the doctors overboard," adopted the water cure, and soon began to mend. The most prominent and in my own opinion, the most beneficial change which he made, was the substitution of sleep for study during the night hours. Human nature or human nerves at least, cannot with impunity be taxed nineteen out of the twenty-four hours, especially in that most laborious of all, mental toil. Though I could not but reverence the pure ambi-

tion which stimulated such unceasing efforts in spiritual discipline, yet I often strove to dissuade him from such; urged a partial abandonment of study. "My years are but few," he would answer, "let me be diligent while they pass. Life should be synonymous with labor."

Although a number of letters, written from Hartford, have been transmitted to me, all of them highly interesting to myself, as giving a bird's eye view of our life in that pleasant city, I have been compelled to lay them aside, so interwoven are they with personal details. In their stead I present a few extracts from his Journal.

March 14*th*, 1847.—"I have this evening closed a course of thirteen lectures on the Distinctive Doctrines of the Universalist Church. They cost me much labor, but the interest they have excited has more than repaid me. It is pleasant to see the fruits of one's toil, though I cannot always hope to. Nevertheless, I will go forth and sow while the day lasts.

Feb. 21*st*, 1848.—"Busy, busy, *busy*. I have hardly had time to sleep this winter. But I have resolved on doing so much study every day let what will come—and if I cannot do it at one time, then I will do it at another—it must at any rate be done. Last year I preached in my own pulpit every Sunday but four. Where is there another pastor that did as much?

March 11*th*.—"This close application wears upon me. After all there is no pursuit if industriously followed that is not laborious and fatiguing. Many people suppose that a clergyman lives the easiest of all men; but if they had to perform his labors one year, they would change their mind. There is nothing that wears the body faster than the constant employment of the mind. I know nothing that is more severe than making sermons year after year.

Oct. 15*th*.—"Fifteen afternoons have my wife and myself spent in calling upon our parishioners; and yet we have not got round. Poor C. is worn out. And yet every one wonders we do not call oftener! Every one thinks they ought to be visited at least once a month, and a few as often as once a week. I wonder when I should get time to read, or write sermons, were I to yield to the reiterated calls for more visiting. It is my duty to know my people, to be a faithful pastor, and I mean to do both, but it is not my duty to let mere social visit-

ing interfere with necessary study. I *will not* gratify my people through the week and mortify them on the Sabbath.

Dec. 31.—"To-morrow I must begin the reading of the Bible in course, as while I continue in the ministry of its doctrines I must read it through carefully and critically at least once a year.

Jan. 7th, 1849.—"I preached this morning from Luke xxi. 19. The main purpose of the discourse was, to explain and enforce the practical Christian philosophy. I said we were apt to give difficulties and troubles too much dominion over us; we let our thoughts be our masters, and come at last to think nobody suffers as much as we do: our business is not so rapidly prospering as we would like to have it; friends prove false, &c. &c. But this is all bad; such a course will never allow us to enjoy life; to do that we must rise so far above the influence of our circumstances as not to lose self-possession. The doctrine and example of Jesus teach us to make the best of every thing, &c. &c.

"In the afternoon I preached from Luke xxii. 19. Subject, the uses of the communion. Both sermons were extemporaneous, but I was the more happy and successful in the delivery of the latter, which seemed to produce a deep effect upon the audience. The administration of the Lord's supper followed, which was a deeply interesting time. These seasons of communion are the most happy of my life; nothing penetrates more deeply towards the centre of my moral being, or carries me so far out of myself and into the blessed realities of true spiritual life.

Jan. 14th.—"I think my people are becoming more and more interested in the services of the sanctuary; I hope the interest will prove to be the result of culture, and therefore permanent. In the morning I preached on the Divine Sovereignty, and endeavored to show its consonance with Universalism. In the afternoon I made some reflections on the alleged declensions in religion, the general and increasing apathy in things spiritual as declared by the orthodox, and especially in reference to their connexion with liberal Christianity, skepticism, infidelity, &c. In some of my remarks I was, undoubtedly, severe; but the subject and circumstances demanded it. At any rate, there was nothing personal in the severity, which I avoided only by exercising over my feelings the most arbitrary restraint. It was a difficult thing at the time, but I am glad now that I did so.

"In the evening we had a Conference Meeting. My remarks were principally on, How we should read the New Testament.

I hope they will profit those who heard them, by inducing them to a more careful and constant study of the New Testament.

"I believe I must go to work soon to compose a code of laws for the direction of my life. I find some habits which I have, are not to be broken up without the most energetic procedure against them. They are of too long standing to be conquered with a wish; and conquered they must be, as they are not only useless, but do me at times painful disservice. Help me, O Lord, my Heavenly Father, to break off from every evil habit, to forsake everything about me that is wrong, and to live according to the requirements of Thy holy law. I would be pure in heart; I would have my life regulated by the wisest economy; that I may live to the benefit of the world as well as to my own peace. Help me, Holy Father!

Jan'y 28.—"This has been to me a laborious and exhausting day. During the past week I have suffered from a strange general debility. My head has been the seat of the most excruciating pain, and my whole physical system been depressed. But what has been most disagreeable has been the sense of weariness and irresolution with which I have been oppressed. As a matter of consequence, I repaired to the church to-day with but little of that physical and mental energy which is requisite to the success of extemporaneous efforts. In the morning I undertook to preach from the passage in 1 Tim. 6 : 6, 'But godliness with contentment is great gain.' My general purpose was to show that these two conditions, harmoniously blended, represent the great work of Christianity in man. In the afternoon I spoke from these words—'And his ways past finding out.' I was much more happy in the delivery of this sermon than the one in the morning; and I think also that it did a good work for the minds of some of the hearers, as it seemed satisfactorily to remove some difficulties with which they have been for some time laboring. This evening I have spent in a familiar or Conference lecture, on the proposition that we are to learn Christ through his history. These familiar lectures appear to be very favorably received; and they promise to be the means of much good in awakening attention to the proper study of the Gospel. There seems to be a growing interest not only among my own people, but also in the community, in religion, as we understand it. May it increase, and may the truth as it is in Jesus be glorified in this city."

Feb. 7.—"I find my present habits of study defective. I read too much merely as reading, and I receive but a general

and vague impression of the books I peruse. Reading in this manner, my time and labor is not very productive. Another evil that flows from this cursory method of reading is, that the disposition to close application is weakened; and I find it difficult to study a book so as to master it—so as to make it all as matter of my own mind. There are indeed other evils, but I need not state them to satisfy myself of the necessity of reformation. This habit of negligent reading must be broken up, at whatever expense. I propose to myself as a means of facilitating this work of mental reformation, to write out a pretty full analysis of the books which I read the present year. I know full well how laborious this will be; but I think the profitable results that will flow from it will most abundantly compensate it. All this, of course, if my miserable health will permit. Poor health, I have found to my sorrow, to be a very poor qualification for a preacher."

April 17.—"How weak we are! Every day shows me more and more that I can of myself do really nothing. Many of my best plans have failed—perhaps solely, because they have not been faithfully followed; others, because they have not been pursued at all. I am here to-night in the midst of sorrow over my delinquency; for not half the labor I meant to have performed, since the first of January, is done; and what aggravates my sorrow, it is by much the better half, that which would operate the greater consequences both to myself and the world, that is left undone. I make this record to help me in the work of amendment. Surely I cannot see it, without being moved to more constant and vigorous exertions in future. To the work of amendment then.

One thing which I feel I ought to do, I find will be attended with some difficulty. The course of lectures which I am now preaching I ought to discontinue at this point. I am convinced that the true moral welfare of the Society demands a far higher tone of preaching than characterizes these lectures. They are too exclusively controversial, and they consequently deal too exclusively with the head, and have by far too little to do with the heart, and I suspect with the life. A very close connection ought to subsist between pastor and people. The pastor should know all the wants and weaknesses, as well as the virtues of those to whom he ministers in sacred things, in order that he make his communications practical and effective. Preaching is generally more than half utterly lost, because it finds no application, or at least not the right kind of application, in the mind and feelings of the hearer. Another fact likewise characterizes

most sermons,—they are too abstract and speculative—they talk in a language not familiar enough to those that hear, to be readily understood in the rapid manner in which the sentences are commonly uttered. Now preaching should be plain, and the language pure and elegant, but simple. Sentences ought never to be obscured by the use of unusual and technical words. Such words should be chosen as will best convey the speaker's thoughts to the hearer's mind and feelings. Such preaching will in the long run be the most acceptable and profitable.

"I am resolved, God helping me, to break myself into a more worthy professional habit. I will no longer be so indolent in writing. I will think more deeply, I will write more frequently. My style shall be cultivated. It shall be my aim to preach the truth with the best of my ability. I want to make the people feel its power more—to kindle in them the flames of its blessed life. I would win them to Christ, and wed them to the Church. To do this, I know a higher state of religion must first exist in myself. My own heart must glow with its divine warmth. Its energies must operate with new manifestations in my own breast. On the altar of my own soul a purer flame of devotion must be kindled. The love of truth must be manifest in every sermon. The people must see, must feel that I speak from a deep and earnest experience—that I speak what I know. O may this blessed condition soon be mine, that I may do the work of an evangelist, so that God's most ample favor may attend upon my labors.

"*Sunday Evening.*—For some reason which I cannot explain, my feelings have labored under considerable depression to-day. Physically, also, I have been heavy and inert. It was my intention to preach a sermon on John 1 : 14; but I felt too dull and not well enough prepared to undertake an extemporaneous sermon. But what I had not courage to do in the morning, I had the folly to do in the afternoon,—and the result was in keeping with my folly. It was not an entire failure, it is true; but it failed infinitely from meeting my own expectations on a subject of so much promise. The experience of to-day but deepens my conviction, that extemporaneous preaching is not the most profitable to either speaker or hearer. The speaker is not always sure of expressing his best ideas on his subject, nor of expressing those to which he succeeds in giving utterance in their best and most forcible manner. An extemporaneous preacher is apt to be loose and incoherent. He may say some terse things; he may talk almost as if inspired during a few paragraphs; but these excellencies are not sufficiently valuable

to redeem the discourse from the influence of the faults with which they will be attended. I have found as another evil which usually attends upon extemporaneous preaching, and which operates very unfavorable influences upon the place of public worship, that the speaker extends his sermons to too great length. He cannot well help this, since he cannot say always what he wants to say, and in order to keep talking says much that he had not provided beforehand. The extemporaneous preacher is responsible every Sunday for many things which he did not think of before the moment of their utterance. Among these are many good things, it is true; but there are many things also which he cannot think of without sorrow. This must be so when a man is obliged to make two sermons each week. If he could take his own time to prepare himself, as he must certainly desire to do, for each appearance before the public, he might be able to do just what he wished. At any rate, I have preached enough extemporaneously to perfectly satisfy me that it is in every respect better for me to write my discourses, even though they be hurriedly and loosely written. When I am thus prepared I know what I am going to say; and labor under no restraint from the fear that I may fall into awkward and painful mistakes, or that I shall fail to present my subject in the form that I desire to do. It is my determination, therefore, to write hereafter every sermon which I shall venture to deliver. And I am furthermore resolved to make them short, and to keep them at least within the period of half an hour. And my prayer is, that I may not, except in the most extraordinary cases, be influenced to depart from these resolutions. I know their observance will be better for myself and my people."

May 6.—"I had prepared a sermon on Religion at Home, to preach this morning; but the congregation, on account of the inclement state of the weather, was so small that I concluded to defer it to the afternoon service. I know of nothing so inexpressibly disheartening to a clergyman as the thin attendance which ever greets him on stormy Sabbaths. I confess that it is the most discouraging fact which can be connected with my labors, that the people will attend upon them only upon pleasant days. Perhaps I have not sufficient charity for irregular attendance at church. Too many persons go to the house of worship only occasionally, when the weather is just right and the fit takes them; others, if the weather is not too unpleasant, try to get out to one service; while, comparatively, a very few, when it is possible, are always there and enjoy the devotions. Some

persons seem to think they have done God and religion quite good enough service, when they have hired and paid for a seat in their temple, without spending any time in the occupancy, much less in the devotions, the spiritual exercises which it enjoins. Such things are trying; they are pregnant with the worst kind of discouragement to a preacher. However, it will not do to despair, to relax one effort on their account; rather should they stimulate to higher exertions, and to more earnest prayers.

"But sure I am that no society can ever become permanently prosperous, until all those who call themselves its friends become earnest, devoted, loving Christians, who delight in the worship of God's house, and go in at the gate thereof at all times. Money is not the thing most needed, but holiness and an active love of God and his commandments.

Evening.—"I preached my sermon on Religion at Home this afternoon. A few members of the legislature were present, and honored me with very complimentary attention. One of my friends tells me that an orthodox congregationalist was present in the morning, who pronounced my discourse to be the best to which he had ever listened, and moreover that I was the best reader he ever heard. Complimentary truly; but his being an orthodox disparages his estimate somewhat, since the orthodox clergymen in this state are notoriously poor readers. They seem to dread, in a degree fatal to their reading, all that is natural and expressive in this part of the customary public devotions, lest they shall render themselves obnoxious to the terrible charge of imitating the spirit and manner of the stage. Generally the scriptures and the hymns as they come from their lips, are a kind of song, in a deep monotonous tone, that has neither the beauty and expression of even poor singing, nor the spirit and impressiveness of reading. Reading in public should always kindle and breathe with life; it should be the inspiring work of a living being, not the dull and weary utterance of a mere machine. But they are few who are even respectable public readers. No part of our education is more trifled with or utterly neglected than this. It deteriorates the public influence of a reader full one half not to be a good reader. And it is a sin and a shame that so many of them read so miserably as they do, when a single year's diligent self-training would, in nearly every case, remedy the evil.

January, 1850.—"Though I have suffered intensely from physical ails, still the last year has been one of the happiest of my life, and has abounded in an unusual variety of personal ex-

periences, and been fruitful of not a little intellectual improvement. But there is yet work to be done, and I have sat down to impose upon myself some new and rigid rules of life; and unless I am less a man than I have been, they shall not entirely fail of observance.

"1. In the first place I will call at least on one parishioner every day in the week, except Sunday, when my health will admit of my going out.

"2. I will faithfully employ the best means which I know, to establish and secure both my bodily and mental health.

"3. I will write less or more every day; and will diligently study to improve my style of thought and expression.

"4. I will preach no more sermons without writing them, except in cases of the strictest emergency—as when sickness or an unavoidable press of duties render writing impossible.

"5. I will cultivate a higher form of moral purity; a spirit of deeper and warmer devotion; a more active and habitual piety; a stronger love for my profession; and a more lively zeal in the discharge of its duties; in a word, will strive to be more acceptable to God, and more useful to man.

"6. So far as my studies are concerned, I will devote to them industriously all the time I can, by the wisest economy, command for that purpose. In my preaching, it shall be my aim to instruct rather than to please, to lead my hearers to God and their duty, rather than to amuse them with fine speeches.

"And now, Holy Father, help me, I beseech Thee most humbly. Graciously endue me, Thy weak and erring servant, to faithfully execute all these high and needed resolutions, which I have solemnly taken upon myself before Thee. I am deeply conscious, O God, that without Thy most holy aid I shall fail in these undertakings. I sincerely and heartily repent me of all my sins; I confess before Thee, that they have been many; be merciful unto me and aid me in turning away from every one of them, that I may do them no more. Thou art good, Thou art able,—bless Thy servant according to his sincere desires and holy purposes through Jesus Christ our Savior. Amen.

Jan. 22d.—"This evening I projected a tale, which I purpose writing out for the Ladies' Repository. The name which most took my fancy is 'Lizzie Afton,' with which I think I shall christen it. The story will have a moral aim; and there will be traits in one of the characters which I am not certain but will be recognized, as they will be peculiar, and have to some

extent a living illustration.—[This tale, I regret to state, was left unfinished.—Ed.]

Jan. 23d.—"As to my resolutions, I observe them with tolerable closeness, failing most under number 5. I find it requires great firmness to abide strictly by such rules, but I suppose they would not be worth much if they did not cost vigorous and constant effort. I am resolved that no amount of labor shall discourage me from the high purpose I have formed; with Heaven's assistance I will do what I can, and will content myself with such blessings as result.

Jan. 25th.—"I think I have failed to-day in keeping my resolutions as strictly as I ought. My most signal failure has been under number 5, for I remember to have exaggerated somewhat in the relation of some circumstances connected with the proceedings of the preceding evening. How easy it is to magnify or color a story in reciting it, especially if it be one that in any way affects the passions. Men here need a double guard upon themselves, if they would keep strictly to the truth. But the truth is a thing from which least of all must I suffer myself to swerve, either in word or deed. After all, a good life is the best argument one can offer in behalf of the truth.

July 29th.—"I have written comparatively little during the past few months; but have given more time and attention to my health, which has really greatly improved. My spirits are more elastic than they have been for several years; and I think on the whole that I am more capable of the labors which my profession imposes upon me, than I have been since I was resident in Utica. And I have now the inexpressible happiness of believing that I have the blessed prospect, in the course of a few months of possessing 'a sound mind in a sound body.' Thank God! then I can labor again like other men. Already the pain has left my head, though my nerves yet need a little more power of endurance. I preach twice a day, however, with infinitely more ease than I have for six years, and I imagine with vastly more effect, for as my nerves become stronger, my voice improves both in quality and power.

"I have resigned my connection with the Society in this city. I hope I have done right. I always mean to discharge my duty faithfully, let the consequences be what they may. There has seemed to be some strange fortune working against this Society. The members who exercised any considerable influence have many of them moved away, and many others I have been called to follow to the grave. Nearly all those who

were most devoted to the truth and upon whom I most depended are no longer here. I feel desolate. I find myself among strangers, many of whom come to see, and not because they are drawn there by the love of the truth; they want doctrines rather than devotions. May those 'gloriously good' men and women who have been spared remain steadfast. The Lord bless them and all.

"I shall seek a new settlement with the view of finding a permanent home. My family are making demands upon me which I cannot much longer innocently disregard. I must consult in my removal the interests of my little ones. There is much risk in bringing up children in large cities, where every form of vice abounds, and into contact with which they must almost daily come. For myself, I should like to live in a city; there are many advantages to be had there which cannot be enjoyed elsewhere; but I am satisfied that a smaller place will be the better for the family. When I do get settled, I shall endeavor to give myself more devotedly to the great business of my life. Likewise shall I strive to lead a more perfect and exemplary life before my fellow men. I would live free from sin; I would be an active example of the strictest virtue. A greater industry should characterize my daily habits: life is too short to allow any time to be wasted in idleness. I mean every day to learn and do something good and useful. When I shall remove from this city is uncertain, but while I remain, may God help me to be faithful to every duty and right.

"A new revelation of the blessings of the marriage relation is being daily made in my experience; new and unthought of feelings are called into active play; my attachments to the members of my family are becoming stronger, deeper, holier; and I find my happiness more and more bound up in them. O Lord, preserve them, my dearly loved, unto me, and give me wisdom to do for them that which shall be best.

Aug. 23.—"With a single exception I believe I passed safely through the moral life of yesterday. I will strive to be more faithful to-day—repentance and amendment should be the law of a sinful man's life. With the help of God, he should seek a greater degree of holiness. The good man is the noblest being in the world; and to do good the noblest employment.

"I have often ridiculed the idea of extemporaneous preaching; but my mind, I must confess, is undergoing some change on that subject. It is unquestionably the true method of public speaking. It has more of nature in it than any other. It only needs that a man shall be learned in the art; which of course

requires great labor directed to that end. As an experiment, I mean for a season to exercise myself in constructing the frame-work of discourses, for the sake of discipline if nothing farther. There generally is no difficulty in a man's telling a story if he thoroughly understands it; and if he be at home in the work, he will be more effective than in reading it. But whether I can ever reach that point is at least questionable :—a faint trial will, however, determine it."

On the third Sunday in September, my husband preached his farewell sermon to the Society in Hartford. Not wishing to settle again until his health should be permanently established, and until a location which should be in all respects desirable as a permanent home should be offered him, he devoted the autumn and winter to traveling, supplying societies in Connecticut, Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, and going once as far south as Baltimore. He had for some time contemplated writing a series of religious and moral novels, believing they would be an effective means in the effort of spreading in the community the beautiful faith which he advocated, and of commending its holy principles and Christ-like practices to minds and hearts which his pulpit labors could never influence. His traveling necessarily prevented that close and arduous mental toil, which had so worn upon him, and was thus highly beneficial to both mind and body, while the facilities it afforded for the study of human nature in its varied phases, were duly improved.

In the spring of 1851, he accepted an invitation to remove to Granby, Conn., causing it to be understood that the settlement was but a temporary one, to be dissolved whenever health and the prospects of a home in his native State, should make a removal desirable.

LETTERS FROM GRANBY.

To Rev. J. M. Austin :—

April 6.—"Here I am in the old town of Granby, long since famous for its cider-brandy and its hundred and forty distilleries; most of which, however, have felt the power of the temperance reformation, and perished. There is something of the

romantic blended with the scenery, in the midst of which I have pitched my temporary habitation. Bold hills loom up around us, from whose summits, Springfield, Mass., Hartford, West Hartford, New Hartford, and numerous other places, are distinctly visible, as bright spots dotting the broad map of hill and vale, cultivated field and winding stream, that spreads out beneath the beholder's feet. Distant from my house a mile or less, a sweet lake, about a mile and a half in length, lies sleeping and beautiful among the mountains. It is made and supported entirely by springs, and the water is consequently clear and cold, quite as palatable, I assure you, as your boasted Croton. It abounds with several varieties of fish; not large in size indeed, but of excellent quality. A little boat is fastened to its shore, which you can at any time play with on its bright and waveless bosom, and find it both a pleasant and profitable recreation. There is along its borders many a delightful spot where the student can repose amidst inspiring influences; or weave his web of fancy with woof from the imagery of the beautiful and breathing world around him; or exercise his mind with the great masters of thought, while imbibing freshness and vigor from the free airs of heaven that frolic about him and dash him in the face; or recite for his affection's sake the sacred poetry of David and Isaiah, or the hallowed teachings and promises of him whose footsteps consecrated the rough land of Palestine. I love such little seas among the mountains; they have a strange, wild beauty, that quite bewitches me, and when I get upon their shores I forget that I am a man that has labored and suffered much, and am a very child again, with a laugh as gleesome, and a gush of feeling as simple and spontaneous.

"The house which it has been our fortune to get possession of, is surrounded with flowers and fruits, so that we shall have peaches, cherries, strawberries, &c., sweet and fresh from the tree and vine. Like all the ladies, Mrs. S. is highly pleased with the flowering plants with which the garden is richly adorned, and for her sake I hope they will bloom with more than their wonted abundance and beauty. There is one thing about the ladies that puzzles me—how they are naturally so much in love with the beautiful, and yet choose such 'mortal homely men' for husbands? It must be the beautiful does not all reach the soul through the eye; and it is the highest beauty which is perceptible without the agency of material sense. Is that the explanation?

"Universalism is in a promising condition here; the friends

are all united, full of zeal, and determined to make the good cause flourish handsomely in this region of bigotry and bitterness. The Society is not large, but it is nevertheless strong; I do not anywhere know of one that, with so few numbers, pays so largely for the support of preaching.

"As I sit writing here in the evening, my mind is carried back to the scenes of my youth: for the frogs are peeping all around us by the million; the wind dashes the rain against the windows, and roars majestically off through the swaying tree-tops; ——— it has ceased, just died away into stillness, and the rain comes down in that well remembered dreamy patter on the roof, whose music has lulled me into delicious repose many a time, and rendered my humble couch in the old garret an object around which linger many of my pleasantest memories.

* * * "Is it not one of the most miserable and mischievous things of which we as a people are guilty, this eternal and fulsome puffing of ministers? We never criticise—punish literary faults—put to the test public efforts—and so keep up a healthy discipline of mind, and urge or force each other on to higher attainments and more creditable performances, both with pen and tongue. I am confident, nothing would be more beneficial to me than a constant, judicious, but severe criticism. True, I should not be very patient under the rebukes of that class who take noise to be sense, and are infinitely tickled when the orthodox are fairly knocked down; but I always profit by the critical remarks of an intelligent and candid man. And, at all times, who would not prefer to have men's honest opinion of himself, than to be the miserable subject of flattery? He who will laud you to your face and disparage you at your back, is he not capable of any meanness? And after all, to what a monstrous height this social vice of lying in each other's faces has come! Few there be, indeed, who have the Christian courage to speak the truth at all times. The man of truth, he is verily the salt of the earth.

"Who will tell us how far personal flattery and newspaper puffing may go without sin?

"Who will reveal how much public praise there be which is not in some way paid for, which is purely the homage of a disinterested but admiring heart?"

To a Clerical Brother:

April 16.—"'Are you permanently settled?' I answer, no I came here with the view of tarrying probably one year; pos-

sibly I may remain longer. My purpose is to spend a good deal of time out of doors, in training over these hills, and growing young again. I do not mean to *study* much, but only read and write such matters as please me—probably work out a tale located among these hills.

"I have not the least doubt you would be a happier man, and your family would be more pleasantly and satisfactorily situated on a farm. A farm! only think of it!! Surely he must be almost a madman who will not jump at such an opportunity. Need I say, my judgment would be, if you consult your own peace of mind and joy of heart, you will leave the city and settle down in the country.

"As for me, I am bound for old New York, as the place where *I* finally settle down—which I mean to do as soon as I can to my liking.

"If I should remain here, I think I shall make arrangements to have a fine school, commencing next spring, in which shall be blended thorough mental and physical discipline. I am now learning how. I have gone into the physical exercise particularly, on the old Greek plan. You would be surprised to see what a change it is rapidly working in me. In nothing do I feel this change more sensibly than in my voice and the increasing ease with which I speak. If this promise continue, I shall down on you by-and-by the finest speaker in the field. Look out for the country school, or you will soon be eclipsed!"

To Rev. J. M. Austin:

April 28.—"I send you an article for the Ambassador. It is the first of a series of sketches—among which I have Rev. S. R. Smith; but I can make no promises as to when the rest of the series shall be finished. The articles have no other connection than their character as sketches—so you can publish them when you can get them, if indeed you ever get more than the present. [The article here alluded to—The Infidel—was the only one of the series ever completed, though one entitled Recollections of Rev. S. R. Smith, was commenced.—Ed.]

"I want to find me a good home in New York, my native State, where I can settle down and 'bide the remnant of my days."

To a Young Friend:

April 29.—"An unremitting and rather chilly rain has set in, confining me to the house during the hours of the day I usually spend in the open air, digging in the garden or wander-

ing over the hills, and what can I do better than to write you, my friend, and revive into the freshness of spring our long decayed correspondence. I have the happiness to assure you of my growing good health—for which no man can feel a profounder sense of thankfulness than does myself. And what is to me the source of equal satisfaction, is the pleasing circumstance, that the *tone* of my mind and the temper of my spirits more than keep pace with the improving condition of my health. That miserable irritability and despondency are rapidly passing away, and I am enjoying an infinitely happier state of feelings. I am accordingly becoming more fond of society; and, by my increasing cheerfulness, am better fitted to bear my part in social scenes with interest and profit. My head is quite free from that horrible depression from which it used so constantly to suffer. For a number of years I have not been, in my physical man, so completely blest, nor enjoyed life with such unmixed satisfaction, as I have during the week last past. I also begin to experience greater ease and pleasure in intellectual exertion, which I hope is only the foreshadowing of 'the good time coming.'

"I have been, for a day or two past, reading again the life and letters of Robert Burns, from which I have derived the highest pleasure, softened by a feeling of sadness; and, I trust also, have been somewhat instructed. I hardly know a letter-writer so unique as Burns, and who, on many accounts, can be diligently read with more profit. There is more of genuine wisdom, and of real human nature in Burns, than any author I ever read, except Shakspeare and Montaigne. Where will you find a finer wit and humorist than this same Robert Burns?

"There is much in the scenery of this old township that is really interesting. Nothing is on the scale of grandeur, except the views from the mountain summits; but there is much in the way of variety. The streams are exceedingly meandering, rapid, and vocal with their ceaseless music. There are also several quite respectable forest scenes; and a little above us, at the Crag-mills, a really Scottish scene, where the 'burn' leaps and shouts down a wild glen, and the voice of the waters mingles with the industrial music of the old mill. The stream is not large, but it is clear and living, and you feel a kind of inspiration to more cheerful and active life, as you look down into its fleeting surface. The musical birds are very plentiful. A few mornings since I listened a long time with rapture to a beautiful thrush, which poured forth his 'wood-note wild' with a de-

light and fullness that I do not remember ever to have heard equalled. I listened to him till I felt as though I could discourse music myself—when I expressed to him my most sincere thanks, and returned home—leaving him filling all the air around with his gush of melody. There is something about the music of birds that charms me as nothing else does.

"I suppose you are daily digging into the mysteries and beauties of the classics. Well, friend, you have a long road before you can read them with so much facility and correctness as really to enjoy them; but be patient and toil on—the reward when it is reached will fully compensate. But while you are giving your principal attention and strength to the classics, I trust you will not think me impertinent nor too gratuitous in my counsel, if I rather earnestly recommend you to devote daily some time and regular thought to the English language and the English classics. Forbear with me while I call your attention to the fact, that it is in the English language, and with the knowledge garnered up in that glorious tongue, that you must perform the offices of life which will by-and-by devolve upon you. To be a good English scholar is a noble attainment. Besides, there is more wealth of thought, more poetry, science, and history, in our own tongue, than any other on the earth. A young man should always keep one of the great English authors at his side, and study him every hour he can command. And then it is also necessary, in order that a young man may learn to think methodically, correctly, and rapidly, and to write easily, elegantly, and fluently, that during the whole course of his education he should daily practice putting his thoughts on paper in the very best manner he can. To acquire the art of a good writer is the most laborious part of our education, and it cannot therefore be begun too early, nor persevered in too zealously; but when once it is acquired, no man ever regrets the pains it has cost him. I hope, nay, I pray you, my dear friend, not to neglect this most important and practical part of that course of education which it gives me great pleasure to see you so ardently pursue. I repeat to you a proverb which I somewhere met with: write something every day in the best style you know, if it be but five sentences. To this proverb I would add,—cultivate the habit of putting down in a little blank book which you can carry in your pocket, all the good thoughts, original modes of expression, fine metaphors, &c., which arise in your own mind. I need not point out the utility of such a habit, as your own good judgment will fully discover it to you, without any of my feeble assistance.

"But it is late; I will bid you a happy good night, and seek what sweet refreshing blessing Somnus has for me under the deep shadow of his dark curtain, where of late he has dealt with bountiful partiality in my favor. That you may never find him deficient in attentions to yourself at the proper seasons, is the wish of, my dear friend,

"Your Soule!"

To his Parents:—

May 13.—"* * * I am just finishing my planting in the garden. Will you believe it? but I have actually dug up a large garden with an old broken spade, and have got it into good condition. Since I came here, I have been out in the open air, doing some kind of hard work every day. It is the only way I can restore my broken health. My regular daily course now is, to rise in good season in the morning; devote an hour to the critical reading of the Bible; spend an hour in gymnastic exercises, that start the perspiration at every pore; take a bowl of bread and milk for breakfast; study about four hours; go out and work in the garden, or split wood, go hunting or fishing a couple of hours; take a bowl of bread and milk for dinner; lie down on a plank half an hour; read a couple of hours, and call on my parishioners until six o'clock, then take a bowl of bread and milk for supper; write up what letters I have on hand; and, after taking a cold bath, retire at about nine o'clock and sleep soundly. I ought to say that, for variety, I occasionally set aside the bowl of milk for a plate of broiled frogs: delicious eating they are too, I assure you!"

To a Young Friend:—

May 16.—"* * * * * It may seem like extravagant representation to say, I am very busy out here in the country, but I assure you I do not exceed the sobriety of the most prosaic truth. For you must know, that I am now a student who reads, writes, and thinks, at least five hours every day—a preacher, whose parish is scattered over an extent of six or seven miles—a gardener, a pedestrian, a hunter, a fisherman,—and am withal going through a course of regular Greek Gymnastics. Then I prepare something for the press every week. And it is all done with ease; and if I had a friend with me, I should find time to jaunt about with him over the romantic country that spreads around us, to his heart's content. * * *

"There is nothing in this world, my friend, of which there is so great and injurious deficiency, as good common sense. Fine

spun imaginations, riding on a mare of silvery moonshine, guided by reins twisted from the mane of a young, high-mettled comet, or floating through the glittering waves of ether in the shell of a half-formed thought—of these sorts of things, from adoring faith to hypocritical infidelity, you may find enough. Nearly every man carries too much sail for his ship; has more imagination than judgment; more speculation than truth; more enthusiasm than sense and taste. I find, the closer I observe, that what men most lack are ideas, information, facts, truth—in a word, substantial knowledge. Men read too much and study too little; they make a kind of reservoir of their brain, into which other men's words are carelessly tumbled in enormous quantities and chaotic confusion, while they are as barren of original thoughts as Sahara of golden pippins. Dr. Franklin was a man of more sense, and consequently of more use to the world than all the fanciful speculatists that ever straddled a shaft of star-light, since those glorious orbs first sang together in the sweet hour of prime. Solomon's exhortation to get wisdom, and with all our getting to get understanding, embraces, after all, the true ground of greatness and lasting usefulness in this world.

"You remark at some length on the class of authors you are at present reading, and with the enthusiasm which we ought to expect from one at your romantic period of life. I have no criticism to pass upon them, but while I was reading your remarks the question urged itself upon my mind, is that the best class of authors for a young man to be familiar with, who is just in the process of forming his intellectual tastes and habits; or would the poets of the 'solid kind,' those great thinkers and all but faultless writers, prove more valuable companions, in the end? There is really mental worth enough in old John Milton, to make a hundred Shelleys, or Baileys, so far as the poet goes. There is one curious fact:—if you are familiar with the Bible, Homer, Shakspeare, Milton, Dante, and Burns, you will recognize half the best thoughts, sentiments, and metaphors in all the other poets, as having been borrowed, or modified from those great men's works. A man cannot judge wisely of a modern poet, who is not well acquainted with the works to which I have just alluded; he cannot tell how much is Isaiah, Shakspeare, or Milton transposed and put into modern dress. The great authors require to be studied rather than read, it is true, and the labor of mastering them is therefore more imposing; but when the labor is done the laborer is rewarded with inexhaustible riches.

* * * "The question of disinterested benevolence is old. I shall not have room to enter largely into the discussion of it in my present letter; nor do I see much necessity for doing so, as the question really belongs to that class of metaphysical ambiguities that are susceptible of being proved on both sides, especially as has usually been treated.

"The grand difficulty in satisfactorily disposing of the case, I suspect to lie in the imperfect definitions of the terms. What do you mean by disinterested benevolence? The word interested is by no means synonymous with selfish. You see a mother with a babe lying on her lap, for which she spends her strength and offers her prayers; now, do you suppose she could be such a mother without being *interested* in that helpless child? but would you say her love towards it is *selfish?* Does she not love that child for the child's sake? Does she ever think of *herself* when she spends the live-long night in watching over its sick and fading form? *Would that be benevolence which was done without any feeling of sympathetic interest, in the being for whom it was done?* It appears to me, that *disinterested benevolence* would be the mother doing the duties of feeding and clothing the child like a statue, with utter indifference and coldness, her bosom never throbbing with an emotion of tenderness or sympathy. That is what I should call *selfishness*, because while she does somewhat for another, she *thinks* and *feels* alone of and for herself; she is not affected by any interest in, any high and holy feeling for, the child that needs her tender and fostering care. Be so kind as to tell me just what you mean by disinterested benevolence; define it with logical exactness; and I will speak to it again, and perhaps more to your satisfaction.

May 20th.—"Since commencing this letter, I have read 'The Pirate,' by W. Scott, about one hundred pages of Horace's Odes, The Scripture Natural History, by Abbott, the Englishman, several articles in Calmet on Jewish Antiquities, some in Wordsworth's Poems, and a part of the Life and Land of Burns. I propose soon to enter methodically upon the reading of Neiburh's and Arnold's Rome, a long and severe task. I have long since told you, I presume, that I make it a rule to read the Bible and Shakspeare through, once every year; and I find the pleasure of reading them, especially the Bible, increases with each succeeding day. Almost daily, I wish I had some one to read them with me, as critical conversation augments incalculably both the pleasure and the profit of reading. In the winter, during the long evenings, I can have the com-

pany of my wife, which is an advantage quite impossible at this season of the year. * * * I wish you could see our garden—our little Eden—it is a charming picture, and I doubt if the first pair were happier in their's than are we in ours. We have what they had not — human flowers; — how beautiful, how cherished, you must come and see. Would you could see the charming and fragrant boquet which is now stealing my admiration. Whence came it—I never ask—oh no, but I am happy each day to find a new one on my study table. You can guess what fairy hand is so lavish in its sweet favors! God bless the gentle being, that God gave to me when my heart was sad and lonely, to make it radiant with light almost divine! Where could I find another who would so flood with love my soul, or so fill with joy my home?

To THE SAME:

June 10th.—* * * "You assure me that you cannot perceive anything of metaphysical ambiguity in the question; you will concede that the question is at least metaphysical. It certainly is not one that can be determined by an appeal to established facts. It enters the region of speculation—and I would say, of speculation of the most abstruse kind. But let me give you a metaphysical argument in favor of disinterested benevolence, and which I beg of you to refute if it be not sound. I will make it on the benevolence of the Deity, because that will admit of being stated in a small space.

"God is infinite and independent; he can therefore do what does not necessarily involve a contradiction. Now it does not imply a contradiction to suppose that he should do good for the sake of doing good, purely for the benefit of those upon whom the blessing be conferred. God therefore is able to act without motives of selfishness.

"Again, to act without motives of selfishness, is the noblest kind of moral action of which we can conceive; the most perfect being will so act if he be able; but I have already proved that God, being infinite and independent, is able; therefore God does act without motives of selfishness, and so performs what we call disinterested benevolence. Q. E. D.

"It will not invalidate this conclusion, to refer to the declaration of the Scriptures, that all things were made for his pleasure; because the proper meaning is not, that all things were made to be a *source of pleasure* to God, (since being infinite and independent, He can need no such thing;) but that He was pleased, moved, or disposed of himself, to create all things, &c.

"When you have disposed of this argument, please give me one on your side of the question. It will not be enough to say you do not *believe;* what is needed in the discussion is the proof on which your faith reposes. Give me an argument, my friend.

"When you have had some experience in writing for publication, I think your judgment of our periodicals will moderate somewhat. I find I have vastly more charity for that class of writings than I had ten years ago. It is easier to condemn others than to excel them. * * * One of the greatest dangers to the young arises from the overweening confidence they are apt to have in their own wisdom and ability. They mistake the freshness of their feelings and the celerity of their notions, for keenness of vision and power to execute. Like the mountain rivulet, which leaps and dances with its foam and spray in the sunlight, babbling vociferously as it hastens blindly on its way, but never dreaming it would take millions such as itself to make the awe-inspiring anthem of Niagara. I am a young man yet, though I have stepped over thirty a little way; but I now look back ten or twelve years with amazement at the presumption I then indulged.

"You remark that 'so far as your knowledge of poetry extends, you have not seen the *poetical imagery* of 'Queen Mab' surpassed.' You mean the metaphorical language. A composition may be very metaphorical, and at the same time not be very poetical. There is a wide distinction between genuine poetry and poetical imagery. After all, does not poetry consist more in the thought than in the language. Where will you find a passage of finer poetry than the following from Burns' 'Tam O'Shanter;' yet how simple, natural and real are the metaphors employed to express the thought:—

"But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow-falls in the river,
A moment white—then melts forever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form,
Evanishing amid the storm."

To THE SAME:—

June 23. * * * "You urge me to express my judgment on the question, whether you would do better to study a year or more, and then lift up your voice as a preacher. If you could keep up a course of methodical and thorough study without

the aid of teachers, and *would do it*, the plan is practicable, and you would probably never repent its adoption. If you go through college, it will be five or six years before you get to the real business of your life, preaching. A long time, yet it will soon pass away. But whether you go through college or not, I must earnestly urge upon you the thorough study of the English language. I hope you will not deem me impertinent, if I shall frequently repeat my growing convictions on this important, and to preachers especially most important, subject—the scientific and practical knowledge of the English tongue.

* * * "I have filled so much space as hardly to leave it proper to enter upon the consideration of the metaphysical question mooted by us, viz., the possibility of disinterested benevolence. I will, however, take room to 'demonstrate' your argument to be fallacious. You endeavor to state that argument in two forms, the first of which is as follows:—you start with my premise, 'God is infinite and independent, and can therefore do whatever does not necessarily involve a contradiction,' and then you proceed thus,—'now since God made man in His own image, and endowed him with His faculties, and among others bestowed the faculty or instinct of doing everything for his own pleasure, it would from this view not involve a contradiction to suppose that He, being the author of such a faculty, should practice the same Himself. Hence we conclude that God acts from interested motives.'

"Such is your first argument. Now it is wholly sophistical. For, in the first place, you *assume* the very thing to be proved, namely, that man acts only from motives of interested benevolence—the verity of which assumption I most emphatically deny. If you will *prove* that the only motive to human conduct is selfish interest, I will then consider the argument which seeks to determine the conduct, or the character of the motives from which God acts, from the personal history of His imperfect and sinful creatures.

"But your argument may be looked at in another way, and its fallacy discovered thus:—God made man in His own image; man sins, but he could not do what God did not make him to do, therefore God has bestowed on him a faculty for sinning: this faculty must constitute a part of his likeness to God, since taken as a whole, he is in the image of God; therefore, it does not imply a contradiction to suppose that God sins. Therefore He does sin. What a conclusion! But this is your reasoning, not mine. You see your argument utterly fails, because there is no logical connection between your premises.

"Your second argument is based on the goodness of God, and the possibility of His doing a bad action. You say if God is infinitely powerful, He might do a bad action if He chose; but bad actions would render Him miserable; hence He does good actions in order to preserve His happiness.

"To this I need only reply, that if God is *infinitely good*, He cannot, in the very nature of things, choose to do a bad action; and so the argument falls. Besides, the laws of happiness and misery do not exist independent of God, but have been established and are maintained by Him: they have no character except such as He has given them; it is sophistical, therefore, to argue that God might choose to violate His own laws of right, or disregard the distinctions He has established between virtue and vice; or, in other words, that He could choose to do what Himself by His own laws condemns: which would be a contradiction. Therefore, my argument still remains in its full force.

To THE SAME:—

July 29.—"What shall I say in response to your rejoicing letter? Seldom has it been my good fortune to be entertained with a communication of so jubilant a character. There really seems to be no visible bounds to the fullness of your joy. Well, I do not wonder at it: you have just occasion to be merry in the highest significance of the term. I am glad from my inmost soul that you are to be fostered under the maternal care of Brown University. May every blessing attend you through your educational discipline, is my most earnest prayer. Mrs. S. says she is heartily glad that you are resolved to be a scholar before you are a preacher — that Universalism may have a young man who will be an honor to its glorious ministry. She rejoiced almost as much as yourself, when she learned that you are destined to be a graduate of Brown University. You behold that you are encouraged by the strongest sympathies.

"And now, I suppose, I must either pass over your penultimate letter, or inflict some chastisement upon you for your controversial sins. Which had better be done? If you pass unwhipt, I fear you will sin again—so, though it is a painful business, here's at it with as much mercy as the case will admit! * * * * I may assume that you grant that disinterested benevolence does exist in the Deity; because you pass over my arguments for its verity, and under an illusive plea promise to avoid all further notice of it. I am astonished, sir, at the logical equivocation which has thus early developed itself in your character as a debater! You ought to be placed in the

scholastic pillory for the next three weeks, with one of the old schoolmen at hand with his cruel knout!

"But let us look a little at your argument on the human side of it, where you seem to regard yourself as invulnerable: it is possible this Hercules may have an unbaptized heel.

"Your position is, that self-interest is the great moral force which underlies all improvement; civilization has grown out of it; all reforms appeal to it; Christ used it; and therefore no man ever acted independently of it.

"This reasoning, my dear sir, is very far from being conclusive: it only shows that personal interest is one of the motives employed to induce obedience to the rules of duty obligatory on man; but it by no means disproves the existence of other, and perhaps far different motives or means to the same end. I am not yet convinced that utility is the only law of human conduct. The first and highest reason for doing right is, that it is *the will of God* that he should do it. '*Thou shalt love the Lord*,' &c. What God commands, whether we can see any personal utility in obedience or not, that, if we are true men, we will do. It would indicate a mean and vulgar selfishness to stop at the commandment and ask—'what will God give me if I will love him?' He should love him for what He is, and because He commands it. What true spirit ever thought, while in the midst of solemn and loving communion with its Creator, of the profit of that sublimest labor of the soul? The mind is absorbed, lost in the overpowering idea of God, and all personal concerns sink into utter insignificance, and are forgotten as things that never were.

"We have, moreover, words in language which express obligation without implying considerations of the personal sort. The word *ought* is of this class. Every person feels that he *ought* to do many things which considerations of self-interest would lead him to omit. I am sure I do many deeds because I ought to do them: because I know they are right and will benefit somebody in the world. I do some things for the profit of them—other things I do without once, even once, thinking of what use they will be to myself.

"Do you believe that Howard—to go a little way from home—was actuated by self-interest alone in all his wonderful labor of benevolence? He was reviled and abused in unmeasured terms; his benevolence imposed on him the most exhaustive and repulsive labor—a daily exposure to disease and death; for which he got no reward from the government or the prisoner, till near the close of his life. In his letters the only motive

which he assigns for his extraordinary devotion to that odious and despised business, was a religious conviction that it was the will of God and the ardent hope of doing the world some good. So far as himself was concerned, he would have been more at ease, and would have enjoyed life far better in his quiet home and amid the scenes that he loved, if the great conviction of duty and the hope of blessing the world had been removed from his breast.

"I once saw a young man—a stranger to every one present—plunge into the flames of a falling building, to snatch a child from the jaws of death. The father stood by wringing his hands in agony, but dared not rush into the appalling danger to rescue his child. The young man inquired the child's locality, and against all persuasions to the contrary course, went in and brought forth the perishing innocent. He was badly burnt, but he murmured never a word. The father presented him his purse, but he refused it and walked away without giving his name or place of residence.

"I knew also a mother who had an idiot child; she also had other children both younger and older. The child was much deformed; it had no language, spake never a word. It could neither appreciate kindness or respond to any affection. To every body out of the family it was an object of the strongest aversion, and even loathing. It could do no work, but was the occasion of great labor and perpetual care. And yet the mother of that poor helpless idiot—from whose existence no hope of pleasure could ever spring—loved it and cared for it with an intensity and unweariedness that were bestowed on none other of her children.

"I likewise knew a young man of fine education, who loved a lady that was already engaged; he never revealed his love to the idol of his heart, nor to the man to whom she was betrothed; and except to a few confidential friends concealed it in his own breast; but under its influence sunk down and in a few months died. Though he loved her beyond measure or control, he would not so much as allow the subject to be mentioned where it might interfere with the existing contract—he would die first—he did die. Still it was distinctly known to him that the lady would have broken up the engagement and married him, if he had offered himself to her.

"I might multiply examples of proof where one individual has voluntarily offered himself a sacrifice for no purpose but to save the life of a friend; and where they have actually and deliberately died to accomplish their noble disinterested object;

but I have written long and must close, which I will do with that glorious instance in the life of Christ—whose whole life indeed was one of *self-sacrifice* and *not of self-interest.* The most painful death was before him, to be attended with bitterness, scorn and infamy, and looking at the mode, he said:—'Father, if thou be willing, remove this cup from me: nevertheless, not *my will*, but *thine be done.*' He did God's will, not his own, and died on the cross and 'tasted death *for every man.*'

"Do you ask further proof that man ever acted from disinterested motives?

"Since you returned from Granby, I have been exceedingly busy; I have kept up the jaunting so faithfully that I have hardly found time to rest. Yet I preached three new sermons last Sunday with infinitely more ease than I have done for eight years, notwithstanding my style of preaching now requires or at least I give it, much more care than it did then.

"I do not wish to go into a city again if I can avoid it. A large and good society in a beautiful village, would suit me infinitely better than the best society in any of the large cities. I know I should be a happier man in it."

To a Clerical Brother:

July 30th.—"You ask me what I have been about for the last three years? In good sooth, I should have to cudgel my memory harder than I care to, to-night, were I to tell you all I have done and the tale ere half told would weary you. I will sum it in one sentence; I have been striving and have left no means within my power untried, to increase my physical, mental and moral health, that I might not only be a happier man, but a better minister, husband, father, citizen, friend. * * * * * I have kept up a daily critical study of the Bible, which I shall continue as long as I remain in the ministry, which will undoubtedly be during the remnant of my life, be it longer or shorter. I have gone through with a critical reading of the English poets, from Chaucer down to the bards of our own day, a long yet intensely interesting and captivating task. I mean to go through it again, if life is spared. Do you ask why I love poetry? Ask the flower why it loves the sunshine and the dew. What they are to it, poetry is to me. I have also devoted a considerable part of my study time to the perusal of history, and I trust not without much profit. Let me give you the summary of my reading in this line, since you saw me. Mosheim's Church History, Graham and Bancroft's United States, Thirwall's Greece, Smythe's Lectures on Modern

History, Macaulay's England, Müller's, Tytler's and Hebbe's Universal History, Michelet's France, Burnett's and D'Aubigne's Reformation, Morell's History of Modern Philosophy, Schlegel's Philosophy of History, and Guizot's Civilization, in all thirty-seven volumes. Do you not think I must be pretty well posted up in historical facts? But not so accurately as I mean yet to be. History is a great teacher and I will be a faithful student; great shall be my reward.

To B. H. HOUGH:—

Aug. 2. * * * * * "Our children grow finely, enjoy good health, and are getting to fill a large place in our thoughts. We don't mean of course to worship them, no such thing as that, but we must give them a good deal of our life. We hope they will reward us for it. I wish you could see our little family now they have grown large enough to be interesting as playmates. I spend many an hour with them in right down childish frolic—and it does me good; it really makes a better man of me. Children should always help complete the life of parents, affectionately, socially, and even spiritually."

To REV. J. M. AUSTIN:—

Aug. 9.—"Your kindly letter has come to hand. I had begun to feel that you had stricken me from the good book of your remembrance. How soon a sheet of paper dispelled the illusion! We are strange beings!

"I have not until the present moment been able to determine when I could leave home. I came to Granby for the purpose of restoring and establishing my health; and I am happy to say, that thus far everything has worked to admiration. I cannot occupy the space to tell you the whole process through which I am going; but having entered upon it, I ought not to leave till I see the end. It has in some regards been severe, but I have gone on in the work patiently and cheerfully, being full in the faith that it would accomplish my desire. And I repeat that it has, even beyond my most sanguine hopes. The change in my physical man during the last month has been wonderful; my head is infinitely the best head I have had on my shoulders for more than ten years; my voice is coming out clear and strong, and I speak with surprising ease and effect; in a word, my whole *physique* is renovated and filled with new and elastic energies. One part of this 'creative' process I must

continue a month longer, and then the end will come and I can leave home.

"I have concluded to make a visit to my mother about the last of this month, and will, if agreeable with your arrangements, preach in Lyons on the last Sunday and also the first in September." * * * * *

To A Young Friend:

Sept. 20.—"Since last writing you, I have been visiting. A few days have been spent very happily under my mother's roof, in the society of my early loved, and in roaming over and about those spots which are most consecrated in my boyish memories. I have also visited the beautiful town of Lyons, and preached there two Sabbaths. What will come of my tarry there, is not yet certain—more anon. * * * * * I do not know when I have been on a journey which has been every way, in itself, so pleasant, so delightful. It had but one drawback—there must always be one, you know, to all earthly pleasures—my wife could not accompany me; her presence to share with me the delight of the jaunt would have made my happiness complete. But though not with me in person, she was with me in spirit and I with her, as *three* letters a week to her testified!"

To Hon. Lyman Sherwood:

Sept. 22.—"It is, I confess, quite time that I write you, and yet I am not quite prepared to speak so decisively as we must mutually desire. I have given the subject of removal to your pleasant village, that serious thought which its difficulties and its importance demands; I have also consulted with Mrs. S., but I am not yet *quite* persuaded to the undertaking. I incline to the opinion that, under the circumstances, I shall hardly, at present, become a co-worker with yourself and Mrs. Sherwood in the building up of a parish at Lyons. But—* * * *

To the same:

Oct. 16. * * * * * "I am not prepared to say what shall be my final determination on the question of removal to Lyons. We have talked much of it since the reception of your earlier letter; and I think we have talked as soberly and as disinterestedly as our relation to the case will admit of; but we yet hang 'in the pendulous air,' and are uncertain of the where our final judgment shall hit. But of one thing I may here express my determination; which is, if we finally resolve to

go to Lyons, *the enterprise* MUST *succeed;* no man must think of backing out after a season; but every one must feel and labor, and sacrifice if need be, as though its complete success would be one of the grandest features in the glory of his life.

"I am so much engrossed with the business just now on my hands, that I have hardly two thoughts that look like neighbors on any other subject. But I cannot forbear expressing the anxiety I feel for the happy issue of the movement begun in the village of Lyons on the subject of Liberal Christianity; it promises so well in its initial state that it would give me much pain to learn it had ended in disappointment; and I cannot persuade myself, when I remember who are its leading spirits, that it can ever fail while *they live.*

TO THE TRUSTEES OF THE
FIRST UNIVERSALIST SOCIETY IN LYONS:

November 9.—"The religious society which you represent, has been pleased to extend to me an invitation to become its Pastor; an undertaking, under the circumstances, of very considerable magnitude. If the enterprise, in which you have invited me to join you, be carried out to the desired happy issue, it must be prosecuted with untiring zeal and unremitting labor. I believe I have considered the question which your invitation presents before me, with as much deliberation as I know how to exercise—so that the conclusion to which I have at last come, must escape all the mischievous consequences of haste.

"I have the highest confidence in you, gentlemen, and those whom you represent, as men of honor; who will do even more than all you have pledged yourselves to; and that I shall find in you such hearty and zealous co-operation as shall make even my weakness strong. Because I look upon you in this light; because I believe that what you set your hands to, you have first well considered, and will not, therefore, for any reason, abandon; because the promise for our form of Christianity in your village is exceedingly hopeful, and if observed with fidelity cannot prove illusive; because I do devoutly believe, that, with the hearty support and zealous co-operation which you will unremittingly render me, and attended with the smile of Heaven, our labors must be crowned with every reasonable success; because my feelings have become enlisted with the decisions of my judgment, and I am persuaded I shall find a happy home in your midst; because of these and kindred considerations, I have finally concluded to accept the said invitation, and to become the Pastor of your Society. And to reciprocate the pledges

you have given me, I will endeavor, with the best ability the Creator has given me, to answer the 'end for which you have sent for me.' And may Almighty God most abundantly bless the union which this my acceptance consummates, and render it permanently and every way happily prosperous.

"I am sorry to say, it will be impossible for me to remove my family before next spring—about the first of April; but I will myself proceed to Lyons as soon as I can arrange my affairs for a final leaving of New England—which I cannot safely say will be earlier than the first of January. Nor are my friends here pleased to allow me to go before that time. I have therefore set down, as the time when my Pastorship of the First Universalist Church in Lyons shall begin, the first day of January, 1852. And, Heaven permitting, you may accordingly expect my introductory discourses on the first Sabbath in that month.

"As the removal of my family cannot be effected till next spring, I shall be glad to be provided with a temporary home in the family of some one of my friends, until I shall have the pleasure of sitting down again in the bosom of my own family."

To Hon. L. Sherwood:

December 1.—"The time is rapidly drawing near when we are to commence our work together in the pleasant town of Lyons; and I confess to you that I feel some anxiety in connection with that event. I am exceedingly desirous that we should begin well. I feel that I am going amongst warm and earnest friends; but I think I realize also what you expect of me, what indeed will inevitably devolve upon me. But, with God's help, I mean there shall be no room for disappointment. I shall study to be as good a preacher as my qualifications will admit, but especially a Pastor. The truth is, I am coming among you, to make my home there; and I am making some sacrifices, in order to do it, because I trust it will be both pleasant and permanent.

"The kind of preaching at first required will be, I suppose, largely expository—a statement, explanation, and defense of the doctrines of the church we shall build up. The public need information—and before they will come into our church they must have information. To give this information—to explain, define, and defend, I see plainly, must occupy a large part of our first year or two's ministry; and I mean, so far as I am able, to come prepared for it. And, do you not think, it will be a wise and profitable movement to organize a tract society as soon as

I join you? The other denominations are perpetually busy with their tracts; and in this way they exert a tremendous influence. Now, is not the best way we can meet, and check, or neutralize that influence, the regular circulation of similar documents on the side of the truth? At any rate, my dear friend, I am resolved, with your approbation and co-operation, to adopt and vigorously prosecute every lawful and Christian means, to make the public acquainted with the doctrines of our church—with Christianity as we understand it.

"I feel much regret at the necessity which will separate me from my family for so long a time; but we cannot escape it without too large a sacrifice. We are too weak always to override circumstances. However, the pain of separation will be mitigated by the reflection, that everything necessary to their comfort will be provided at their hand, and very kind friends live but a step from them—while an almost daily intercourse can be kept up, if necessary, between them and myself.

"On the first Sunday in January, I propose to preach two discourses on the business before us, and I should be glad to have all our friends hear them. We shall then understand each other as pastor and parish, and can work together with greater efficiency. For when the thing is once begun IT MUST GO."

TO THE SAME:

Dec. 11.—"* * * I have to say in reply to your questions about the Liturgy, that I have expended a good deal of time in collecting and examining Liturgies and Books of Prayer, and at some expense withal; but am forced to the conclusion that there is none which is exactly suited to our wants—for the same reason, more or less, that the Episcopal Book of Common Prayer is not. I have therefore taken that which comes nearest—the King's Chapel Liturgy—and prepared so much of it as will be necessary to the conduct of public services and the administration of the communion, and have resolved to have them printed. The services, so far as they go, are complete, so that all we have to do hereafter, will be to add the rest of the Liturgy. I am persuaded that it will be entirely acceptable, and that with its help we shall be able to conduct our services happily till such time as we shall be able to have the whole book. I shall now have a copy revised and fitted with the pen for the use of the minister, which will enable me to perform all the rites and ceremonies of our Church. * * * If I were a man having much of this world's goods, I would lay the Universalist Church under everlasting obligations to me, by at once

expending some $300 or $500, in handsomely publishing the entire book as I have it revised. What I have done is but little—it is already so much improved that it needs but little; and I am confident when you come to see it, you will agree with me that all the committees in the country could not, as a whole, make it better than it is. How cheerfully would I give any price within my means for a handsome copy of it thus published.

"The other matter of your letter—the robe—I cannot say as I feel any decided preference about. I have not the slightest personal objection to its use. I will leave that matter with the Society. If it be thought proper and expedient, I shall interpose no objections. * * *

"What shall be the name of our church? I love the name 'Messiah,'—which I would give to both our church as a body of believers and to our temple of worship when it shall be built. '*The Church of Messiah*,' is the name which I would place on the title-page to our Book of Service.

"It may not be regarded by some persons as a matter of much consequence what kind of name we bear; but I confess it is a matter of religious taste with me; and you will observe that the name of a church will often indicate somewhat the culture of those who raise it up." * * *

To his Parents:

Dec. 12.—" * * * And this I suppose you will call good news for you, as it will bring us so much nearer home! What is the reason you cannot go out to Lyons and live with us? I shall not get finally settled down there till about the middle of April; and then, I trust, I shall be settled down for a long time to come. If things go to suit me—and I have no doubt they will—I mean to have a home of my own, and live somewhat to my own liking. The children are wonderfully pleased with the idea of going out to live where they can see you. They are all glee about it. I think if you enjoy it as much as they intend to, there will indeed be a happy time when we come."

To a Clerical Brother:

Dec. 31.—"I am preparing a Liturgy for my new church, which will be published about the 1st of January, 1853. I have got enough of it printed to be used at the services on Sunday and at the Communion. It will be revised again before it goes into the book. The whole book, when done, will

make a handsome volume of five hundred pages, and will contain the following matter: two complete Forms of Morning Service or Prayer; two complete Forms of Evening Prayer for Afternoon Service; one complete Form for a third Service, or Service in the Evening; a complete Form for Christmas—one for Thanksgiving—one for Fast Day—one for Sunday School—two each for Morning and Evening Service in Families—Prayers for every Sunday in the year—Special Prayers for every occasion—a variety of personal Prayers—a collection for daily Family Prayer, and Family Prayers for special occasions: the Psalter, or all the devotional Psalms arranged for reading in the public worship; a Marriage Service; a Burial Service for adults, and another for children; a Service for Baptism of infants—another for adults, &c. In preparing it, I use all the Liturgies and Prayer Books that are published—but shall be most indebted to King's Chapel Liturgy."

BR. SOULE IN CONNECTICUT.

"Not upon us or ours the solemn angel
Hath evil wrought;
The funeral anthem is a glad evangel,
The good die not."—WHITTIER.

Human character presents itself in various phases, and is estimated according to the media through which it is seen. Minor shades of difference in the estimate, are owing to the differing circumstances under which it is rendered, or to the dissimilar feelings by which it is prompted. Opposite opinions in regard to its worth obtain from opposite points of view. And that character is truly enviable which, by the blended harmony of its moral proportions, triumphs over the diversities naturally influencing the judgment, and secures a general verdict in its favor.

If the hand of affection, in tracing a history whose subject it reveres, may be supposed to be guided by instincts too tenderly interested to be impartial, it may possibly serve to mitigate the severity and permanence of the bias, to submit the accordant appreciation of those who are beyond the "impeachment" of the sweeter sanctities of the heart.

An acquaintance with Br. Soule, of some years' continuance, led us to welcome him to Connecticut as a fellow-laborer in the

Master's vineyard, with more than ordinary pleasure. The Society in Hartford, for a twelvemonth, had been destitute of a pastor. When their choice finally fell upon Br. Soule, we rejoiced in their acquisition of the services of one we had so highly esteemed; nor could we doubt that the contemplated connection would be attended with beneficial results to the Society and to the cause in this State. It is questionable whether there is any city in New England, where the ministry of the various denominations embraces so much genuine talent and scholarship as in Hartford. It consequently became a matter of the first importance that, in such a place, Universalism should be worthily represented. We remember with what feelings of mutual gratulation our friends in that city spoke of the acceptance of their invitation; and with what sanguine confidence of success they regarded the new ministry with which they were to be favored. That their expectations were not realized to the fullest extent, is not the necessary imputation of blame, since nothing is more uncertain than human hopes. Societies are little inclined to remember, on the settlement of a new minister, that the good they anticipate may be wholly prevented by circumstances with which the pastor has no responsible connection; and that their own life and substance may be drawn out by the mere removal from their midst of many, or even a few, of their members.

But Br. Soule's ministry in Hartford was not one which might be regarded as justly affording discouragement to himself, or disappointment to his people. During the long term of candidate ministration, some portions of the congregation had become less ardent in their zeal, while there were others at least temporarily scattered to various places of worship. In fact, aside from the prospect of a new minister, the Society had no very encouraging reasons for indulging in large expectations of success.

According to the request unanimously extended to him, Br. Soule entered upon the duties of his office on the 11th of June, 1846. Finding, after a residence of some months, that the situation was mutually agreeable, he was installed as pastor on the 11th of November of the same year. This occasion was

one of rare interest. Among the preachers present were Brs. L. C. Browne, O. A. Skinner, T. J. Greenwood, and T. B. Thayer, the latter of whom delivered the installation sermon. The charge was given by Br. Browne; and it may be mentioned here, as it was stated then, that Br. Soule had been twice his successor in the pastoral office—in Fort Plain and in Troy.

On entering upon his work, Br. S. could not have been very greatly elated with the extent of his congregation. His first sermon was preached to forty-one, his second to sixty-four hearers; his last was delivered to a crowded house. It is but just to observe that his congregations were never subsequently so small as on the first Sabbath, with the exception of two occasions, when the weather was severely stormy.

Br. Soule immediately applied himself to his allotted task. He found the Sabbath School connected with the Society embarrassed with a debt, which it had no provision for cancelling. He directly addressed himself to its liquidation, and the improvement of the general condition of the School. He assumed the direction of its affairs, and for more than three years filled the office of Superintendent. He was remarkably successful in his efforts in its behalf. When he removed, the School was free from debt, had added six hundred volumes to its library, and had reserved funds in its treasury. In seeking the prosperity of the Sabbath School, he felt that he was culturing the nursery from which, in after years, the Society was to receive its most permanent and useful additions; and all sacrifices to this end became as pastimes in view of their certain compensations.

During the first winter of his residence in Hartford, he delivered a course of thirteen lectures on "Distinctive Universalism." These lectures were prepared with great care, and seem to have been fully appreciated on the part of those who heard them. "They drew forth," writes a hearer, "large congregations which, for character and intelligence, were without a parallel in the history of the Society." If there were before any doubts as to his ability as a preacher, these lectures dissipated them. They made an impression on the public mind which was alike complimentary to him and beneficial to his cause.

Regarding stated services on week-day evenings as amply remunerating, in useful results to the Society, the increased labor they imposed upon him, he early established regular Thursday Evening Conference meetings. They were continued until the winter of '48–'49, when Sunday Evening Familiar Lectures were substituted in their place. Monthly meetings of the Church were also held on the Friday evening previous to the Communion Sabbath; and it became the custom, at his suggestion, to take up a collection on each Communion occasion, the avails of which were reserved for distribution among the poor or distressed members of the church. Another benevolent arrangement he adopted, was that of having a collection taken in the congregation on the Sunday preceding Thanksgiving; the funds thus raised to be expended by the pastor in providing Thanksgiving dinners for those members of the Society or of the Congregation, whose means were insufficient to allow them such an annual luxury. The simple provision, carried out with fraternal solicitude, often secured for him the satisfaction which a poor widow's thanks, and the joy of her little ones, only can yield.

Passing to other scenes, it may be remarked, that in the more welcome department of ministerial duty, sixty-two couples, whose life-union was consummated with his aid, had occasion to associate his name with the most pleasing remembrances; while, in darker hours, the mourners at one hundred and twenty-eight funerals, received from his lips effective words of instruction, solace, and hope.

In reviewing his connection with the Society, it gave him pleasure to know that, in a respect which was particularly essential to its welfare, it had satisfactory ground for congratulation and encouragement. "I think," said he, in his farewell sermon, "the pecuniary condition of the Society is more honorable than it has been before for many years, although it has lost by death or removal a large number of those who were here five years ago."

Br. Soule's benevolent industry was not confined to the limits of his Society. He was an active contributing member of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows. He had for some time, the

editorial charge of a weekly paper, published in Hartford, and devoted to the interests of the fraternity. To the Temperance Reform, also, he extended his ready sympathy and efficient aid. We have heard his extemporaneous addresses in the City Hall mentioned in terms of the highest commendation.

It is sometimes regarded as a matter of surprise that a pastor's health should fail, or that a chilling shadow should fall upon his spirits. But the toil which seems so trifling to others, often becomes the continued sacrifice of constitutional vigor, or the burden which wearies the most sanguine temperaments into a state of gloom. Br. Soule, in some of his articles, speaks of his sufferings in the most pathetic terms. That he should determine on a change of location was natural, since it was the only resource which remained to him for the recovery of a healthful tone of body and mind.

He appears, from the first, to have shared largely in the esteem of the friends in Granby. On the completion of their house of worship, they invited him to deliver the dedicatory discourse. He also preached the sermon on the occasion of Br. A. L. Loveland's installation as their pastor. And, subsequently, in compliance with their urgent solicitations, he sought repose from

"The insupportable fatigue of thought,"

and the multiform labors incident to a larger place, by forming with them a temporary pastoral engagement. The merit of a Society is not to be measured by its numerical strength, or financial abilities. In this instance, our brother's lot seems to have been cast among a people singularly worthy of the affections and labors of the man and the minister. Conscious that there is a providence in the affairs of men which we cannot fathom, we are yet unable fully to suppress the regret that a connection so beneficial to both parties, should so soon have reached its conclusion.

There were several occasions on which Br. Soule visited Middletown, which are remembered with peculiar satisfaction. About the time of his settlement in Hartford, the Universalist

Church was being organized in the former place. He was invited to preach the sermon on the occasion of its public recognition, July 5th, 1846. The discourse was exceedingly appropriate and impressive. A lay brother, in an article published soon after in one of our papers, wrote in these terms:—"The Lord's Supper was administered by Br. Soule to the new church. During all the exercises the most profound silence prevailed. The discourse was listened to with close attention. The occasion was one of the most solemn I ever witnessed; both minister and people seemed deeply affected. Methinks it was one of those foretastes of heaven which frail man is permitted to enjoy here below."

The succeeding year, the State Convention held its session in Middletown. Br. Soule delivered the Annual Sermon. It was a very masterly exhibition of the leading principles of our doctrine, and gave great satisfaction to all who heard it. In the summer of 1851, the Hartford County Association met in the same place, at which he was also present, and gave two very interesting and excellent discourses. Two other sermons were preached by Br. Turner; and both of these heralds of love and truth now mingle with the "innumerable assembly" in heaven. At that time, Br. Soule had resided some few months in Granby. As genial and welcome as he had been before regarded as a guest, his society on this visit afforded the members of our household unwonted and superior pleasure. In his new home he had found improved health—he had drank in gladness of spirit from a communion with nature in her rural phase, and he brought to us a chastened cheerfulness his presence had never before imparted. The memory of that visit is among the most pleasant which our heart has treasured. It was the last time we ever saw him; and we are thankful for the sweet impressions by which it has hallowed his name in our remembrance. That such companionship might long last, were too much to expect from earth: that they will be resumed, constitutes one of the attractions of the world to come.

It is one of the chief excellences of our holy religion, that it extracts good from the ministry of evil, and fastens in the mind convictions of beauty and blessings which shall never perish.

Under its influence, the "the furnace of affliction" radiates genial light. So has a bereft spirit found sustaining hope, while the touching utterances of its widowed grief have lent vigor to the virtue, and solace to the sorrows, of a thousand hearts.

T. P. ABELL.

Middletown, Conn.

THE LITURGY.

The subject of a Liturgy was one that had engaged the serious attention of my husband for many years, and in which both mind and heart were warmly interested. Deeply imbued himself with devotional feelings, and realizing from experience that their legitimate exercise was ever attended with most sanctifying spiritual influences, he was anxious that the services of the sanctuary, whose avowed object is to assist the soul in its devotions, should be conducted in that way which would best subserve that end. Persons too often attend church merely to hear, whereas they should not only hear, but feel; they should not only be acted upon, but act. The minister reads, prays, preaches; the choir sing; the congregation sit or stand—mute spectators. Not that they never feel, not that their spirits never breathe touching responses, not that "acceptable worship" never ascends from repentant hearts—all this is undoubtedly true of some each Sabbath, but would not a service in which preacher and people should *both* unite, not only in spirit but in form, be a healthful and beautiful aid to the devotions of each soul? Would it not tend to bring the two into closer, dearer, holier affinity; would it not bind all as with a living nerve, linking them not only to each other by the most sensitive relations, but sending them as with a common heart to the altar of their God? Would not such a service tend to concentrate the thoughts and feelings more intensely upon the objects of religious worship, and would not such concentration be a healthy and refreshing effort to the soul; would it not deepen, strengthen, multiply its devotional feelings, drawing it nearer the Father and the Son, and baptizing it with holiness? These and kindred questions he had carefully and prayerfully considered, and at length confidently answered in the affirmative.

His last labor in a literary line ere he left me, was the preparation of so much of a Liturgy as would serve to conduct the ordinary public services, and never did I see him happier than while so engaged. I can never forget the evening we sat together reading the proof. His feelings became so intensely engaged, that he almost forgot where he was, reading with as much fervor and solemnity as though engaged in the services of the sanctuary. I can hear his voice even now in the still night hour, as reading in the prayer for the Clergy and the People, "and that they may truly please thee, pour upon them the continual dew of thy blessing," he exclaims "that is *beautiful!* touchingly beautiful!" And the last evening we ever spent together lost half its sadness, from the pleasant circumstance that we were engaged till a late hour in reading the "Liturgy of the Church of Messiah," and so arranging the neat books that they might be safely carried to the expectant people.

I regret exceedingly that the sermon which he preached in Lyons on the afternoon of his first Sabbath ministrations, was not written out fully; as among kindred topics of consideration, he devotes some considerable space to the Liturgy. I give that part of it which relates to this subject, pretty much as I find it in the manuscript. The thoughtful reader can easily carry out the suggestions.

"And I remark, in the first place, that you have sent for me to assist in sustaining the ordinances of Christianity, in their primal integrity and beauty. There are two hurtful extremes into which men run—all form or none at all. It seems hardly possible for some men to think of religion, to have any distinct conception of it, except as it is shrouded in symbols. To their apprehension, religion is summed up in credal forms, liturgies, and sacraments. Every opinion is a formula; every duty is figured in a ceremony, or imaged in a saint. Personal freedom, individual conscience, is submerged in the unalterable rituals of the church—and the acceptable piety consists in the hearty reception and observance of these ecclesiastic prescriptions. This is one extreme; and it cannot fail to exercise an influence, in many regards, unfavorable to the spiritual growth of men. It is conservatism crystallized; and all hope of actual religious progress, from that source, is forever cut off.

"Another class of minds push to the other extreme, and unwisely attempt to repudiate all formalities, all liturgic prescriptions. With them religion lies in a personal consciousness and a corresponding outward morality. Everything must be spontaneous at the time. They have no patience with religious ceremony. They want originality and variety. They cannot see any devotion in a prayer, unless it bubbles freshly up out of the soul at the moment of its utterance. Hence the Lord's Prayer is effete and dull, having passed through the printer's hands, and been repeated by human lips more than eighteen hundred years. Some of this class will not even attend upon the administration of the Lord's Supper, because it is a ceremony, and they cannot see any personal religion in forms. Yet, paradoxical as it may seem, these abolitionists of all Christian forms are themselves among the rigidest formalists in the world. They are even formal in their repudiation of forms. You will see one sect, for example, that deny the religious utility of all forms, who are yet the most formal of men. They think architecture has no business with religion; so they formally build all their houses of worship in the most simple and unmeaning style, without convenience, and utterly unattractive to the eye or heart. They introduce likewise, a religious significance into their dress, and thus carry forms into their daily life, so as to obtrude their religion upon the attention of every beholder. Moreover, their postures in church are always formally the same; and wherever you see them, you will observe the presiding and predominant influence of formalism.

"The truth is, life itself is but a great Liturgy, and every man is a formalist. The business man has his forms—the farmer has his forms—the lawyer—the physician—the mechanic, &c.

"The little child even has its liturgy—its symbols, &c.

"Social life is all made up of forms—the shaking of hands—the bow—the knock at the door—the parental kiss on the lip of the child, &c.

"Now we have our forms: our religion has its liturgy; but you will see that it is not such as to infringe on the proper personal consciousness and moral freedom of the soul. It leads us neither to the one or the other extreme to which I have alluded. It is but the soul's helper in its hour of worship.

"*Objection.*—Forms soon become familiar and lose their interest.

"*Answer.*—1. The interest of *novelty* may give place to the interest of *feeling*. Instance the shaking of hands—the mother

kissing her child—reading the Bible—do these forms from the great Liturgy of Life lose aught of their interest because of daily occurrence?

"2. There is *no avoiding forms.* As a denomination we have always had a Liturgy, though it has not heretofore been written. We have a form of prayer, even when it is extemporaneous—not strictly a denominational one, perhaps, yet every preacher has a form peculiar to himself. Every Church, let it repudiate forms as it will, has and *must* have a form for conducting public worship," &c.

"*Advantages of a Liturgy.*

"1. It exerts a hallowing influence upon us from its venerable associations. Its prayers have come down from the earliest times of the Church—repeated by the lips of the good men of other ages, &c. Here give the origin of many of its forms and speak of the simple and affecting beauty of its prayers.

"2. It renders worship interesting and profitable by making the congregation assist the minister in its performance—gives a social character to worship—kindles devotional interests in the hearts of the people—baptizes their spirits in the rain of grace—binds them together with superhuman ties—draws them with resistless yet holy influences to the Father—while Christ is taken to their bosoms as an Elder Brother, and Heaven longed for as the Home of all, &c.

"3. The strong and ardent attachment which grows up around a Liturgy, binding us to duty and to God. The holiest associations speedily grow up around it—the parent and child use the same form of service—the members of the family though separated, &c. This attachment cannot be broken off—it is linked to the soul by the holiest and most enduring of ties—it will exist while life does—yes, and be one of the most beautiful memories we carry to Heaven, &c.

"How beautiful, how impressive, how imposing the scene of worship in the temple—pastor and people with one heart, one voice, casting their sins on the Mercy-Seat, and praying to be forgiven—offering up their thanksgivings and asking 'the continual dew of God's blessing!'

"Yes, the time is not distant when we shall become strongly attached to the 'Liturgy of the Church of Messiah:' next to the Bible, it will be the most precious thing in the world."

ONE MONTH IN LYONS.

On the last day of the year, 1851, my husband parted from his family and journeyed towards his new home. This is no

place to record that parting scene, and yet I cannot forbear to say that never was there such inexpressible and touching tenderness in his leave-taking as then. "It is only for three months," whispered he to me, about an hour ere he left—"only three months and then I'll come for you." Little did he think that in one month from that self same hour, the sun should shine upon his grave! But I am anticipating. Never was he in better health than on that morning, never were his hopes so strong, his anticipations so brilliant as then. On his way to Lyons, he stopped over one day in Fort Plain to enjoy a visit with his esteemed friend and brother Rev. A. B. Grosh. "Never," says the same, "did I see him in better health—in greater spirits—never so freely joyous in speaking of his plans and prospects, as during the past New Year's day he spent with me here."

He arrived in Lyons on the second of January, and became an inmate of Hon. L. Sherwood's hospitable mansion, a home which not only sheltered him during the few days of health which he enjoyed, but likewise through all the stages of one of the most repulsive and terrific diseases to which humanity is subject. May God reward them for their kindness to the stranger who came to them only to sicken and die. On the fifth, he wrote to me, detailing a pleasant journey, beautiful memories of a happy New Year day, the interesting and deeply impressive services of the Sabbath, the high hopes of his new parishioners, and his own earnest prayers that their joint labors might be crowned with success. His health was good, and but for his anxiety "about his loved ones, far away," he should be happy.

Both discourses on his first Sabbath in Lyons were devoted to the consideration of the mutual duties that devolve upon pastor and people; the text, Acts x. 29. "I ask, therefore, for what intent ye have sent for me." The first was fully written, and I present it:

"My Brethren:—I thank you for the confidence you have reposed in me—for the confidence you have shown in my ability and fitness as a minister of the gospel. I thank you for the cordial partiality you have expressed to me personally, in

sending for me to become your pastor, to take up my abode among you, and share your religious fortunes in this mortal life. It is fitting I should thus, as I am about to enter upon the responsible duties to which you have called me, express the grateful emotions which your Christian behavior has excited in my bosom. While I fully apprehend the onerous character of the duties to which your election introduces me; while at the same time I might have gone where I should have realized a considerably larger pecuniary return from the functions of my office; I still feel that I have ample reasons to thank you, as I now do, both for the high consideration you have shown towards myself, and the persevering interest you have exhibited in the best cause in the world.

"Yet you have not sent for me solely on the grounds of personal regard to myself. You have had other ends in view. You have been moved by considerations of a religious kind. In the good will you have shown me, there blends the ardent hope of religious good, of spiritual welfare. I do not suppose, that all these exertions—all these initial labors—all this matter of expense—are made on my account alone; they have a higher meaning, a nobler significance than simple personal favor. I am glad they have; for they ought to have, and would not be worth much if they had not; and yet I say, I thank you for the responsible and happy relations into which your favorable election has brought us—relations, which I hope in God may prove as permanent as they are to-day felicitous.

"But, my Brethren, you have sent for me; and now I ask for what end? You have called me, and I have come; why have I come? What is the good which you hope to achieve by the connection which is this day consummated between us? Why have you urged, in words of so much warmth, that I should become your pastor? What is the work I have come to do? What is the work you have to do? These are questions, as I conceive, which it will be both proper and profitable for us to consider, and to consider at this time, in order that we may distinctly and fully understand each other as minister and parish, as pastor and people; and thus more happily and effectively do the great business we have before us. I shall therefore in the most plain and familiar manner, in the two discourses of to-day, endeavor to answer the questions just now submitted.

"In prosecuting this design, I remark, in the first place, that you have sent for me *to preach the Gospel.* To preach the simple Gospel—the glorious Gospel of the blessed God. Not the

limiting creeds of men; not the decisions of councils, where passion has swayed, where bigotry has blinded and sad imperfections marred, where majorities, however obtained, determine what the human soul shall believe, or what shall be its destiny. It is from higher authority that my doctrines are to be drawn; from the word of Him who made the soul itself, and who knoweth all that it is, and all that it needs. What the Holy Bible teaches, that I am to speak to you with whatever ability I possess. Its sublime annunciations of God—its awful exhibitions of His majesty—its affecting representations of His paternity—its sweet assurances of His mercy that endureth forever—its corrective utterances of His justice—its overwhelming proofs of His boundless goodness and everlasting love;—its promises which abide throughout all generations, and in their glorious issues stretch out to the consummation of all things;—its threatenings against sin and every work of evil, that are ever swift and sure, coming as vengeance tempered with the benignity of Heaven;—its Divine Savior who spake as never man spake; whose office and whose work relate to every creature, that his salvation may be to the ends of the earth; whose cross is the centre and hope and light of the world; and whose triumph is finally to be the jubilation of the purified and happy universe;—its faith, hope and charity, that triple chain which sweetly links man to God and Heaven;—its universal and special laws of life;—its simple yet sublime duties for the head, the heart, and the hands;—its pathetic portrayals of sympathy for the suffering—its blessed consolations for the sorrowing—its dear, its glorious resurrection for the dying. With such a ministry, human nature is to be respected even while it is reproved for its errors. Its virtues need to be honored and encouraged; its holy pattern of Christ to be perpetually held up for study and imitation;—the benignant Father as the exhaustless source of blessing and hope. In a word, the universal religion of the Bible is to be the object of my study and the theme of my discourse, that I may, by God's grace, help you and this community make it to yourselves a joy and a profit.

"In illustrating and enforcing the doctrines of this religion, you will expect me to lay all departments of knowledge within my reach under contribution. Whatever speaks of God in the world of matter or the world of mind; whatever proclaims His laws and their wise and unerring operations; whatever exhibits the great and instructive lessons of His providence, from the aboriginal denizens in Eden, through all the oscilla-

tions of human history to the last born hour; these will be legitimate subjects of public ministrations, and will be profitable unto the edification of the heart and life.

"You know that I do not come here with a limiting creed in my hands that will circumscribe all the motions of my intellect and heart. I do not stand here as the representative of a crystallized set of opinions, born at Nice or at Dort, and crimsoned with the blood of St. Bartholomew's day or of Michael Servetus. The creed I have for your faith is the Bible, the Bible interpreted by the best light we can gain. It is faith in that Book, in the doctrines therein recorded which God has spoken out of Heaven to His children on earth, that I shall preach to you and this people. I shall invite you to Calvary, to the foot of the Cross—that affecting symbol of God's holy promise to every man; not to Rome, with its hierarchy, its traditions, and its plenary indulgences; not to Geneva, with its 'comfortable' decrees of election and eternal reprobation; not to Wurtemburg, with its one idea of 'justification by faith;' not to Philadelphia, with its inner light and repudiation of forms. All these unquestionably have much that is good in them, much that is drawn from the sacred records, and is profitable unto men; but I shall invite you back of these to Sinai and Calvary, to the teachings of God and Christ, and they upon whom their inspiration fell. In them centre all our interests and our hopes, and to them it shall be our earnest prayer, and our daily labor, that we may all rejoicingly come.

"I am aware that our interpretation of the Bible is here a comparatively novel thing. The people know but little of it. To believe, they must first be instructed. The evidences of our religion must be laid before them. The proofs of God's goodness must be carried home to those who are daily but unsuspectingly living on that goodness. The Bible must be familiarly explained. Much must be done in the way of expository preaching; the difficult must be made plain and the rough smooth. And to these labors I shall endeavor to devote as much time and strength as they shall seem to require, both in the village and the vicinity around us. But to do this work effectually, I shall need not only your sympathy, but your active co-operation. In spreading abroad 'the faith once delivered to the saints,' in making men acquainted with our holy religion, and exciting their interest in it—outside of our place of worship, you may do as much, and even more than myself. I will not stop here to plead with you to come to the work, for if I may judge from the past, I have only to invite you to the labor, and point

out the way, and you will zealously engage in it, which I will do at the service for the afternoon.

"I will remark here, that, since we have set ourselves up as a church, we must maintain the stand we have taken. It is too late now for the second thought; we cannot retreat or give way; we cannot yield our ground for any thing human. The work is begun and must be achieved. There is no such thing as failure; there are no conditions in the case, except those appointed of Heaven. The object we have set our heart on—if we will have it, we shall have it. Will we have it, my brethren?—as surely as Heaven helps the good and well-determined intentions of His children, our prayer and labor shall be answered.

"You have sent for me to stand here in defense of the gospel. I hope that no necessity will arise from the behavior of our Christian brethren, which shall call for much of this kind of work. It is not desirable business, and certainly there can be little pleasure in it. I could wish there would be none of it required. But if occasion demand it, I promise you, that, God willing, I shall be here and prepared for the necessity that shall be laid upon me. We pray that we may be saved from all enemies; but if the enemy comes, we shall not forsake our altar, nor quietly stand by and see it desecrated. I am a man of peace—but not a man of peace at the expense of truth and freedom. Conscience, duty, everything forbids me to be silent, when the cause I most love is publicly abused and trodden under foot of men. No soldier of the Cross, especially no true soldier of the Cross, will do that.

"I must be allowed to say a few words about the advocacy of morality, which would hardly be necessary after what has been said, if as religionists we were not unkindly and bitterly misrepresented in this regard. The impression prevails in communities like yours, that in our ministrations, both in the pulpit and out of it, we give license to sin and unblushingly encourage wickedness; that our preaching may all be summed up in the saying—'all men will be saved, therefore go and sin as much as you please.' Now, my brethren, it is for no such unhallowed purpose that you have sent for me. I have not come to give sanction to any course of wrong, to utter the faintest encouragement to vice and wickedness. Our religion has no blessing for sin, no reward for crime. It has no method of cheating justice or defrauding right. It does not allow its minister to proclaim bounties for iniquity, nor to utter the cry of peace where dwell falsehood and deceit. Hence vice will find in your pastor no

apologist; he will not stand here to tamper with the sacred demands of virtue and holiness upon the human soul. He must either depart from the letter and spirit of his religion, or he must preach the strictest and highest personal and social morality the world has ever known;—for it is certain that no religionist ever made such exhaustive demands upon the duties and virtues of the soul, as Jesus Christ. And it is his ethics that I am to preach to this people. It is what he enjoins upon the man, concerning the condition of both the inner and outer life, not simply in the seasons and places of worship, but in the whole phenomena of existence, wherever the man dwells or holds intercourse with his fellow men.

"And let me say here, that I do not conceive that you have sent for me to be the scape-goat of your sins. You will not ask, you will not expect—knowing as you do what our religion is, and how large are the claims it makes upon us for morality, virtue, uprightness—you will not expect me to be more lenient and apologetic towards your faults, than I shall be towards the errors and mischief of others. You would not thank me to be so, nay I should rapidly sink in your esteem, I should cease to exert the proper office of the minister, if I should cowardly slide away from the open, manly, and patient rebuke of your sins and short-comings as a people. Believe me, God helping me, I shall never desecrate the office to which you have called me, through that weakness. But then I shall study to do every thing according to the Christian rule—that is, to do it in love.

"I have said that you have sent for me to preach the gospel; the question is here pertinent, 'but to whom am I to preach it?' Evidently enough you have not got me here to teach your neighbors and friends alone, though you would be happy to have them share in the benefits of the instruction here given; but you have persuaded me to come to preach the gospel to you. It is with you and for you that I am to labor. But in order that I may do this, you see you have an important duty to perform—you must regularly, faithfully, devoutly, and prayerfully attend upon those ministrations. I say you have a duty in the case; for I hold that it is your religious duty, it is every man's duty, to publicly worship his Maker, and study to learn and do His will. You will always expect to see me in the pulpit on the proper days of worship, and prepared with a lesson for you; shall I expect too much to look for your presence in your seats, to join me in the delightful and hallowing service which our Heavenly Father has graciously enjoined upon His children. Men should go to church to worship, and not

simply to be pleased. And I hope, my brethren, that you will faithfully come around the altar which our religion has now set up in this lovely village, because you love God whose holy shrine it is; and delight in His service because it is His; because you love the truth and will seek it, and all its saving influences, with the whole heart; and not barely because you are drawn hither by the eloquent speech or engaging manner with which you may clothe the minister. In a word, I trust, you will come to church to worship with me as well as to hear me. And since you have elected me your minister, you will be my people, whose happy faces I shall gladly see, and whose voices shall mingle with mine in the anthem, the hymn and the prayer, as the sweet sacrifice whose incense swells to Heaven!

"If we mean to make our religion a blessing to ourselves; if we mean to see it filling the hearts and homes of this community with its divine light and holy peace, we must honor its worship—we must attend upon its sacred ministrations. God blesses those who, by seeking and obeying the truth, bless themselves. Your minister can do little or nothing without you: but if both are heartily united, and work together with commendable zeal, every reasonable success must be achieved."

On the 12th of January, my husband wrote to me again. This letter being the last he ever wrote, and with the exceptions of two brief records in his diary, the last writing he ever penned, I conquer the feelings that have prevented me from inserting his previous ones to myself, and sacred as it is to me, transcribe nearly all of it.

"My Dear Wife,—You cannot easily imagine how my heart sunk within me, when the mail failed on Saturday evening to bring me a message from you. It is now twelve days since I left home, and I have heard nothing from you. I trust you did not wait the reception of my letter before writing. I hope to be blest with one to-night. I pray you not to keep me more than a week without intelligence from home—for the time seems very long when absent from both wife and babies. I know you must have written last week, but write again immediately on the reception of this. My heart is getting impatient. The day will be an age and the night have no end till I hear from you. It is strange how mysteriously the destiny of two beings has become blended.

"As you may well suppose, I have been very busy since my

letter to you—forming acquaintances, making calls, preparing lectures, and running about the town. Yet you may be assured, you and the little ones have filled a large place in my thoughts, and have excited a good deal of solicitude in my feelings. My heart is with you even in the midst of my busiest scenes. * * *

"My good health still continues. I hope you will be careful of yours, and that you and the children will escape all sickness. And don't you work too hard: get along with just as little labor as you can, and if possible recruit your physique. I wish you were as strong as I feel. It would give me unspeakable pleasure to see you healthful, fresh, and vigorous. If we only could have perfect health, we should enjoy life much better in poverty than we could in the midst of plenty. The more I see of human life, the more I am convinced of this great truth. Since my own restoration to health, I find a sensible improvement in the ease and equanimity of my spirits, which will, I hope, prove to your comfort and advantage. Since our happiness is so much dependent upon each, I hope also that you will more sweetly and deeply move me by the constant and more sensible activity of your affections. Do not fear showing your love too tenderly and warmly. I confess I am extremely sensitive to demonstrations of vital and tender affection. You can do almost what you please with me through the agency of that kind of influence or power. I pray you, for the sake of your own happiness, even more than for my own, that you will throw off all restraining diffidence, and use it freely and fully—use it to a much greater extent than you have ever hitherto done. We are happy now; but do you not think we can thus intensify our happiness even to unspeakable felicity? If I appear cold at any time, you know how to kindle my feelings in a moment into the liveliest flame—one dear tenderness—one sweet exhibition of affection—and I am completely under your control. My dear wife, I do hope you will evermore exercise freely and fully this high and beautiful and blessed privilege of your sex and your relation to your devoted husband. I feel it will increase and intensify the pleasures of your life. Need I say more?—can I say more?

"Well, I did not think to run into this train of remark when I began this letter; but it is the frank revelation of my whole heart: I hope you will appreciate me, and that it will do us both good. Do you not believe it will? When you write, tell me how it appears to your own mind and feelings.

"Things here proceed thus far as well as could reasonably

be anticipated: our audiences yesterday were much larger than on the preceding Sunday, and our service better performed. It is very impressive.

"To-morrow evening, I am going out some five or six miles to preach in a school-house. The next day the ladies' Sewing Society holds its meeting, at which of course I must be present. The families I have become acquainted with are very pleasant, and seem much devoted to the good cause. Mr. Sherwood thinks a deep interest is being awakened in behalf of our movement here, and his heart is made joyful by it. A large number of persons attended my lecture last evening, and gave the most undivided attention.

"I hope you will read the Scriptures at the table in the morning, and have the children recite the Lord's prayer at night. I propose, when we get settled in our new home, that we introduce some improvements into the economy of our domestic life. I have been thinking much during the past week of our domestic concerns—something of which I hinted in my first letter—but more of which we must talk over and act upon, when we meet. I hope you will excel me in the endeavor after more intense and palpable forms of happiness. I assure you that much lies with you, though I purpose not to be deficient in any duty which shall contribute to the welfare of ourselves and children. I am sure you will not only reciprocate, but will lead off in the way of perfecting our joys and the welfare of our household.

"I now intend to be home on *Tuesday evening, the 30th day of March.* I would leave a week or two earlier, but I have now begun a course of twelve lectures, and they cannot be finished till Sunday evening, March 28th. A *long* time before I can see you, but perhaps it is all for the best. Yet of one thing I am quite certain—when we get together again, I do not think we will soon get separated as we now are; God knows I love my family too well to be happy anywhere without them. I will confess the truth, that since our marriage I have suffered more in the little I have been separated from you than in all other things put together. More? yes indeed, a thousand times more. God has so made me that I can find my happiness nowhere in this world but in you and our children. The cheerfulness with which you fulfil the duties of the wife, has made you dearer to my affection than you ever were before our nuptials. And so to be away from you makes me miserable. I have tried all my philosophy against it, but it is vain—I am miserable. You are thus becoming more and more a part of myself, without the presence of which life is dreary and bitter.

Your kindness and indulgence, so unqualified and unreserved, make me feel to the very centre of my being, that the principal object of your life is to make me happy—and that to accomplish that object you are willing to do anything which it is in your power to do. I have never *said* so much to you before, C., but I have long *felt* it, and now feel it more deeply and strongly than any human words can express. Oh! C., what infinite obligations of love do you lay me under—the source of the better half of the happiness of my life—tell me how I can give you equal proof of my love to you and it shall be done. You have only to continue to use the wife's prerogative, without limit, to make me the happiest man living. * * * * *

"I put in some brief notes to the children—kiss them all for me. I want to hear how they progress in the school—how you get along alone—I want to know all about you. I have a thousand things rushing into my head and heart, which I want to write to you—but I must defer them. Bless me, I had no idea my letter was so long—but you like long letters!

"You must strive to be just as happy as possible, and God be with thee, my wife and babes, till we meet.

As ever, affectionately,

YOUR HUSBAND.

When my husband left me, he assured me that I should receive a letter every Thursday. On the first and second Thursdays in January, I received the letters of which I have spoken. On the third, I confidently looked for one, but to my surprise was disappointed. But Saturday's mail will surely bring it, said I; and, though somewhat sad, had yet no anxieties. But I was again disappointed. Yet, as my papers assured me that in consequence of the violent storms the western mails were nearly all deranged, I attributed to that cause, and no other, my second disappointment. No thought of sickness or sorrow had yet troubled me, though my heart was very lonely. "On Monday evening, when very calm, I was overpowered with a feeling of sadness, for which I could not account. I seemed at once to be sitting in the shadow of a cloud, dark as midnight; longing, yet dreading to have it roll away, as though I dimly conjectured, there might be sunshine hidden by it, and there might be blacker darkness. I went to my Bible for comfort—(the lesson for the night, and very appropriately too, it after-

wards seemed—was Matthew xxvi.) But the feeling grew upon me till it seemed to be wearing my spirit, or calling it gently but firmly out of the flesh. I could not resist it, but was forced to yield to it. I did not weep; I felt no desire to weep; but seemed, so to speak, to revel in melancholy. Whence was it? What mysterious beings we are!" I have transcribed this extract from the first of the two letters I addressed my husband—alas! after he was already dead! Let it pass without comment.

On the following Tuesday and Thursday, I as confidently as before looked for a message, but on both evenings I was doomed to disappointment. Space is too precious to occupy it with the record of my own feelings, yet bear with me while I say, that had my heart known on Thursday night the solemn truth that he I loved was even then passing away, it could scarcely have endured an agony more intense and harrowing. The agony of suspense was there—how soon followed by the agony of reality. On Friday morning at an early hour a letter was handed to me. It was from Lyons I saw at a glance, and the same glance told me it was not from *him*. "Anything but death," cried my soul as I tore it open; "anything but that!" He was *not* dead! He *was* dead! Even then the grave was closing over his corpse!

The letter was written on the Monday evening previous, January 26th, and was substantially thus:—"On Tuesday, January 13th, Mr. Soule was taken unwell, and continued to grow worse until the Saturday thereafter, when it was discovered that his disease was the smallpox. The eruption then began to appear, and it is now at its full height. He has every prospect of doing well, and from all appearance now will soon recover. He is attended by one of our most skillful physicians, who says the case looks very favorable, and that unless the irritative fever runs very high there will be no danger. Mr. Soule requests me to say to you, not to be alarmed on his account, as he thinks he shall be able to write to you in a few days." * * * *

On Saturday evening I received a second letter, under date 28th:—"His disease has turned, and his physician thinks he

has passed through the most dangerous stage of it, and that he will soon recover. He is evidently getting better, and says he feels very comfortable now, and wishes his friends to give themselves no uneasiness on his account. * * * * I will write you again by day after to-morrow, and by which time I am in hopes he will be beyond all ordinary danger."

On the following Tuesday evening I received a third letter, under date 30th. I extract two paragraphs:

"At nine o'clock on the evening of the 28th inst., when my last communication to you was written, we all believed your dear husband was in a fair way of recovery from his terrible and since fatal disease. His attending physician, a man eminent in his profession, was then by, and gave me, as I have no doubt, sincerely and honestly, the assurances I then expressed. But during the night of the 28th, and the next morning, the irritative fever attendant upon his disease seemed to be exhausting his physical powers, and he seemed much weaker than he had appeared the day and evening previous; and during yesterday and last evening, all medical means known to his attending physician, and to those called in counsel, were made use of to sustain him: and even until nine o'clock and after, last evening, there were still hopes of his recovery. He then complained of being weak, but expressed himself free from all pain. I at this time wrote a description of his situation to send you, but as our mail did not leave until this morning, I have withheld sending it.

"About ten o'clock last evening it was discovered that he continued to sink down, notwithstanding all the efforts of his medical attendants; and he from that time failed rapidly, until about half-past one o'clock this morning, when his spirit left for a higher and better world!"

From the letter in which were given all the particulars of the illness from its first symptom to its fatal termination, I make the following extracts:

"A proper place was selected in the village cemetery south of this place, and his remains were decently and properly interred, between eight and nine o'clock in the morning on which he died. No funeral services were had at his grave, but many an anxious, contrite and humble heart, bowed with deep humility before the Throne of the Most High, while the grave closed over his remains."

"Mr. Soule was, during the whole time of his sickness, and up to the hour of his death, conscious of all that was passing around him. It is true, that until the morning of the 29th he had strong hopes of his recovery; still, he would many times express himself as doubtful how his disease might terminate: and the only anxiety he expressed concerning it, was for you and the dear babes he should leave behind him. He did not at any time express any fears or anxiety on his own account, and he frequently expressed to me, while I was with him, that he had no fears of death; and had, for himself alone, no anxiety how his disease should terminate. He was a great sufferer, in his body, during most of his sickness. But no murmur at his situation or suffering was known to escape his lips.

"It was remarked by all who saw him, and who attended upon him at any time during his confinement, that he seemed to bear his sickness, severe and trying as it was, with more than human patience and fortitude, and gave a triumphant example of the sustaining power of his faith, under all the trying circumstances which he passed through. He seemed to become warmly attached to all the servants who were around him, and particularly to the man whom I had procured to nurse and take care of him, after I was obliged to resign him into other hands. He said to his nurse on the morning of the 29th, that he thought he was sinking and should not recover.

"From that time he was perfectly aware of his danger, and as the day wore away he seemed conscious that his hour was fast approaching. He prayed frequently during his sickness; and during the 29th he frequently, as I am informed, offered up his whole heart and soul, in secret prayer, to his God. Once he prayed audibly during that eventful day. If he was eloquent in the full hour of his strength, O how much more eloquent must he have been in that lone chamber, with only one earthly attendant for a listener, when those lips called upon his God, not only to bless and protect the widow and the fatherless children whom he should leave, but also to bless and protect the family with whom he lived, his friends, attendants, and all who were in sickness and adversity, and finally, the whole world of mankind. Such a prayer, in such an hour, must have been eloquent beyond description. And who can doubt that such a prayer was acceptable at the Throne of the Most High? Who can doubt that it will in due time be answered, in the full sense in which it was made? As the night advanced, he grew weaker, and about the hour of midnight he became unable to

speak. His last audible words were for the Divine blessing upon you and his dear children. After the power of audible speech departed, he seemed to be engaged in prayer to the last moment of his conscious existence.

"Thus died our dear and beloved Pastor and friend, and we claim to sympathize and mourn with you, in this our sad and mutual bereavement."

Thus died he, to love whom was my life; thus died the father of my five little ones;—no friend beside him, no place upon his lips where one could press a kiss. Life has its mysteries, and this is one.

"With silence only as their benediction,
God's angels come
Where, in the shadow of a great affliction,
The soul sits dumb."

"Yet would we say, what every heart approveth,
Our Father's will,
Calling to him the dear ones whom he loveth,
Is mercy still."

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

Mrs. Caroline A. Soule:

My Dear Sister,—I am happy to comply with your request that I would give you a letter of recollections of your departed husband. If you experience as much melancholy satisfaction in reading it, as I do in inditing it, I shall be amply recompensed for my sadly pleasant labor. My earliest knowledge of him was in 1837, at Clinton. We were both students of the Institute and boarders with Br. S. R. Smith. Both of us had previously attended the school, and probably a part of the same term; but with no common boarding-place or recitations we had formed no acquaintance. Br. Smith's family at that time numbered Br. Griswold and several other students, beside us. Brs. Griswold, Soule and myself were all orphans; the first was motherless, all were fatherless, and the last two mainly dependent upon their own earnings for the means of advancement. All of us were members of the same literary society, and with another congenial spirit, we conducted a written periodical which

was read weekly before the pupils of the male department of the Institute, when assembled for composition and declamation. All of us also rejoiced in a common faith, and thus good will insensibly grew up between us, while mutual confidence and love shed a mild, benignant radiance around. In the language of one of our number, "there we enjoyed a communion sealed by no interest save the gratification of the voluntary throes of willing hearts bound with indissoluble ties, and unbiased by any prejudice save that which undissembled friendship and reciprocal esteem always bring."

Br. Soule, as a man and a scholar, and morally, socially, intellectually and in every respect, stood high in the estimation of those connected with the Institute and of his acquaintances in Clinton. His efforts, through the paper with which he was connected, to suppress profanity among the students, which were not entirely unsuccessful, and his uncompromising warfare against vice in all its forms, regardless of all considerations of mere personal policy, displayed that noble frankness, earnestness, sincerity and purity which were conspicuous both in his manner and matter in maturer life. He was an indefatigable student, and while there improved greatly, and obtained an enviable distinction; and if there were any who were his superiors or equals, they were few indeed. His essay on Happiness founded on Moral and Intellectual Improvement, delivered at the Annual Exhibition in 1837, and published in the "Magazine and Advocate," and sundry articles of which he was the author, which appeared in that paper during that and subsequent years, over the signature of Iota, evinced no common order of talents.

During his connection with the Institute, he was one of the most active and efficient members of that then and still flourishing society, the Philotimian, mentioned in his "Biography of Griswold," and to which most of the best students for many years have been attached. In that he was alike distinguished for his wisdom in council, and candor and strength in composition and debate. His essay on Slander before that society, when there was in it no little contention, ill feeling and backbiting, will never be forgotten by any who heard it. Standing upon an impregnable fortress, unaffected by the dashing of the agi-

tated and polluted waters below him, in a cool, collected and deliberate manner, he delivered a plain, pointed, withering, but much-needed production, unsurpassed by any to which that body had ever listened, even in the estimation of those to whom its general declarations clearly applied. Its fearlessness and power drew from many a soul, enthusiastic responses. Its effects were decidedly salutary. At the termination of his studies in the Institute, in February, 1838, he gave a public essay on True Dignity of Character and a Valedictory, both of which were pronounced, not only by the Philotimian Society, which had assigned him the position he occupied, but by the audience, as admirable productions. Among those who chose the ministerial profession, he was then one of the first scholars that ever left that institution, and he afterwards applied himself closely to the study of the classics, the sciences, and the best American and foreign literature.

To Clinton he became strongly attached. He loved to write the name. Concerning his departure, he says soon after, in a letter to me, "believe me, when I tell you that I never left a place with more reluctance. Whether any persons still remaining there had any attachment to me I cannot tell; but sure I am that it was hard to bid them all a last farewell. My efforts to suppress the parting tear were almost ineffectual. It seemed like severing the ties of kindred to launch upon the tempestuous ocean of life, friendless and alone. 'But 'tis finished'—but I think it will never be forgotten in full, though time may efface it in part from my memory. Thus passeth the world."

After visiting his friends in Euclid, and spending a few weeks in study while recovering from an attack of the quinsy, with which he had been so distressingly and dangerously ill while there a year before, that it "brought him near the confines of the two worlds," he came to Oxford, and with Br. Griswold and myself, boarded with David Brown, Esq. He considered him and his amiable family as among the best people he ever knew, and there he spent many happy hours. After leaving there, he wrote, that a residence with them "was second to no place on earth but home," that "they had a choice corner in his

heart," that he "would go farther to see them than almost any persons living," and that "while memory performed her office they would not be forgotten." "Br. Brown," continued he, "has been to me what no other layman has, and Sister Brown what no other woman has—I mean deeply devoted and unchanging friends. I *know* I am not mistaken—gratitude shall be theirs for ever. Others there are whom I have entered on my list, but lo! like Ben Adhem's name, theirs lead all the rest." He ever exercised toward them that thankfulness which was an element of his nature.

In November, 1837, a change came over the spirit of our beloved brother—no change of heart—for that was already pure and heavenly—but a change of purpose—a change of employment for the brief space allotted him on earth. He abandoned the project of entering the profession of law for that of the Gospel. He sighed no longer for *riches*, *greatness* or *fame*; he only desired to be useful in the highest of holy callings. He sincerely aimed to promote the cause of humanity; to comply with the righteous requirements of God; to labor in the vineyard of his Master. His soul yearned to herald the glorious tidings of a world's salvation; to enlist under that broad banner of love which floats free and wide "as the divine radiance that burns from the throne of heaven." *He desired to spend his life, his all, in ameliorating the condition of his fellow travelers to the land of spirits. And Jehovah pointed out to him the* MEANS *to pursue and directed him in the* PATH *to travel.* In increasing human happiness, in doing the will of the Parent of the Adamic family, he felt assured he should find his sweetest enjoyment in life and firmest consolation in death.

The place where and some of the circumstances under which Br. Soule's determination to preach was formed, are thrillingly described in the "Biography of Griswold." December 7th of that year, he wrote me as follows:—"Br. G., I have a secret (if secret I may call it) to reveal to thee. As yet there is but one bosom beside my own that knows it, and that is W. H. Griswold's. I will tell it to you on this condition; that you keep it within your own little *firm*. It is a conclusion to which I have come since I last wrote to you. But it is not a rash one

by any means—it is the result of long and candid deliberation and mature reflection—a fair deduction drawn from valid premises. It is, Br. G., no less than this all-important one. I have determined what course of life I shall pursue. Yes, the blow is struck—and what think you it is? Oh! no less than that of the——can I utter it? it is a big-with-meaning-word—but here it is, the "PREACHER'S." What think you of this? is it for good or for evil? Speak freely, and plainly, and soon." How my heart leaped for joy when my chosen companions, Brs. Griswold and Soule, hand in hand with me on earth, resolved to press on and on, and still on, until a world reviewed their lives and blessed their labors. I loved to toil in *such* a vineyard and with *such* companions.

Br. S. commenced his labors as a Gospel teacher in Oxford, in the desk in which Br. G. and myself delivered our first public messages in that capacity, the former a few weeks, and the latter a few months before. It was the morning of May 6th, 1838. His text was Mark 1, last clause of the 15th verse. His discourse was very creditable, but he labored under extreme embarrassment. It was heard by the congregation with interest. He did not address that audience again until Nov. 25th, P.M., when he spoke profitably on Divine Goodness. He again supplied them April 28th, P.M., of the succeeding year; and subsequently, in the course of that season, before his departure from that place, he preached to them ten sermons; and one afterwards, in Sept., 1840, at a Conference at which I was ordained.

While residing in Oxford, he proclaimed Salvation in Greene, Colesville, Bainbridge, Guilford, and probably other towns. He received Fellowship at the annual meeting of the Chenango Association at North Norwich, Sept. 6th, 1839, and thus formally became connected with the Universalist ministry.

Upon entering upon the sacred duties of his profession, Br. S. was not as well prepared as could be desired. His knowledge of science generally was more extensive than of theology. Pecuniary circumstances urged him forward. Dec. 23d, 1844, he wrote me as follows:—"Seven years ago next April I was in Oxford with but one shirt to my back, and two or three dol-

lars in my pocket, and had never preached a sermon. How little we know of the future! What will come next I cannot tell; I must wait. And what scenes I have passed through since that time." Br. S. R. Smith, who ever manifested the deepest interest in his welfare, for some time had endeavored to influence him, directly and through me, to become a minister, and speedily commence his labors. Br. Griswold and myself, if possible, were still more anxious to induce him so to do; all believing that his services would be the most valuable in that vocation, and fearing that he might otherwise choose another profession. We soon succeeded. He sometimes regarded the step as premature, and in that respect regretted it. In a letter dated Fort Plain, May 11th, 1840, he says: "Of —— you speak in flattering terms, and for aught I know he well deserves the praise you bestow upon him. But for his sake do not set him to preaching until he has got his mind pretty well stored with useful knowledge. It will save him much mental suffering in after life. My ignorance is to me the source of my greatest misery; and I am frank to confess that I suffer not a little from this cause. Oh! could I live my life again, how different the course I would pursue! Could such be the case, I would never raise my voice as a preacher of "the blessed Gospel and everlasting," until I had treasured up *vastly* more knowledge of all kinds than I ever yet possessed. How desirous boys are, and how common is it for them to begin to teach before they have ever learned."

And under date of Hartford, Ct., August 26th, 1846, he writes: "I yet remember my first sermon in your church, and how some folks thought I would never succeed; and I wonder not they thought so, for I was most miserably disciplined in everything requisite to the making of a sermon." And in the same he says: "I am making some pretty serious efforts at a little improvement, which as you well know is greatly needed. I am subjecting myself to a course of the severest study. History, philosophy and geology, are what I have labored at most since last September. At present I am busy with John Foster, the great English Essayist, a severe original thinker, and withal a Universalist. I hope a few years will mend some of the de-

fects in my information, thinking and style of writing. I have just got myself a grand copy of Shakspeare, in seven super-royal octavo volumes, fine paper, and magnificent type. In my esteem it is next to the Bible." And again he writes: "Popularity as a speaker, in this age, can only be attained by study and judicious practice. Native talent alone is not sufficient; it must be cultivated. 'The grandeur of power must be clothed with the beauty of the rainbow.'"

Much of the time while in Oxford he was afflicted with poor health, and its physical and mental influence frequently deprived him of that energy and power so necessary to his success. Of this he was well aware, and no person could be more thankful for an improvement in this respect than he appeared to be. A few months after his departure for Fort Plain, Dec. 2d, 1839, he says: "At present my health is good—the best I have been blest with these many months: and if ever one fellow was grateful it is I. In times past I have hardly been myself either in body or mind. I am not fully so yet, but am so much nearer that I call myself *well*. So great is the difference, that I can preach three discourses with less fatigue than I used to feel after preaching one. One discourse now affects me not at all. My sermons, however, are short, seldom exceeding thirty-five minutes, and not often thirty." Feb. 12th, 1841, he thus commences a letter: "Br. Goodrich, *I yet live;* and I am happy to add, that I live in the enjoyment of good health—a blessing which past experience, I believe, induces me justly to appreciate. I never enjoyed better health than I do at the present time; and I certainly never felt more grateful."

His extreme diffidence was also a formidable barrier to his generally receiving that warm commendation his sterling merits and estimable character so richly deserved. He was sometimes discouraged and mortified, and feared that he had mistaken his calling; and he would say with Br. Griswold, "if my usefulness is upon the heath, or in some retired spot, and not in the desk, then it is with cheerfulness that I shall seek an asylum, free from the perplexing cares and constant bustle of public life, where I can turn my thoughts within and feast *there*,

until dust shall return to dust, and a weary spirit to God who gave it."

Neither of us at that time owned a conveyance, and the expense of procuring one to his appointments, which were distant from ten to more than twenty miles, was frequently exorbitant, and his services were generally poorly, and sometimes not at all compensated. Most of the places in which he labored for a stipulated sum, foolishly neglected to fill the subscription, until his services ended. As is usual in such instances, but few would pay anything; and they were unwilling, if not unable, to raise the amount specified; and much of it, little as it was, he never received. In a letter he wrote me after his removal to Fort Plain, he says of the friends in one of those towns: "What I told you I thought of doing, I did. I told them *plainly* if they could live and prosper with it, poor as I was, I COULD live without it. * * * If a man needed neither food nor clothes, and could sleep in the field with mother earth for a bed, a stone for a pillow, and the canopy of heaven for a covering, to *such* a people he would be the one to preach till his legs wore out and failed to transport him. With such a management they cannot prosper; *indeed they ought not to prosper*, and would to God they would look at Norwich* and learn a lesson; nay more, read their fate.

If anything will make a man a misanthrope, it is such treatment at the hands of professed friends; and my only wonder is there is not more such among our preachers. It is a strong argument in favor of our sentiments that they remain as philanthropic as they do."

It is but just to say that nearly all the societies in that section were then otherwise supplied, and he usually lectured where there were not many Universalists, and they were unorganized. "It is not thus with all Chenango," wrote Br. S., more than twelve years ago, much less is it so now. But while in towns around them societies and meeting-houses have arisen, in those he censured, his prediction has proved true to the very letter.

* A large and flourishing village, where one of our societies for years greatly prospered, but was finally utterly prostrated by similar and worse management.

Certain ruin will follow such neglect of duty and laxity of principle. Would that all the recipients of our faith could see it, and the misery and inseparable injury it inflicts upon our ministers, in time never again to be guilty of it.

Br. S. felt that "the laborer was worthy of his hire"—of a decent living—and that something more than "come again" was indispensable to his comfort and support. Such treatment, equally liable to be manifested in such places toward experienced teachers, with physical debility or slow disease, and like pecuniary disappointments, sometimes checked that cheerfulness and companionable sociability which was one of the beautiful elements of his being; and, except under imperative necessity, or in answer to some inquiry, caused expressive silence to reign around. Gloom would hang over him for a few hours, or a day or two, and in some instances much longer. It did not make him morose or unkind. It was not a very frequent visitor—seldom, if ever, troubled him when he was in the enjoyment of fair health and ordinary prosperity, but at other times, too often sadly tinged his countenance, and so changed his demeanor as to excite the sympathy of all who saw and loved him.

Such treatment induced serious apprehension in him that he should never succeed, but be an unprofitable servant and injure the cause he had espoused. It inclined him to gaze too frequently upon the darker side of futurity. He realized that to undertake to eradicate error and sow the seeds of truth, was a great responsibility. But he never distrusted the goodness of the cause, which carries joy, peace, happiness, and contentment, to the human bosom, and makes earth heavenly and man celestial. He never doubted the nobleness of the calling, the excellence of the ministry, or the great reward of proclaiming salvation far and wide, and of so living that the world might safely pattern after the devout servant of grace. In the fullness of his soul, he felt that "*God is love*," and mature reflection satisfied him that he was set for the defense of that holy, heart-cheering Gospel, and therefore he ceased to shrink from the labor imposed upon him. He said, "we are destined to see better times than these; so go on, my friend, and I am with

you." He concluded not to lie sluggish on the stream of circumstances and float with the onward current toward the ocean of eternity—not to be like most of the world, mere "*children of circumstance*," but one of the rare few, born to create circumstances.

But such cold and cruel neglect led him to believe that there were few, if any, who valued his services, or thought it possible for them ever to be greatly beneficial, and that therefore he must make mighty efforts, or this impression could never be removed. Nor did better days, at least for years, satisfy him that that opinion had not been generally entertained. Hence, when elated with success, though not unnaturally or unduly so, after he had engaged to preach in Troy, he wrote me as follows:

"You are right in supposing Troy as a location preferable to Clinton. The society is large and infinitely more zealous, and they will give a much more comfortable salary—a salary, indeed, which will enable me to live aboveboard. But who dreamed, when I preached my first sermon in Oxford in the spring of 1838, that in the fall of 1841, I should be a settled pastor in a city of 21,000 inhabitants, and over a society embracing about one hundred families? I confess, Br., that I was not vain enough to hope even half so much in twice the length of time—nay, I did not dream that I should ever be a city preacher. And you, Br., when you heard my first sermon, thought it very problematical if I ever succeeded as a preacher—you were disappointed in my first effort—and I know you set it down as impossible for me ever to become a popular speaker. I am not so yet, but I have now gone beyond what you then thought I could ever reach. But, Br., *labor* will accomplish almost anything; and if my health be spared, it shall yet accomplish much for me. I confess that I am somewhat ambitious, so much so, that I am resolved to be no commonplace preacher, who is compelled to run all over creation for a livelihood. I am well aware, however, that with my natural abilities, it is labor alone that can elevate me in an intellectual point of view; but I repeat, I only ask for health—if God be pleased to grant me this—the labor shall be performed. You may think me vain on this subject—I cannot think so exactly—I have, as you to some extent know, struggled my way thus far through an ocean of difficulties. Favoritism has never fallen to my lot; and if any favor I have ever had shown, I have worked up to it,

for no man has ever stooped to show me any. When I needed help and encouragement, the world had none to vouchsafe me, but as soon as I had fought my way out where I could help myself, then the world could begin to treat me with kindness. Few mortals have seen darker days than I; and if I am ever so happy as to bask in pure sunshine, I shall have the rich reflection to console me, that I have brushed the dark clouds away with my own hand."

What is said upon the point previously introduced, and the other ideas contained in the above extract, though some of them (unintentionally no doubt) are rather exaggerated, are not without interest, and hence are quoted. His manner was, in most respects, easy, graceful, and pleasing. He displayed a great admiration of the beautiful, lovely, and picturesque, in nature, and thence he often drew profitable similes and illustrations. His matter was always good, instructing, interesting, and devotional, and generally in his written, and when not unusually embarrassed, in his extemporaneous sermons, his arrangement was unexceptionable. But extreme diffidence hung heavily and injuriously upon him; and in efforts of the kind last named, sometimes prevented as much concentration of ideas as was desirable. Though not always equal to my expectations, yet I never seriously doubted his ultimate success. In a thoroughly pathetic discourse he sometimes excelled, and produced most powerful effects. In two or three instances, his hearers spoke of being swallowed up in an ocean of tears. At such times, he exceeded his most sanguine expectations, and such efforts nearly prostrated him for several days.

He was far above everything that was low and vulgar; and when assailed by such weapons, as he not unfrequently was, he would reply in a manly manner, with little or no reference to the character of the attack. In his own words, he "would never stoop to the ditch merely for the sake of throwing mud upon one who thought it no disgrace to do so before him." He was humble and meek in his feelings and ways, both in public and in private. Pedantry and pride, ostentation, pretension, and affectation, were to him unknown. He detested hypocrisy, pitied unbelief, despised transcendental semi-infidelity, when it

professed Christianity, and firmly believed in the Christ of the Bible. At the same time, independent himself, he was the advocate of mental freedom. His mantle of charity was broad as the wide extended universe, and yet it embraced within its ample folds nothing mean, corrupt, or vile. It would regenerate, not *palliate* nor *excuse*. He desired to make Universalists, whose religion would reach not only the intellect but the affections of the heart. He possessed the innocence of the lamb, and the simplicity of the child. Void of pomp as a speaker, with voice and gestures considerably resembling that departed but sainted brother, S. R. Smith, with strong feelings, visible not unfrequently in the tear that trickled down his cheek, and with a sound judgment and sublime and cultivated imagination, nature had indeed been partial to him—but where could her gifts have been better bestowed? And in these respects he did justice to her bounties and the cause of truth. But his eloquence was marred, his ability by many underestimated, and his effectiveness and profitableness greatly weakened, by that exceeding embarrassment which stifled the Roman force and energy his soul possessed. His final success shows what zeal, patience, and perseverance can accomplish under great discouragements and difficulties, and presents an example well worthy our imitation. For after a long and arduous struggle, in the prime of life, he had attained no ordinary position as a speaker and writer, and had he been spared but a few years longer, would have acquired a truly enviable distinction. But the work which was unfinished on earth, let us trust will be completed in Heaven.

And now, sympathizing deeply with you in your bereavement, and rejoicing that your faith was all sufficient for the hour of trial, I am as ever,

Yours in Christian Faith,

J. T. GOODRICH.

Canton, N. Y., July, 1852.

Mrs. Caroline A. Soule:

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I cheerfully contribute what may be in my power towards the completion of the portrait of your lamented husband; and I do it both as a fraternal offering to the

memory of our brother, and as the expression of a wish that his worth may be better known and appreciated. In giving my recollections of him, I shall speak first of his mind and acquirements.

The intellect of Br. Soule, as far as our intercourse enabled me to judge, was remarkably symmetrical, equal and even in its development, and so quiet in its workings, that its efficiency was not apparent except to those who knew him well.

I do not mean to say that it was colossal in its structure, or as vast in its reach of thought as many others, or as marked for its originality and creative power. But it was well balanced, calm, and strong, patient in its application, and, if I may use the expression, finished in its make, and playing with perfect precision and smoothness.

The subjects of his thought and labor, were always wisely chosen, generally with reference to his mental peculiarities, and the estimate he put upon his own powers. And I think all who have read what he has written, will witness that his subjects were treated with equal ability and good taste, and that whatever he attempted to do he did well.

He was singularly felicitous in his observation and delineation of character; and his exhibitions of the various and shifting phases of human life and experience, are among the most agreeable and instructive contributions to our denominational literature. He evidently walked the paths of life with his eyes and his heart open; and his insight into character, his analysis of motives, his separation of the virtues from the pretensions, and the vices from the weaknesses of human nature, revealed the clearness and discipline of his mind, and the diligence with which he had used his opportunities. Yet this intellectual penetration, and this kind of knowledge, never seemed to me to be thrust forward for display, but to come in very naturally as the demand of the subject, and the necessity of the lesson he was seeking to enforce.

As respects his scholarly acquirements, my impression, since my more frequent intercourse with him, has been that they were greater than even his friends generally supposed. In certain departments of English literature, or more correctly, per-

haps, in certain departments of thought and study, he had read much more extensively than appeared in his conversation, or in his writings. He was accumulating a capital for future use; and I doubt not if he had lived to accomplish the literary labors he had in contemplation on his removal to Lyons, we should have seen more fully the extent of his industry, and the wealth of his acquisitions, in this sphere of his efforts.

I know, from my own acquaintance with him, that he had large materials gathered from reading, from study of man and nature, and from observation of life under all its aspects, which he had not used either in preaching or writing. And the more I saw of him in this department, the more I learned to respect his ability and knowledge, and to feel that it needed only favorable circumstances to make him far more widely useful both as a minister and as an author.

I deeply regret, on behalf of his many friends, as well as my own, that his sudden departure should have left his contemplated works only planned, and have deprived us of his years of study and observation. Those who have read "Ellen, or Forgive and Forget," and held converse with "Schoolcraft Jones," will be able to judge how much we have lost in the unused materials which had been gathered by long and diligent application, and which were to have been wrought up into the projected volumes. Many a lesson that would have done us all good, must now be forever unwritten. May those already given us, and the example of a pure and good life, for this reason be the more faithfully appropriated in thought and purpose and action.

I wish now to add a few words respecting the social qualities of our brother. Those who knew him best will join in testimony to his kindly heart, the mild and amiable temper of his disposition, his gentleness of manner, his warm but not obtrusive sympathies, and the genial glow and pleasing interest of his conversation, especially when on a subject which interested him, and with those whom he trusted and loved. He had not the careless rapidity of utterance, or the flash and sparkle of thought and imagination, which belong to some of your great talkers, holding all who hear in a kind of bewilderment or magnetic trance. But his conversation was marked with an order

of thought and a precision of language which always made it profitable; and when he had thoroughly entered into his subject, you found yourself unconsciously listening very attentively, and sometimes as he grew warm and earnest, you began to feel that he was eloquent both in the matter and manner of his speech.

At times his addresses in Conference Meetings, and on other occasions, partook largely of this conversationally-eloquent spirit. I well remember, as do all who heard it, an extemporaneous address of this kind, delivered at a Communion service in the Church of the Restoration in Brooklyn. I was deeply interested and moved, and while I listened I felt that he had revealed from within him a new element of power, and that my heart was the better for the use he had made of it. And I am sure no one went from that communion table without feeling that what had been spoken had made it good for us to be there.

In his pastoral relations, and in his visits among his friends, the social qualities of Br. Soule made an impression which, in many places, secured for him pleasant and grateful memories. I find among many of the people of this city, where he spent some time previous to my return, that he is remembered with very kind and affectionate feelings. And in those families where he spent most of his time, he made for himself large place in the hearts of the children, who still remember his efforts to amuse them, and the many pleasant stories he told.

Thus have I given you, my dear sister, as briefly as possible, my recollections of the intellectual and social qualities of your departed companion. I do not wonder that you, who knew him so well, should have loved him so truly and tenderly. With a mind so well stored, and so happy in the use of its acquisitions, with a heart so full of gentle and generous sympathies, so worthy of respect, so amiable in manners, so gifted in conversation with those in harmony with him, he must have made the years you lived with him as serenely pleasant and happy as the memory of them is sacred and beautiful.

And now, with renewed thanks to you, for the good you

have done me by your example of faith and resignation—or, rather let me say, of triumph over so terrible a sorrow, I remain

Yours, in Christian Faith,

T. B. THAYER.

Lowell, Mass., April, 1852.

Thus have we faintly shadowed the life and labors of one, who in the strength and pride of his manhood, in the summer of his soul, was clothed with immortality. Faintly shadowed, I say, for all his daily and nightly toil, God and his own heart only knew; while the exceeding beauty of his spiritual nature, while it could be intensely felt by the few to whom he revealed it fully, can never be written or estimated. I, who saw deepest into his mind, who was nearest to his heart, can truly say, that with my love was blended a reverence that was akin to worship. And, with each successive year of life, this beauty became more perfect and palpable. The last two years he spent with me were years of unalloyed happiness. Sickness and trial had given a heavenly tone to his feelings; and, with returning health, life assumed a divinity in its aspect, which called for the purest and noblest endeavors for realization. I was not unfrequently startled by the more than human purity of his thoughts and aspirations, and trembled at the intense ecstasy of feeling with which he portrayed the joys that should be ours in the years to come. As I look back, I can see clearly that his spirit, in his yearnings after a holy and happy life on earth, and its constant and earnest endeavors to realize it, was preparing for the change that was so sadly, so suddenly, and yet so gloriously to lift it from earth to Heaven. I was conscious, too, ever after my anxiety for his health was dissipated, of a happiness in our home that was too perfect to endure. Trial of some nature, I felt, must and would come; for though the joy of my heart was perfect, its discipline was feeble—life had become "as the days of heaven upon the earth."

Perhaps I shall be thought a faithless biographer, if I do not speak of his faults. Be it so then. It is only the true, the good, the beautiful of our nature that lives eternally. Our errors belong only to earth, and when the grave closes over the corpse,

it should close over them. If any think it would profit their hearts to recall and remember them, let them do it. As for myself, the remembrance of one virtue exerts a more chastening influence upon my spirit than would all the sins of which his human nature was ever guilty. He had faults; not many, but some, and no one could have been more sadly sensible of them than was he—and I doubt if any ever strove more untiringly to conquer them; or, in doing so, more perfectly succeeded.

As a minister, I believe he was faithful, and I know he was conscientious in the discharge of all the onerous duties that devolved upon him in that capacity. His labors in this line may be thus briefly summed—he preached seventeen hundred and forty-one times—solemnized one hundred and forty-seven marriages, and attended three hundred and ninety-eight funerals. He was not one to treasure up old sermons, or avail himself very frequently of past efforts. Every time he removed to a new location he made a bonfire of all but his best manuscripts. None of the sermons which he preached in Oxford and Fort Plain were in existence at his death, and of all that he preached in Troy, Clinton and Utica, but three remain. When he was removing to Granby, a friend remarked to him, "if you burn all your poor sermons, you will have good ones enough to last you as long as you remain there." "Yes," answered he, "I do not expect to sermonize much for a year," yet of all he preached here, but six had been previously delivered, and three of them were entirely re-written. Full one-third his efforts were extemporaneous, and in my own opinion many of his best and most successful ones were such. Though his views of this style of preaching altered toward the close of his life, yet I doubt if he would ever have followed it entirely. He was never satisfied with his extemporaneous discourses. They ever in his own opinion lacked that artistic finish, which the constitution of his mind demanded of such efforts. But whether he wrote his sermons or not, he with rare exceptions devoted to them much time and study.

He always preached the Gospel; not one idea of it, but the Gospel in its most comprehensive sense. He was doctrinal always, and frequently very strongly so, but he was seldom

controversial. He loved better to preach truth than to battle error, though like a true soldier of the Cross, he was ever ready to fight, and did so when necessary to defend his cause. There was nothing like worldly policy in his sermonizing. What he believed to be true, to be right, he would utter; what he felt ought to be preached, he would preach, let the consequences be what they might. "He did not refrain from reprobating intemperance, because one of his deacons owned a distillery; nor war, because another had a contract for supplying the army with muskets; nor slavery, because one of the great men of the village slammed his pew door, and left the church with a grand air, as much as to say, that all that sort of thing would not do, and the clergy had better confine itself to abusing the sins of the Hindoos, and let our domestic institutions alone." "He did not so much denounce vice as inculcate virtue; he did not deny, but affirm; he did not lacerate the hearts of his hearers with doubt and disbelief, but consoled, and comforted, and healed them with faith."

In the devotional exercise of prayer, he possessed rare felicity and power. He was always impressive, and frequently rose to sublimity. He had a faculty of suggesting, in the most forcible manner, vastly more than he said, and made the listener feel it as deeply as himself.

As a reader of hymns, allow me to say, he had few superiors. I have frequently heard it remarked by his parishioners, that "they had rather hear *him* read a hymn, than to hear some men preach a sermon." Yet this talent was not a natural one, it was the fruit of long and laborious culture, and attainable, he was wont to say, by all.

His religion was no cold speculative system of theology; it was a beautiful, living, inspiring faith. God was his Father, and Christ his Elder Brother. He never doubted that if a man die he shall live again, and he felt to the very centre of his heart, that his final destiny is that of holiness and happiness. The Bible was to him the holiest of books, and all the cant of modern days as to its authenticity, disturbed his faith in, and reverence for it, not a jot or tittle.

His piety was natural, fervent, and practical. It had its root

in the love of God, and was manifested through a simple and consecrated life. It was beautiful and heavenly—in close imitation of the piety of Christ his Master. It was seen in his sweet, childlike, and unfaltering trust in God;—his unstudied spontaneous devotion; his active good-will towards his fellow-men; his sterling integrity; his unremitting fidelity in the cause of religion; his active benevolence and practical daily charity; his whole character and the moulding spirit of his life. His piety was of that pure and lofty kind which you could feel when in his presence, and which won your esteem and reverence. It made it a pleasure to be with him, while it threw a welcome sanctity over life, and imparted new lustre to the hopes of the race. I believe his daily life did almost as much for the cause of Universalism as his preaching.

In his family, more than elsewhere, he revealed the great riches of his nature. As a son and brother, he was devoted, exemplary and noble, whose filial and fraternal love nothing could chill, and whose duty was sacred to the latest hour of life. As a father, none could prove himself more affectionate, tender, and faithful, nor fill his house with a richer harvest of the virtues and sanctities which beautify and bless the human home. As a husband—I am writing necessarily with a chained heart and must only say, I would not have had him other than he was,—he never gave me sorrow till he died. And thus, the divinity of his life, and the truthful morality of his preaching shone brightest around his own fireside—where first of all, and most of all, a man's character and spirit ought to reveal their essence and develop their power.

My sadly pleasant task, my labor of love, is finished. Though an humble, it is yet I believe a faithful memorial, of my sainted husband—far from being so perfect or enduring though as that which lives in the memory of those who knew and loved him. Such as it is, accept it in the spirit of charity. All along, it has known the baptism of tears, and now receives the prayer of thanksgiving blended with that of hope, that feeble as it is, I have been spared to complete it, and that the faith which sustained him through life, and was triumphant in death, may be ours when we go to meet him.

Granby, July 5, 1852.

REV. H. B. SOULE.

BY. D. K. LEE.

A GENTLE shepherd from his fold was borne,
O sainted SOULE, when Death made prize of thee!
And grief filled thy blest circle here, and we,
With fond ties sundered and affections torn,
Our sad bereavement unsubmitting mourn.
Yet Faith springs blooming from it like a tree,
And as in glimpses God's design we see
Through dark clouds gleaming, we are not forlorn;
But know thou keep'st thy holy office still,
And find'st in Heaven a loving flock to tend;
Or may'st, perhaps, o'er many a lonely hill
Of this wild earth, on heavenly errands wend,
To bear glad tidings of the Father's will,
Or to the lost an angel's guidance lend.

AN ADDRESS,

DELIVERED AT THE ERECTION OF THE MONUMENT TO THE MEMORY OF REV. WILLIAM HENRY GRISWOLD, AT DUDLEY, MASS., OCTOBER 15, 1845.

BRETHREN AND FRIENDS,—The worthy should ever be held in remembrance. In this world, the good man is a blessing that should not be forgotten. They who spend their lives in earnest labors for virtue, for humanity, for God, are high examples, which our memories and affections should assiduously cherish. Piety that has lived, spotless and beautiful, amidst the temptings and workings of sin, should be deeply graven on our hearts. When amongst us there rises a sincere lover of truth; who faithfully follows her teachings through whatsoever trials and penalties; who smites and is ready to be smitten for her sake; who will stand for God's love, fearlessly and nobly, or will stand nowhere; who, mighty in faith, in defiance of all physical weaknesses, is mighty in the works of the spirit; who, through the long warfare of passion, exhibits the true character of moral heroism, ever coming off complete victor in the end; when such notable one appears, and, having done his task, passes away, a record should be made of him that will transmit his spirit and life to the coming generations. No matter how the record be made, so that it effectually be made—whether in books, or in marble monuments, or on the characters of the living, who felt the genial beams of the sun while he was passing through the heavens, and gazed on his glorious setting:—but that it be done, all human interests demand. Living in the midst of so much vice, so many temptations, and under the dominion of such various only half disciplined passions, all the aids which the lives of good men can furnish, are quite needful to keep our hearts right and our actions holy. Daily we need to be reminded, that there have been, and are, such beings, actually, as good men and true. Hence, Christ

left us his life and character, his example of every-day right living—adding thereto an institution very simple and plain, whose magic lies in two ordinary symbols—to keep our memory of him alive and active, and to help us to follow in the way of truth. He would have us think often of him—sincerely commune with him—truly learn of him—to the end that we may be submissive children in every affliction, and victors in every sin-struggle—not fleeing temptation, but conquering it—not courting trial, but enduring it with the calm majesty of conscious innocence.

So the occasion which has called us together here, seems to require that the theme of our discourse shall be, the Life and Character of WILLIAM HENRY GRISWOLD, your late pastor and our mutual friend. But this, to me, is a theme somewhat embarrassing. Having just published a small volume on this same subject, I cannot hope to present you anything entirely new at this time. Perhaps, however, this feeling is improper; for we have not assembled here to discuss new topics, but to embalm the memory of a dear friend—to hold our last public conversation and communion with him—and to receive the last lesson he will probably ever give us. And so, relying on your indulgence, I shall only aim at impressing on your memories and hearts, as well as I may be able, a few of the most prominent facts in the history and character of our departed brother.

It was amidst circumstances very unfavorable to intellectual and moral culture, that Mr. Griswold was bred. In the forest of a new section of the country, and along the streams that wind their way, murmuring, beneath the perpetual shadow of lofty trees, he spent most of the idle hours of his childhood. Here he learned to love nature. Flowers, in their wild witchery, laughed him into fondness for them; and flowers he ever afterward admired. By the exercise which he here enjoyed, and the labor to which he was subjected on his father's farm, he developed a manly frame, of which he was but too proud. Generally, it is no disadvantage to the man for the early part of life to be spent in the country, away from the noise, and dust, and foolish fashions and vices of the city, where the fresh, health-giving air comes laden with the sweets of the woods

and the meadows, and amidst the plain habits and rugged virtues of its simple life. It gives stamina to the constitution and healthful vigor to all the faculties. These blessings Mr. Griswold enjoyed to an eminent degree, being tall, handsomely proportioned, strong and active. In his youth he delighted in feats of physical strength and agility. And more, he was ambitious to excel. He would be first, and best at all times. Deeply mortifying to his feelings it was, to hear it said, you are second on the list this time; and never would he confess it so long as he had strength enough to make another trial.

This ambition, this ignoble pride, was the original or primary cause of all the physical evils which fell to his lot. God's hand, however, was back of it with a great purpose. But so far as our actual vision goes in tracing cause and effect, this proud ambition appears to be the origin of all his wo, and so we set it down. As yet, however, nothing notable occurred. He went furiously on with his wild ambition burning within him. Still it were unjust to him, to think this was all. Doubtless he sometimes felt, that the objects of his ambition were base and unworthy, that his appetences did not become his mind and heart. Occasional flashes shot across his mental heavens, intimations of a higher destiny than the mere triumphs of bone and muscle—of a strife in which he should do battle for truth and humanity. Such prophecies there are ever in all true men's lives—such foreshadowings of the future. Whence they come, and how, they cannot tell; but they come suddenly, and, like the summer lightning, that for a moment breaks out and trembles on the fringe of the evening cloud, they quickly vanish, leaving shadowy visions of a something yet to be. What trials, what awful contests, are to be met and endured, are not among these revealings—thus early, the spirit could not bear them.

Somehow, we can never be made to understand, until by experience, that suffering is one of God's appointed agencies to holy ends; we will persist in feeling that all suffering is just so much positive evil mixed in our cup. So we could not bear to be shown beforehand, what a long and severe discipline we must pass through, ere we are fit to go on Heaven's errands to our sinful brethren. Ah! how little did Griswold know, from all

the intimations that were speaking to him from above or from within, what a long and terrible ordeal was before him—what a fiery alchemy should transmute all his base metals into shining gold! As with other men so with him—this was all shut out from his vision, and he drove resolutely, fearlessly on, sparing nor effort nor perseverance, in the accomplishment of his life-purposes. The dark cloud that hung against his future heaven hid the trembling star of his destiny. Only from its ragged edge there quivered, now and then, feeble scintillations that caught his eye, like mysterious prophet-hints from heaven.

Thus, with few of even the rudiments of learning; no discipline save the little his father gave him, and what he received from his communings with nature; no moral training save that next to none which itinerating Methodism afforded; he bade his home and friends adieu, to learn the craft of a house-builder. His heart was stout and he felt success in every nerve. A few notions he had gathered from some strange papers that came weekly to his father's house, through the mail; religious notions they were, that spoke of beauty and goodness, in the earth, in the heavens, in the soul, everywhere. If the Bible teaches such things, thought he, I'll read it. So he put the Bible in his pocket, that whenever an opportunity should occur, he might study its blessed pages. And he did study it—from that time he never gave up studying it. It never happened to him, as it has to some young men, to regard despising the Bible as the perfection of human wisdom. With him God's teaching was ever above man's, and he reverently bowed to its authority.

From the time he entered his brother's service, a few weeks only elapsed when that brother died. Heavily fell the blow on his heart and hopes. Scarcely had he recovered, and laid his hand to work under another instructor, when, alas! the sad intelligence reached him, that his father was dead and buried! The tears were not yet dry on his young cheeks, when, behold his instructor is dead! "God is against me!" he cries out, in the anguish of his inexperienced heart. But full of life's energies, he quickly gathers strength again, ambition urges him on, and he purchases a treatise on Architecture and enters into con-

nection with still another master. A few days find him crushed, by an effort to do too much; home he is carried to his mother —that place ever so dear to the suffering son or daughter—and is lain on the sick bed, from which there is no hope of recovery. His next remove he expects will be to his grave.

In every man's life there are great events, epochs, which more or less determine his character and the general course of his life in the future. One has truly said, "the sure years reveal the deep remedial force that underlies all facts. The death of a dear friend, wife, brother, lover, which seemed nothing but privation, somewhat later assumes the aspect of a guide or genius; for it commonly operates revolutions in our way of life, terminates an epoch of infancy or of youth which was waiting to be closed, or breaks up a wonted occupation, or a household, or a style of living, and allows the formation of new ones more friendly to the growth of character. It permits or constrains the formation of new acquaintances, and the reception of new influences that prove of the first importance to the next years."* Such was the mystery hid in Mr. Griswold's illness, which later years only fully revealed. Yet, immediately, he found himself strangely altered, every way. Most unwelcome of all, he found himself dwarfing into two-thirds his original stature; and moulding into a new and unlovely form. Here his pride of his person received its death-wound. To wean him from self-destructive attachments, the awful judgment falls upon and blasts their idol. Severe ordeal, but better than moral ruin. A terrible judgment, but still one that leaves a blessing that far outbalances it. God's judgments ever do thus; and when we come to the end where we shall see all, we shall confess it. At least so he did; and essentially all men are alike.

There was in this deformity of his, explain it as we will; believe, as we do, that he received more than ample compensation for it; still there was in it much matter for sad, painful reflection. Keener was the fact than any instrument of steel. That thought that his noble form, which just now was admired and praised, would soon be the object of pity or of laughter,

* R. W. Emerson.

how it must have burned among the living fibres of his heart. Make the case your own, my brother. To-day, you walk forth a splendid figure, tall, graceful, commanding. All eyes turn upon you to admire or envy. Conscious of this fact, you move with still a nobler tread. To-morrow, when your hopes are brightest, and all around bids fairest; when the buds of your dearest pleasures are just expanding into the rich bloom of flowers, then are you smitten by an unseen hand, though it employs visible agencies, and instantly you feel your noble frame drawing and twisting into "shape inhuman" and odious even to yourself. From commanding height you are dwindled into very dwarfishness. The world's admiration the while changing into pity, or laughter, or open aversion. Could you feel all this going on in your own person,—could you realize that your athletic and admired body was absolutely turning into a weak and hateful deformity, and not have painful reflections, burning thoughts. That trial of Job's was greater than most men deem. But what is this? Oh, it is not describable in human words; it must be experienced, suffered inch by inch, day by day, through all its slow and awful processes, in order that it be, to any adequate degree, appreciated. If we had not seen so many of God's blessings in the outward form of judgments, we should wonder that Griswold had not been, in the agony of his transformation, driven to despair and openly to curse God. But his young lips were mute—there was no curse there, but only trust, beautiful, heavenly trust. God be thanked for that example of holy trust in the midst of trial, and enable us to lay it to heart. Let us remember, when from God we suffer most, then, like Griswold, to trust most. All will be beautiful, blessed then, without as within; for the bliss and beauty of the world are but the reflection of the trusting and loving heart.

But in the midst of all this unmurmured sufferance, it was, that the most notable change occurred; that the event transpired which more than any other, which indeed more than all others, determined his character and future life—I mean the visit of God's spirit in the conversion of his soul to "pure and undefiled religion." It was in the very midst of his sufferings that this change was wrought. Human skill and medicines had

long before confessed their inability. The day was thought to be his last, so exhausted was he, and feeble, and death-pallid. His dear friends, his heart's loved ones, his mother and sister, were gathered close around the pale sufferer, gazing through their fast, hot tears, with intensest anxiety to catch his last motion and hear his last word; when, lo! he raises his hands and eyes heavenward and—prays. It is his first prayer, but not his last; for, from this time he is evermore a praying man. From this time he is another being, and is moreover constantly becoming another being. An interesting, thrilling scene that was, when from the depths of that suffering, Griswold took stand for God's love; when from that body filled with agony, and in the face of those friends drowned in tears, he said—"God is love—I know it—I *feel* it"—then looked calmly upward and smiled, as though he had been an angel that had never tasted pain. That prayer, too, ascending from the centre of that suffering, how like Christ's in its circumstances, that went up from the agony of the central cross.

And here began the new life in Mr. Griswold, the religious life, as we believe, an humble imitation of Christ's life. This was the beginning of the new era, the grand epoch in his history. Evermore he is to rejoice in the goodness of God and the salvation of the world. Through whatever falls to his lot, whether prosperity or failure, pain or quiet, amidst all peril, he is to be the unblenching defender of those great truths. Faith in these—God's love and the entire purity and happiness of the universe—has now made him mightier than all suffering. That has no power any more but as the soul's discipline, as its purifier.

A mere wreck of himself that had been, with scarcely nerve enough to move about with the aid of crutches, he goes out and talks with his neighbors of the beauty and joy of religion. Strange that such an one, so awfully smitten, should love God and plead with others to do the same. The crushed rose often gives out the sweetest scent; so the smitten heart often loves most. How plainly does this show, that love is stronger than all evil, and shall surely overcome it with a victory that will admit no second trial. So evil itself is proof, that love is at

the bottom of all things, omnipotent and eternal. But for night and winter, darkness and frost, we should not know the brightness and strength of the sun's beams. Evil is the soul's night and winter—the revealer of Love's might and immortality. So death shows us Heaven and God. The cross was Christ's triumph, and death his victory, which shall be celebrated through all periods in both worlds.

In all, Mr. Griswold was confined to the sick-bed nearly two years. When he had so far recovered—which was contrary to all expectation—as to be able to exercise, to any comfortable degree, in the open air, he took in charge the overseeing of the farm. And at this time, when it seemed he could not live without her, his dear mother died. This, he said, was hardest of all. It seemed to penetrate his heart deeper than any of his own sufferings: it cut asunder the tenderest cords of his affections. And for the young man or young woman to lose their mother, is indeed the deepest sorrow they can know. "When my mother was taken away from me," he said, "if I had not seen God's love in the world, the world would have been a cold and cheerless blank; but my heavenly Father's love sustained me."

This painful event broke up the household, and the next we see of him is at school, hard laboring in the way of mental discipline, and for the acquirement of knowledge. Nor did he here forget the schooling of his passions and moral feelings: day by day, he made some conquest in his struggle with these. Endowed naturally with strong, fiery passions, excitable on the merest touch, it required a long and severe contest with them before he could say, with a satisfied conscience,—"I've mastered ye: ye are my servants now, to go and come at my will." But let it be remembered, he never gave over the warfare until he had accomplished all this—until he had achieved a complete victory over every inward foe. O, let us who walk erect—who have strong bodies and good health, and are surrounded by our friends, let us go and do like that lonely and feeble young man—conquer ourselves. It is a glory that will outlive all heroes wreaths or kings' honors—a glory that becomes a part of the character, and fades nor leaves us, never.

The next important step he took was to choose a profession. From the day of his conversion, he never seemed satisfied with any prospect but that of being a religious teacher; but this was almost, or quite shut out by his numerous infirmities. He thought of a little farm and library—of the teacher of some school—of many things—but they would not suffice—they answered not his soul's demand. God designed him for a higher work, and he found no rest till he resolved to accept the appointed labor, and, with Heaven's help, to do the best he could. The time when that resolution was perfected, it was my fortune to be with him. It was an impressive scene, and I can never forget it. The moon was up, for the solemn night had set in. We sat on an old moss-grown log, on the bank of a beautiful and storied brook. The pale moonlight rested on his pale features. His voice trembled as he looked up and said—"Yes, God helping me, I'll preach the Gospel—will stand for His truth and love, come what will!" His destiny was fixed; he was henceforth to live for God and humanity. He added not another word: what need was there of any other? he had said all. A long silence ensued: I turned my eyes upon him, and felt as I have never felt since; for, after that high resolve, he was weeping like a child. With emotions too deep for any words, we rose and walked away. Oh, no; I can never forget that scene! I think I can see him there now, with the starry night-heavens solemnly bending over him—no sound breaking the impressive stillness save the evening murmur of the brook; and in his youth and weakness, trembling with the sacredness of his thoughts. I think I can see him raising his eye and hand heavenward; and now I can hear his tremulous voice uttering those strong, decisive words of his,—"Yes, God helping me, I'll preach the Gospel—will stand for his truth and love, come what will!" And now I can see him weeping, as though washing away his past sins with the tears of repentance, and sealing his covenant with God with that deepest of all impresses—the impress of silence. Oh, no; I can never forget that night, when Griswold resolved to be a minister of Christ and a public servant of God!

In process of time he entered the ministry. Here he was at

home; for it was his heart's delight to think and write and talk of religion. Never a doubt disturbed his faith. Being imbued with Christ's spirit—feeling the beauty and value of religion—he was warm and zealous in teaching it. He had a small voice, but his earnest soul made him be heard and understood. The themes he most loved to dwell on, were the paternity and goodness of God; the character, death, and resurrection of Jesus; the mission of evil; and the final salvation of all. Many of his sermons are on these subjects, and they all give evidence that his heart was in them.

He began his ministry in New York, where he remained, studying and preaching occasionally, for the space of about eighteen months. Thence he removed to Andover in this state, and labored for a season with a Society in the vicinity of that village; how faithfully, their hearts and lives can best answer. It is proof enough, that he yet lives, fresh as yesterday, in their memories and affections.

The next scene of his labors was at Andover. The Society prospered under his charge, and became strongly wedded to him. While he was there, I enjoyed the pleasure of visiting him; and I well remember the many expressions of regard which I heard from the lips of his people. At the close of the morning service, he descended from the pulpit,* and greeted every one by the hand that passed out through one aisle: in the afternoon he did the same to all who passed out through the other; and I saw many smiles and many tears, which told alike how they loved him.

But another trial was awaiting him, which must now be passed. All the property he had in the wide world—which in amount was not great, and yet on account of his situation was great to him—was swept from his grasp forever; and he found himself involved in debt almost beyond hope of redemption. The worst feature of this was, that it came through the agency of another, with whom he had confidently trusted his all. His books, however, those most constant companions of his, were left with him. Had they been taken, he had surely died. No:

* The pulpit is in the front end of the Universalist Church at Andover.

I mistake, he had only loved and trusted God the more. Of this sudden and trying loss of his property, he said, "I had my affections too much set on it, so God took it away, and I am now a better man." A better man, that was ever his saying when he had experienced affliction in any new form.

A long winter of extreme illness followed his worldly loss. It forced him early to ask his dismission from his society. Much of the time was passed under medical advice. He recovered somewhat, and in the spring following accepted your invitation to become your pastor. With what feeble health he toiled to serve you, you remember well. What zeal he showed for the cause of his Master; what interest in the welfare of your Society; what a noble stand he maintained in defense of the great truths of the Gospel; and with what persevering industry he labored for humanity, and its duties and rights, you also well remember. You remember him, too, pale and feeble, in your homes, and at your boards and your firesides. With all his disadvantages, you remember how he was respected, and how you loved him. Well do you remember his teaching, so pungent with truth, so eloquent with deep devotional feeling. But, alas! he tarried with you but a little while—a few days less than a year—when he bade you God-speed in the holy way of truth and duty he had pointed out, and fell asleep in Christ. This Church* is consecrated as the place where he preached his last sermon; and that house,† as the one where he breathed his last prayer, and yielded up his spirit to its Great Author.

Mr. Griswold died at the age of thirty. There is something touching in his early death, as there always is in the death of the young. Usually, everything is fairest and brightest at this period of life. At this age, man has just put on his manhood. His hopes have taken their most substantial forms. His senses are all fresh, and his faculties active. If life can ever be enjoyed, it is at this time. But in the very beginning of this period, he is smitten by the hand of death, and laid in the

* This Address was delivered in the Church, the weather being such as to forbid its being delivered at the grave where the monument stands.

† The house of Mr. Williams, with whom Mr. Griswold boarded, and in which he died, stands nearly opposite the Church.

grave. To enjoy or to bless, he is here no more. One consolation there is, however,—which I could hope might be true of us all,—he was quite ready and willing to depart. "Death," he said, "is Love's appointment, that the parent and the child may meet. * * * I have no fear of death; I see no terror in it; nor does it throw over my mind the shadow of doubt with regard to the blessedness of the future. It is not death but life, to lay aside this clayey tenement. O death, where is thy sting! O grave, where is thy victory! Ye are both the victors now—his triumph over you is endless." Such was the holy triumph of his faith, with which he left the world. To him the agonies of death were but the pains of the heavenly birth, and the grave but the cradle of immortality.

Such are the outlines, the principal facts in the brief life of Mr. Griswold; and how full are they of eloquent teaching, of deep meaning to all who knew him, or shall know him. But before we have quite done, let us look a moment longer, and a little more particularly, at his character.

He was a man of industry. Wherever seen, he was always doing or thinking. There is little time enough here, he said, to finish the work given us; to be always prudently busy, is the true philosophy of all human success. When we look at his habits of industry, and their results, we should remember what a poor crazy body he had with which to do anything. From the day of his conversion to that of his death, he never was free from pain a single hour; but for the most part, and especially towards the close of his life, he was almost constantly tortured with the progress of a complication of the most painful diseases. Under these circumstances, when most men would have thought themselves unable to do anything, and in defiance of all his physical miseries, he acquired a good education—read a great number of books, wrote and published over one hundred articles, many of them of considerable length—wrote three hundred and ninety-one sermons entire—preached four hundred and ninety-one times—wrote and delivered sixteen Temperance lectures—officiated at seventeen funerals—solemnized nine marriages—and attended faithfully to all the usual duties of the Pastor's office—all this in the brief space of seven years.

He was a conscientious man. He knew no law but duty, no master but Christ. These he followed, and would follow, let come what would. Whatever else might be done, his conscience must not be violated. That was sacred. It was God's voice within him, which he ever heard with delight, and followed with scrupulous exactness. He lived Dr. Young's injunction:

> "Turn from the glittering bribe the scornful eye,
> Nor sell for gold what gold can never buy;
> The peaceful slumber, self-approving day,
> A heart sincere, and conscience ever gay."

Then, too, he was a man of honor. He entertained a high sense of the rights and feelings of others. To him every man was a man, and to be treated as a man. No meanness attached to his feelings or his conduct. His character was one entire piece of integrity. Temptation could not lead him to think or do a dishonorable thing. Altogether he was an example of true honor.

His humility in manner and spirit, you well remember. If in any way he was once proud, he was not so when you knew him. A meek and unpretending spirit was plainly manifest in all he did. In private as in public, he was the same simple, humble man. You will not hence infer then, in any respect, he was negligent or slovenly; such was not the case; he was humble *and* neat—proper humility, indeed, implies neatness.

He was also benevolent. He delighted to do good. No matter to whom or for whom, if it was only relieving some want—sending cheer to some home—conveying truth to some famished soul—or in any way blessing any being, he delighted in the employment. This sentiment was also apparent in the regard which he showed others, in his kindly and affectionate demeanor towards their persons and feelings. So active and tender were his sympathies, notwithstanding he was so great a sufferer himself, that he could not witness suffering in others. The presence of sorrow moved him deeply; attendance on a funeral almost always made him sick for several days afterwards. Yet it was a joy to him, to remove one dreg from the bitter cup of a fellow being. He felt a high satisfaction, when

conscious that he had dried one tear from a mourner's cheek; and, oh, with what emotion did he ever point them upward to God and Christ, the source of all his strength and solace. In nearly the Master's words he would say to them—"They will not leave you comfortless; oh, no, they will come to you."

Mr. Griswold reverenced the Bible. He regarded it as a sacred volume. He loved it for the heavenly and beautiful truths it revealed. From his lips, no man ever heard any of the modern cant about the Bible and its inspiration. With undoubting confidence he yielded up his whole heart and life to its sway. So also he reverenced all truth, from whatsoever source it came. Even if it fell from bigots' lips, he gladly received it, and thanked God that in any way, he was so much wiser.

Likewise was he a man of moral courage, that truest bravery. He *lived* what he believed. "Courage," says Barrow, "is not seen in flaunting garb or strutting deportment; not in hectorly, ruffian-like swaggering or huffing; not in high looks or big words; but in stout and gallant deeds, employing vigor of mind and heart to achieve them. Truly the best proof of a man's real courage, is to *dare*, in every situation, to be just to his own principles, to his connexions, and to the world." This Mr. Griswold did, emphatically. He never shunned boldly to declare any principle he held, when occasion rendered it meet for him to do so; nor feared to do justice to his friends, nor to live his faith before the world. In his body there was weakness, but in his spirit a noble daring. And so, with God's help, he stood up and preached the Gospel as Paul preached it, in the face of an untiring opposition—scorn—contempt—slander—every evil work. To be an honest, faithful, true man, he had "the will to do—the soul to dare." Let not the memory of such heroism quickly pass away—the heroism which, in defiance of all things, nobly battles for the truth, and, having won it, then as nobly lives it.

He was a man of good talents, which, considering his circumstances, were well cultivated. He was not a Fenelon, it is true; but he was an original thinker, with a plain, earnest style, full of matter, with little ornament, and always abounding in deep, genuine, benevolent feeling. There was often great pun-

gency in his productions, and oftener perhaps than we could wish, satire, from its mildest to its severest form. But duly allowing for all the faults he had, he was still a strong, earnest, true man. When he preached, his hearers always understood, and felt, and remembered what he said. He did not please so much as instruct and improve. He did not charm the ear only; he reached the heart and left abiding impressions there.

There was in his character, also, a deep Christian piety. I mean something more here than the mere outward profession of piety, which consists chiefly, if not entirely, in the observance of overt rites and ceremonies. "The spirits of love, charity, meekness, forgiveness, liberality, and beneficence, are to be regarded as the badge and distinction of Christians; the brightest image we can bear of God, as the best proof of piety."* And this was the piety of Mr. Griswold.

In a word, and finally, he was a good man. This embraces and means more than all the rest. It is the highest praise. Talent may have its worshipers—deeds of war-glory may call forth long and loud applause—beauty may win a wide and enviable admiration—labor and sacrifice may command a hearty approbation—there may be pageantry and show that are followed by all eyes—but to be good, truly good, is far better, nobler, than all. A good heart and life meet God's approval, and are the best legacy a man can leave the world. It was this that gave Griswold the power and influence he exerted, more than all other things combined. He communed deeply with Christ, and Christ blessed him. He trusted in God, and God crowned his labors. Altogether he was a blessing to the world. His example is worthy of all imitation. I repeat it, he was a good man and a Christian, and there can be no more praise.

But he passed away. At the youthful age of thirty his sufferings wore him out. To the unthinking mind, there may be an inscrutable Providence in his being permitted to suffer so much, and to close life so early. But it is not so to us. His life discovers the deep philosophy of evil. It is a clear revela-

* Channing, I believe.

tion. Who can doubt that, under the circumstances, he accomplished more good to himself and his race, than he otherwise would, even in the longest life. In God's dealings there is ever some high meaning, some great purpose that concerns the world's welfare. We know not to how many souls Griswold's trials and triumphs shall be the most successful teachers, nor how much his spirit shall add to the influences by which the world's spirit shall be tempered. And certainly he gained more than he lost by his sufferings. They were to him a refiner's fire—his soul's crucible. Under their influence he daily grew purer, and holier, and happier. It is the rubbed steel that shines. The stormy sea, not the calm, that makes the skilful mariner. And then, as to leaving the world at so early a period in life, how beautifully hath it been written:—"When death strikes down the good and young, for every fragile form from which he lets the panting spirit free, a hundred virtues rise, in shapes of mercy, charity and love, to walk the world and bless it. Of every tear that sorrowing mortals shed on such green graves, some good is born, some gentler nature comes. In the Destroyer's step there spring up bright creations that defy his power, and his dark path becomes a way of light to heaven."

We are here assembled, my brethren and friends, to witness the erection of a monument to the memory of this same William Henry Griswold. It is a tribute from his last parishioners, and his dearest friends; and it speaks gratefully and touchingly of the interest he awakened towards himself while living. It moreover tells how deeply felt and true, were the professions of attachment you made to him while he was among you, on the pastor's mission. This is more than he expected; and could he now rise up and see what you are here doing, he would weep as he never wept before; for until this, he did not know that his friends were so many, and that they so loved him. To this young and good man, you have now done your duty; and when you come here, it will ever be with the most pleasing reflections and blessed memories, that you pause before this shaft and read thereon your dear friend's

name. God sanctify your love and labor; and may your example be followed.

This is an humble monument, and for this reason more fitting and proper than would be an imposing pile of marble, written all over with laudatory inscriptions. It now becomes the unpretending humility of the man. It appears wonderfully appropriate in its design and execution—its plainness, simplicity, and expressive inscription, all corresponding to the character of him who sleeps beneath it. It is no lofty, chiseled eulogium—it is the truthful symbol of a meek follower of the humble Nazarene. And how eloquent the lesson it will evermore teach; standing firmly there, through all seasons, amidst all storms and sunshine, resting on the sleeping dust of the departed, and pointing steadily heavenward—saying by its position—*Here lies my body—there lives my spirit—trust thou in God!*

OUR ELDER BRETHREN IN THE MINISTRY.

A FEW years ago, Partialism reigned supreme over all the Christian world, and along with it, a spirit of unfeeling and unrelenting persecution against all, who, by the study of the Bible or by any other means, became convinced that the prevailing doctrines were not true, and with a most commendable honesty of heart, came out with an open avowal of his convictions, and also of the doctrines he had embraced. The man who loved the truth well enough to lead him to take that public step, endangered his property, his character, and even his life itself; and they who carried on such persecutions, in most cases no doubt, thought as did Paul in his persecutions against the true believers, that they were doing God service. A day of horror was that, and fatal to the religious hopes of thousands of yearning spirits. The man who could not think just as the church generally thought, and see just such things as it saw,

> E'en though *it* wore, unconscious all,
> *Dark spectacles of leather made,*

was very complacently "damned to all the miseries of this life and the pains of hell forever;" no matter how many friends, near and dear, might have their feelings and happiness through life involved; this was no concern of the church, let those who were interested take care of that—it was the business of the church to damn the man and make him just as miserable as the civil law would allow it to do; and damned and persecuted therefore he must be, and was.

In the midst of such times it was,—times thus perilous to the dissenter from the prevailing religion, that our elder brethren in the ministry of the reconciliation, for the most part arose. Even in that fearful period there were a few minds so full of such stern integrity of heart and devotion to the will of God, as to enable them to follow their convictions of truth and duty, and to come out with an open and fearless declaration and defense of Universalism. It was a bold and manly step, and, in most cases, brought upon their heads the most unpleasant consequences, and was made the direct agent in the creation of a state of affairs the most antagonist to their feelings and happiness; for everything dear in life was tortured on a species of modern inquisition; their religion misrepresented and denounced; their characters slandered by pious tongues; their persons scorned and avoided as though their very touch would leave the plague spot of damning pollution, or else abused and maltreated in a most shameful manner; and sometimes even their lives threatened, as a deed "necessary to get the devil out of the place"—all this, and still those brethren were not discouraged from their field of Gospel labor.

But then this was not all; persecutions at the hands of religious opposers were not all the difficulties our elder brethren had to contend with; there were other and sometimes equally serious difficulties to encounter from other sources. The believers in the doctrine they taught, were few in number and scattered over a large extent of country; and were therefore not able to give a very comfortable support to those few heralds who were spending their lives in proclaiming the Gospel good news. They were obliged to travel from place to place, and to be the far greater part of their time from home. Often

would it happen that they were compelled to make a long journey, meeting every day with some disheartening circumstances, and perform along the road an almost incredible amount of mental labor, "without scrip or purse," and receive not enough to meet the actual expenses of the journey; and some of them, sometimes, with but little hope of finding enough to satisfy their wants when they reached home. Poorly clad frequently; poorly fed with everything save "the bread of God;" trusting Providence alone for the means necessary to meet their wants on the road when traveling; they went about from place to place, in the very face of every species of persecution except "bonds and death," to disseminate the spiritual blessings of the Gospel of love and peace. But they faltered not, nor turned back; they persevered, they conquered. The dark day was long and fearful, but the clouds that hid the sun were swept away, and they found themselves walking in the splendor of his beams; friends multiplied; public opinion changed somewhat in its tone towards them; their ministry imposed on them less physical toil; there was a charm in the doctrine which fell from their lips which began to be seen and felt; and they had the joy of seeing thousands who ventured to listen to them, go away with hearts converted and rejoicing in the Lord as the Savior of all men. What a change can be wrought in the religious opinions, feelings, tastes, habits and actions of a whole nation in the lifetime of man, and as it were by "twelve all but unlettered fishermen," whose power lies in a persevering study of the Bible and a God-given independence of thought and energy of soul! One bold and independent thinker and fearless and consistent actor, will accomplish more towards revolutionizing the world than a whole generation of servile imitators, who think nothing but what their fathers did, and do nothing but what their fathers have done before them. And such, for the most part, were the men who established Universalism in the United States.

But those elder brethren in the great ministry of the Reconciliation of all men through Christ to God, who enlisted in the holy cause in its infancy in this country, have, many of them, passed away. Their life of labor, of privation, of trial, of

spiritual warfare, of literal bodily sacrifice, has closed; and they have gone to join their Master and Exemplar whom they loved so devotedly, in that beautiful home,

"Where bright angels' plumes are folded o'er the peaceful brow and breast;
Where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

But some, a few of them, of those patient, laborious elder brethren, are still among us. Here and there we see an aged head whose locks have grown gray in their good Master's vineyard, bending with the weight of years and of toil, yet laboring on with almost youthful zeal, with voice and pen, in the cause of God and for the spiritual good of man. I revere them for their golden unbending integrity of soul, for their love of truth, for their willingness to endure privation and make sacrifices for the Gospel's sake and the religious interests of their fellow-men. When I look back over the field of their labors and see what they have done, what achievements, under God, they have accomplished; and bring before my mind the severe ordeal they have passed, the sufferings they have endured, and yet witness their unwavering confidence in God, their unfaltering perseverance in their mission of love to the world; I am ashamed of the scantiness and feebleness of the gratitude my heart has cherished towards them. Had they not lived and labored as they have done, I should now, in all human probability, be yet feeling my fearful way through the world amid the gloom and dread-inspiring woes of the old and rigid Partialism. The sun that I now see illuminating the whole moral universe, would have never risen on my mental vision; but all would have been dark and awful, and the dread future peopled with images of horror and vocal with the wailings of the damned; making life anything but a glorious boon for which we could lift up our hearts and thank God.

It is to the Gospel, I know, that I am to attribute my deliverance from error and sin; but the blessing the Gospel designed for me, was received through the instrumentality of these my elder brethren. Their hand tore away the veil that shut out from my mind the unutterable glories of the Gospel of unbounded love and universal salvation. Ought I not then highly

to respect them? *Would it become me to treat their labors lightly? to abuse their names because they had not the advantages of an education of just the same kind as myself?—or represent them as ungodly men because they cannot, and therefore do not, adopt my individual notions respecting every passage that is found in the Bible?*

And yet there is something not altogether unlike this, which I often meet with in some of our periodicals, or hear from the lips of some of our (comparatively speaking) young preachers, respecting the labors and religion of our elder brethren. And it pains me to know that it is thus; for I cannot feel that they deserve such treatment at our hands. The interpretations of the Scriptures which we adopt and use, we have received mainly from them, the fruits of their labors. They have in this respect alone, laid us under a large debt of gratitude to them. They have—some of them—taught and published some things, which perhaps we cannot now receive—but the great leading truths which as a denomination we all hold, and as preachers we all preach, were established by them, long before many of us had dreamed even that Universalism is taught in the Bible. Why then should we, because we deem that ourselves have been, in a few respects, more favored than they, indulge indiscriminate condemnation at their expense? Is it to reward them for the great amount of religious doctrinal matter they, by hard thinking and untiring industry, have got together for us to use, and which we do use! And are we sure, when we are doing all this, that we have really less errors in our religious belief, and in our practice too, than they had, or now have? Let him who thinks it, blush and hold his peace. I am speaking, let it not be forgotten, of our elder brethren who are yet among us; and I feel that I am speaking carefully and prudently when I say, I would Heaven that all of us young preachers, who have become the proud and self-constituted judges of those long-tried fathers in our Israel, were as heartily, as sincerely, as unreservedly, devoted to the cause of our Master, as they have been and still are.

I am not disposed to have the old custom of apotheosis, or the later one of canonization, introduced for our elder brethren;

no—I do not wish to laud them, even; but I would have them justly thought of, appreciated, and treated, by those who are so largely indebted to them for the glorious faith that they hold so dear and holy. While the spirit, on the other hand, which I have several times witnessed in expressions thrown out against the learning or religion of our elder brethren, by young men, has seemed to me to be a very bad spirit, and has caused me pain. I could not but feel that there is truth in the language of Addison: "It is a mean and beggarly spirit that does not reverence an old and good man, or that can be ungrateful towards a benefactor." And in the light of benefactors do I regard those elder brethren of whom I am speaking; and with pity and sorrow must I look upon those who can speak disrespectfully of them.

Besides, of all the young men who have shot up into critics, and now sit in judgment on the faith and deeds of those men of a former generation, who yet remain among us; there cannot be found one who is willing to sacrifice as much; to bear as much fatigue, as many privations, as much persecution; to perform as much mental labor amidst so much unceasing physical toil and discouragement, as have been done by our elder brethren. Nor do I believe, with all the aid which the labors of those brethren afford, that it will ever fall to the lot of any of those critical young preachers, to be the instrument of the conversion of one half as many souls from error to the truth, as it has been the pleasure of God to effect through any one of our elder brethren. Let, then, the young preacher who is sitting in judgment on his elder brethren, blush at the impudent folly of his presumption; and abandoning his unchristian conduct, go and learn from the wisdom of age, experience and thought, those lessons which will make him wise as a biblical student, devotional as a Christian, humble as a follower of Christ, and useful as a preacher of the Gospel.

We who are young, have nothing of which to boast, but have received much for which to be grateful. If we have been blessed with advantages which were denied to our elder brethren, let us be duly thankful for them, and not make them the occasion of vain and foolish boasting, to our own shame and the

unrighteous derogation of those brethren who entered the field of Gospel labor before us. We should remember, that it is not enough to be wise in our own eyes; and may Heaven give us grace to attain unto salvation, not only from sin, but also from the folly of presumption and the intoxicating vanity which a little learning gives.

WHAT IS AN ODD FELLOW?

A LECTURE DELIVERED BEFORE "MERCANTILE LODGE," HARTFORD, CONN.

OFFICERS AND BROTHERS:—I propose to detain you, in what I have to say, with an humble and partial attempt to answer the question—What is an Odd Fellow? In social as well as political institutions, it is sometimes necessary that one "define his position." The idea of Odd Fellowship is not wholly instinctive, and does not arise "full-orbed" and beautiful to every mind. Neither do those who become initiated, *always* receive the clearest definition of the sublime principles on which we profess to rest, in the process through which they are introduced into "the holy of holies." Nor is their subsequent instruction the best calculated, in every case, to inspire them with a very transcendental notion of charity and brotherly love. In truth, it is greatly to be suspected, that not a few of the beloved order, are born into the kingdom under the combined influence of Venus and Mars,—and sometimes the latter divinity seems to have well nigh had his own way, entirely. That Mars, you know, is a selfish tyrant; and some credible historians do say, that he has frequently been known to bluster vociferously—then "take the responsibility" upon himself, and with the most excessive demonstrations of kindness, put to death all who would not bow the knee and swear to sustain him, right or wrong! Occasionally, also, a man may find his way to the embraces of Odd Fellowship, without having first learned that she belongs to the family of religious beings, and recognizes the duties of reverence and purity, in word and life. But it is not necessary that I here specify the numerous reasons which seem to

require, that we should have represented before our mental vision, as distinctly as possible, what is meant by the term Odd Fellow.

You will see, my brothers, that I have got hold of a delicate and difficult subject; but, trusting that you will give me a liberal allowance from your charity and patience, I shall lay aside the delicacy, and get along with the difficulty as well as my little experience and ability will enable me.

WHAT THEN IS AN ODD FELLOW?

1. An Odd Fellow is a man—and can be none other. In the nature of the case, the idea of an Odd Fellow is confined to the male sex. It is man alone that has any kind of sympathy with *odd* fellowship, or is willing to make the sacrifices necessary to the existence of that peculiar phenomenon. Woman cannot therefore be an Odd Fellow; all her sympathies and tendencies are in precisely the opposite direction. The moment a woman is initiated into a secret society with a man, the *odd* fellowship is mysteriously translated into *even* fellowship. Woman makes a glorious, an angelic *even* fellow, but would make the sorriest kind of an *odd* fellow. And boast as we may of the beauties and excellencies of *odd* fellowship, I think we must concede that woman's *even* fellowship has more universal charms and far sweeter felicities, the testimony of old bachelors to the contrary notwithstanding. Manhood, then, is a distinctive feature in the idea of Odd Fellowship. Yet we should be careful not to make it narrow and exclusive, so as to shut out the privilege and duty of that even fellowship, by which we can have a home—a sweet domestic shrine—a hallowed sanctuary for the tenderest affections, that shall be blest with the sunshine of woman's love, and purified by the tears of her living sympathy.

2. A true Odd Fellow is a man full of good humor. He has a fair smiling face, and a free, joyous heart. He does not write good feeling in books,—but lives it; he is so saturated with it, that it bubbles forth in all he says, like musical waters from a living fountain. There is a laughing good-will in the very

winking of his eye. The hinges of his mouth are always well oiled, and he speaks smooth and agreeable things. His whole countenance has the appearance of one who dwells habitually in the region of manly, loving social fellowship. He never laughs out at one side of his mouth, nor spasmodically or by jerks—but with an easy pleasant grace. There is a serene, delightful composure in his mein, that makes you feel that trust reposed in him is a safe investment, where a large interest will be cheerfully and punctually paid. He never looks as though he were turning the mill where they grind out thunder-storms. He always flings the golden bow of hope athwart the dark cloud that ventures to swim through the atmosphere of his mental heavens. When there is need, he is serious and earnest, advocates the right with all his eloquence, but without being morose or vindictive, without exhibiting a stiff neck, or a belligerent heel. The rule of his action is, "to speak the truth in love"—to yield with a kind heart where he cannot persuade with kind words. There is nothing of the spirit of obstinacy in his disposition; he never lets his ears grow till they reach above the top of his head. A general humor enables him to gain admittance to our hearts—to win our sympathies and render us gay and cheerful in spirit. He happily illustrates the great social idea of brotherhood, and makes you feel that it is a blessed thing, in which mingles no enmity, hate, hypocrisy, or fraud. When he presents you his hand, it comes with a freedom and heartiness that render it a high pleasure to receive it; and not like a stiff and crabbed stick, that would stab your life out; or the wily serpent, that it may entice you near enough to drop its poison on your heart. Under the influence of his humor, he seeks, in all his relations, but especially in his relations to the brotherhood, to bless the world, and fill it, so far as his power shall reach, with the genuine sentiments of charity and the warm sunshine of gladness. It is his joy to inspire the jocund laugh and the rejoicing song—to keep his brethren and the world in good humor.

3. Love is another principle in the idea of an Odd Fellow. This I have already hinted at, but it deserves a separate statement. Love is the enduring substratum of Odd Fellowship.

It is a sacred and holy principle, the vital breath of all our duties. It is "the heart's own country music thrilling all its chords—the song without an end that angels throng to hear," and "maketh glad the garden of the heart." "Its sun is the brightness of affection, and it bloometh in the borders of hope." "It is a mighty spiritual force, warring with the dullness of matter—an angel-mind breathed into a mortal; though fallen yet how beautiful all the devotion of the heart, in all its depths and grandeur." Thus sublime is the first and greatest principle of Odd Fellowship—thus equable and enduring. It lies at the foundation of all true felicity of which the human heart is susceptible. To be an Odd Fellow, is therefore to be a man of love; and it is impossible for him to be such without this condition. The living principle of love must reign in him habitually and gloriously, or he falls short of the full idea of an Odd Fellow. Nor does it admit of any substitution, any passing of it over by means of equivalents, not even by dollars and cents; its own presence can alone bring its blessings. Though a principle of mighty force, it is gentle and noiseless in its operations—like the beams of the sun, which enlighten and enliven everything, unheard in all the secrecy of their glorious mission. True love is never a great babbler, talking nonsense in the name of wit, or putting on the buffoon to hide the ass. It *looks* and *does* more than it says. Nothing like hypocrisy ever attaches to its enviable possessor; it makes him mean all he seems, and even more, in the way of goodness and truth. He never deals in adder's tongues, nor makes merchandise of tigers' claws. Neither does his blood ever curdle round his heart, nor his liver secrete too much bile, or his spleen grow longer than his judgment. His attachment to the right and true, is greater than his desire of place and power. He never fails to give half of the street, and so escapes contact and quarrel with his neighbors. He has an infinite loving-kindness, with which he most felicitously transmutes enmity into friendship. His spirit is free and fresh as the spring airs of heaven, and all delight to experience the sweetness of its balmy breath.

And another thing especially noticeable in his case is, that his love constantly extends its reach, and increases in its strength

—becomes purer and holier, with each day's labor and each night's care. It is perennial and ever-increasing, not blasted or withered by the first chilly wind that sweeps rudely over it. A little confronting offers no discouragement to the vigorous prosecution of its benevolent aims, or the activity and cheerfulness of its spirit. I do not remember as I have ever seen it stated on any good authority, that the true lover of Odd Fellowship is troubled with a certain intermittent disease, whose symptoms, though somewhat variable, generally consist in a swelling of the glands in the sides of the face and neck—a flashy red face—a shiny brightness in the eye—a dry, sharp voice, sometimes spiteful like the snapping of a flint-gun-lock, sometimes a little nasal, and drawn out in the minor key like the closing notes of a dirge—great excitability in the nervous system, and a general spasmodic action among the muscles, but more especially those in the right side of the neck and in the right arm!

This principle, moreover, leads its happy possessor to "seek peace and ensue it." He experiences the most genuine delight in witnessing harmony, a united zeal in carrying forward the interests of friendship and truth, both in and out of the beloved order. A true Odd Fellow loves the order better than he does personal aggrandizement; he chooses rather to be an honor to the institution, than to make the institution honor him—and thus renders himself most of all worthy of honor. He does not belong to that class of men who understand but two letters in the alphabet, viz., great *I* and little *u;* he finds, on the contrary, that there is such a word in the language as *modesty*, which means something that every way accords with love; and he strives to shadow it forth, in the gentle temper of his speech and the unpretending simplicity of his life. Thus he is at variance with no man, and suffers no man to be at variance with him; for he dwells in love, and love sanctifies him to the eye and heart of all.

4. A true Odd Fellow is a man of irreproachable morality. He carefully remembers and reduces to practice the instruction he received at his initiation, and is never found guilty of irreverance and profanity, of falsehood or dishonesty. The holy

and blessed name of our Heavenly Father is never used by him, with that vulgar depravity of taste which so shocks all devotion and refinement, and even decency. An Odd Fellow, without the greatest violence to his profession, can never be a walking dictionary of Billingsgate. Neither will his mouth give harbor to a double tongue, nor allow the one which abides there to deal in scandal. And see him when you will, his head has but one face to it, and that is uniformly on the front side of his figure. When he appears before the world, either as a man or as an Odd Fellow, his moral garments are such as to command the respect, and even praise, of those within the sphere of whose observation he moves. His morality is never out at the elbows or the knees, nor patched after the fashion of a certain governor's breeches; but is every whit whole and sound. Odd Fellowship blesses him, and he reciprocates the kindness, and gives it an excellent reputation, by the purity of his character and life.

It is also worthy of remark in this connection, that he sleeps well of nights. His conscience is so clean as to leave him to the sweet refreshment of undisturbed repose—a rare felicity in this huddled world of sinners. You can see by the quality of his words and the music of his voice, that the awful monitor within gives him her unreserved approbation, and smooths the pillow of his rest. And this I esteem one of the high privileges and blessings of an Odd Fellow, that as a general thing, are too lightly regarded, and consequently too seldom sought and enjoyed. The peace of heart and serenity of countenance which an approving conscience brings, should always be among the first objects of earnest, determined pursuit, with Odd Fellows. It is not good policy on a subject, involving interests of such various extent and value, to put one's wisdom in his pocket, and give his hand to the devil. The wise Odd Fellow never falls into the mistake of lending his lantern, just when he is going out of a dark night himself. He also always keeps the barometer of life in good repair, and its faithful monitions ever hold him prepared to meet and enjoy the changes that occur on his passage to the great world which lies beyond this billowy ocean of time.

5. An Odd Fellow, in the genuine sense of the term, is a man of cleanly, inoffensive physical habits. It rubs harshly against the edge of his good sense, to do anything that would offend correct, refined taste. He finds no pleasure in running against men's notions of propriety and decency, especially when it is both for his interest and their comfort to avoid the offensive indulgence. There *is* a certain class of men, who, in order not to be outdone by any of the animal creation, employ their mouths, which should be conversant only with most sweet things, in masticating a deadly, filthy weed, called in the English tongue *tobacco*, and splattering the yellowish, semi-mucous fluid, over everything within the reach of their well trained and vigorous expectorating powers; nor are they satisfied with this gratuitous labor of offense against all decency, but they fill huge vessels with it, and place them all about the room, in order, not only that they may discharge their laboring mouths, but also, when the temperature of the room rises, that through the process of evaporation the air may be generously filled with the exceedingly delicious aroma of mingled gastric and tobacco juices, making the stomach heave and convulse with the excess of the pleasure! But Odd Fellows, if I remember correctly, do not belong to this somewhat numerous class; and I only allude to it here to prevent them from ever falling into habits of such revolting vulgarity and filthiness! A genuine Odd Fellow has a sound stomach, white teeth, and a sweet breath; and you can talk with him face to face, without the danger of being spit on, or of taking an emetic. The same remark is true of every department of cleanliness: he maintains what an old writer calls "a sweet decency that pleaseth himself, and winneth his neighbor, and maketh the damsel to delight in the companie of his countenance!"

What has been stated, makes an Odd Fellow a personage of no mean importance, being in the first place a man—then a man of good humor—a man of love—a man of true morality —and a man of strict physical cleanliness—and all these "at one and the same time."

Yet, I beg you not to receive this as the complete idea of an Odd Fellow, for it is not so; it is only complete as far as it

goes. Odd Fellowship is really a great principle, and, if truly carried out, will be one of the grandest agencies in modern social improvement. Friendship, Love, and Truth, are the principles which society most needs—there is so much of hypocrisy, and hate, and falsehood, prevalent in all its departments. Indeed, what a sad and fearful picture does society present. How is it thronged with the tread of busy, anxious cares! Burning thoughts of guilt and sin make many a sleepless pillow. Heartless traffic, with its huge iron lungs, goes incessantly on with its giant labor. Here, avarice continues sitting in its old rickety chair, with knitted brow and lean fingers, counting its rusty dollars: there poverty dwells, with its drooping head, its fainting heart, and trembling limbs. All the while folly goes up and down the streets, swinging its idle hands, and gazing with its idle eyes, vainly wishing it could find something new under the sun. Yonder, pride, in its flowing robes, and with its mean sneer at God's humbler children, comes and goes with a haughty step. Down in a dark, under-ground room, damp and full of deadly vapors, envy and green-eyed jealousy are hard at work, distilling poison. By the fireside and in the drawing-room, slander, with smooth lips and oily tongue, is slily dropping its dark suspicions. And everywhere, sin, and hate, and strife, and malice, stalk abroad, and fill the community with moral and social pestilence and death. To mitigate or cure these evils is the mission of Odd Fellowship. Its calling is a wide and holy one—and it should never be diverted from it. Into the cup of human life it would pour a large measure of unadulterated pleasure. Into all these ten thousand human homes around us, it would carry the bright, warm sunshine of love, blessing the heart with its kindly radiance and heat. Moved by its charity, it would go out, angel-like, with its voice of pity and its treasures, making many a heart beat lighter—many an eye sparkle with the tears of grateful emotion—and giving to many an orphan a home, and a father's hand to lead, and a mother's kindness to bless it. In a word, it would hasten the reign, in all its beauty and power, of the golden age of friendship, love, and truth.

Brothers, let us cut loose from all bad indulgencies, all that

is inimical to Odd Fellowship; and, with a holy trust in God, push out, fearlessly, into the broad open sea of duty, virtue, and love; and then, if, in its struggle with the warring elements of time, our bark shall founder, it will go down, only, that it may sink to a clearer and calmer sea.

THE INFIDEL—A SKETCH.

Norman Leslie was a man of considerable intellectual ability and respectable attainments. Tall and well formed in person; commanding in his address; a large fund of infidel commonplaces at his disposal; a strong love of controversy, spiced with a disposition to be sarcastic and bitter: fond of places of honor and trust, and generally competent and faithful in them; Leslie was generally, in the town where he resided, both feared and respected, and exercised a wide and deep influence. Every body was affected by his really noble figure and impressive bearing; and while they could not help admiring the man, dreaded contact with him. When seen coming down the street from his fine old residence, the children would whisper to each other—"there's old Mr. Leslie," and take themselves out of sight as speedily as their light young feet could carry them. He was pleasant and kindly to the young, nor was he ever known to do a harsh thing towards one of that class; but their innocent hearts had been pretty thoroughly seasoned with apprehension by the conversation and manner of their parents, so that if at any time he smiled upon them, it only made their hearts beat the faster, and feet fly the swifter. So much had he the public will under his control, that he seldom asked for an office or trust which he did not at once receive; but after the people had conferred power upon him, they seemed studiously to avoid his presence as much as possible. I remember he was, about the year 1830, made a justice of the peace; in one regard with the happiest effect too; for rather than that Leslie should sit in judgment on their petty differences, the litigious so far restrained their "propensities for the law," that not a single case

of prosecution was entered on the docket during his administration.

Leslie possessed a large and well selected library, though it contained some disproportion of expensive editions of infidel works. His reading was considerable and had been well digested; and possessing extraordinary conversational talent, his company was exceedingly interesting and profitable. When he kept clear of the hated subject of religion, as his propensity to sarcasm did not become awakened, there was not a man in the neighborhood who did not love to listen to his plain but singularly sententious talk, and retired instructed in some branch of the art of living. The public school was left almost entirely to his direction, and was accounted as vastly the most excellent in all that region of country. His farm was skilfully and handsomely managed; and his example here sanctioning his precepts, his services in behalf of the farming interests, proved almost invaluable. There was in him, in short, such a strange compound of intelligence and hatred towards the holiest institutions of society, of real goodness of heart and merciless raillery and reproach against the frailties and follies of men, of practical usefulness and superlative vanity, that the community at the same time looked upon him with the highest favor, and dreaded him as a terrible moral pestilence.

In his own house Leslie was the example of many virtues, and the source of some sad vices. His family was numerous, consisting of ten children, besides his wife and a deformed brother, on whom he lavished the whole strength and warmth of his affections. He quite idolized his children, sparing no expense or labor in preparing them for respectable and happy stations in life. He held his wife in such esteem as nearly always to spare her feelings, when she was present, from his biting jests on things dear to the heart for their sacred or social character. But his deformed brother occupied the tenderest place in his heart, and turned his mind most frequently into courses of earnest and solemn thought.

Still, notwithstanding his affections plead strongly against it, his infidelity must be instilled into the minds of his children. His wife, whose health was, during the time I knew her, very

broken, confining her for months together to her room, gave comparatively little attention to the education of her household. She was not a religious woman—at least was not actively so—was not prayerful and devout—but she nevertheless firmly believed in Christianity, and had her hopes all bound up in it. She could not for a moment bear the bitter taunts which her husband was habitually flinging at "Jesus and his dupes," and so he kindly restrained them when in her presence. But ever when he sat down with his children, religion was a topic that recurred, to receive the amusing jest or the contemptuous sneer. Never did a man labor more industriously than Leslie to thoroughly imbue the minds of his offspring with the letter and spirit of outright infidelity—to root out all natural tendencies to belief in God, His providence and revelation—and with most of them he succeeded but too well. He seemed oftentimes, when in conversation with his family on this great matter of religion, to become actually fanatical in his unbelief, and to exhibit as much indiscretion in the conduct of himself as the most ranting Methodist. Often have I heard him jeer, with an infinite significance looking out from his features, at "the silly notion that there is a God who is older than the world, or possesses any intelligence or power outside of the world. Whoever looks for any other God than the world with its laws, might extract wisdom from vacuity. And as for the Bible, why Shakspeare is a far better poet than any writer in it, and Bacon a vastly wiser philosopher. These priests only ride lazily and smoothly through the world, because the people are blind asses." He would continue in the same strain an hour or more.

I was present one evening when his youngest daughter returned from school, saying, as she seated herself at the fireside, that "the new master was a Christian, for he opened the school with reading from the scriptures, followed by a brief prayer."

"Pshaw!" said Leslie. "Well, perhaps he may be a *Christian*, indeed he *must* be to read that old book of Hebrew legends, and pray to the abstraction of the imagination. Daughter, I hope you have not been affected by such superstitious ceremonies?"

The girl hesitated a moment, and replied with visible emo-

tion: "Father, he appeared like a man who was sincere in his work, and what he said was admirably adapted to the place and occasion. I could not help liking it though ——"

"But did you believe it?" warmly interrogated Leslie.

"No."

"Did you see anything of his God?"

"No: not as a person."

"Did his prayer make any difference concerning those things about which he offered his petition? O, daughter, do not let them beguile you, and lead you away from sober sense and matters of certainty to fruitless imaginations and fantastic nonsense. Beware of the priests and their servants; if you heed them they will make both a bigot and fool of you. Study nature; follow her teachings; she will make you wise and afford you stable rest."

The daughter suppressed her rising emotions, and sat in silence. There were times when her heart rose up in stout rebellion against the infidel dogmas and stoical precepts of her doting father; and this was one of them. It was a hard struggle for a few moments to control the wellings-up from the deep religious fountain God had placed within her; but she prevailed over her feelings, and after a little season they sank back into their accustomed repose.

But it was with his brother, the deformed and much suffering brother, that his conversations were the most interesting and affecting. With him he seemed to speak from the heart, and to give utterance to the moral feelings which still had a dwelling place within him. Though apparently so utterly dead to everything of a religious nature, so frigid on those subjects which are usually most deeply interesting to the mind, yet was he visited with mysterious voices from another world, kindling emotions and prompting questions which were both welcome and troublesome. He would have given the world for satisfactory solutions to the religious problems which Providence almost daily suggested to his thought. His unbelief had but one answer to every thing of the kind; but that was too superficial and uncandid to put it to complete silence. In the midst of the perplexities attendant upon this part of his experience, he would

sometimes exclaim,—"This human mind is an infinite puzzle! this fantastical world is a wonderful enigma!" A few moments conversation have, confessing to the impossibility of accounting for what "we see and know," without admitting the reality and verity of religion, and he would lift himself up into painful erectness, his lip curling with mingled self-reproach and contempt, and ejaculate—"pshaw, brother! don't let us run into childish whimperings over the awful mysteries of chance; it is reasonable to look for a million puzzles where the supreme law is chance. Be of good cheer, my brother; don't allow these unimportant matters to disturb or distress you. The grave will soon solve all."

It was in the first month of autumn. The air was clear and soft, and the evening sun threw a radiant enchantment over the landscape. A few birds perched in the neighboring forest were already caroling their sweet and grateful evening hymn. The day's labor with Leslie was done; he had supped and flung himself at length on the grassy mound, from which he could have a fine view of the delightful scenery that spread with inimitable variety around him. As he thus lay meditating upon the beauties and glory of nature, his deformed brother and myself approached him. He raised his head from its support on one hand, and sweeping the whole horizon with the other, broke forth in terms of admiration: "Fanatics tell us of heaven as the most lovely place in the universe; but, brother, can there anywhere be a scene more lovely than this which now lies before us? I have become completely entranced in beholding the golden sunshine play its merry dance over this variegated surface, and witnessing the life-like changes which have come over the multitudinous objects in this incomparable landscape. Look there, brother, upon that sloping hill-side; that is beauty even to enchantment!"

"Almost divine," responded the deformed brother.

"Quite—quite divine," said Leslie, with much emphasis: "everything in nature is divine, for she is herself divinity."

The deformed brother looked at him questioningly a moment, and then with perceptible emotion, and in a tone which seemed struggling between hope and despair, said—"Brother, when I

look on a perfect and glorious scene like this, the question forces itself upon me—shall I never find a life where I shall receive compensation for the ills that are inseparable from my lot in this? You have a glorious tabernacle to dwell in; my body is but the miserablest mockery of "the human form divine," filled with aches, and incapable of the labor on which health and subsistence depend. Now, brother, shall it begin thus, and end thus, and no compensation?"

"It is easy to ask questions," said Leslie, faintly.

"When I look upon such a scene as this in nature," continued the deformed brother, "so full of inspiration to the mind, so rich in blessings for the heart, I *feel*, and more than half believe, that the dreams of fanatics about heaven and another life, may prove a blessed reality. There, look on that picture again, as the lights and shadows mingle into new combinations. Does it appear possible that Intelligence had nothing to do in its creation? The more I study nature, the more does she appear to me to be pervaded with incontestible evidences of wisdom and goodness. Then, to say it in a word, if there be another life, perhaps I shall there possess as noble a body or tenement as any of my fellow race. Can I be satisfied with existence short of this?"

I turned my eyes upon Leslie, and was surprised to see tears stealing down his cheeks. A pause of several minutes ensued, when he carelessly drew his hand across his face, obliterating the traces of his uncontrollable feeling, and at the same time putting on as much as possible the air of indifference. As he spoke, however, there lingered in his voice something of that gush of emotion:—"Well, brother, for your sake, I wish with all my heart there were a heaven, with compensations for the inequalities of this life."

"Do you not wish it for yourself too?" questioned the deformed brother.

"I would accept it, but do not crave it," answered Leslie, thoughtfully.

The deformed brother looked amazed, and put another question:—"Does the prospect of the grave—of the total extinction of being—satisfy your desires in connection with life? I con-

fess again it does not mine. Oh, brother, I shudder at the thought of it; it renders life itself still more bitter and undesirable. Your 'faith of infidelity' staggers me; it is too cold—too unfeeling—there is no heart in it."

"The grave may be frigid," replied Leslie, feelingly, "but it will reconcile all differences, quench all passions, and silence all discords; and there will be peace, profound and undisturbed forever."

"But can you meet it calmly—has it no dread for you?" asked the deformed, earnestly.

"But for you and those I love, for whom I have toiled and provided so long," replied Leslie, placing his hand over his eyes, "I think I should experience no dread at the approach of the quiet grave. I am weak, and I freely confess it would not be easy to part with you and my family, with no hope that I should meet you any more."

Suddenly springing to his feet, he dashed his hands down his face and flung them backward as if relieving himself from the grasp of some powerful enemy. "Away with this childish nonsense," he exclaimed, with great decision. "Let us not have studied philosophy in vain." Breaking out into a contemptuous laugh, he continued—"Wouldn't we make fine fanatics, babbling nonsense about God and Christ, and heaven and hell, and pretending to be holier and more deserving than our neighbors who deal as honestly, and eat and drink and sleep just as we do ourselves. Pshaw! religion is but another name for pride and hypocrisy." He turned and walked away.

After some minutes' reflection, the deformed brother started up, saying—"There's something in Norman's behavior to-day that quite convinces me that he himself doubts his own philosophy. The first opportunity I have, I will put him to the test. As for me, I *feel* there is a God, though I cannot quite see it yet."

A little subsequent to the time I have just noted, Leslie's oldest son was committed to the state's prison for a crime which must here be nameless. One of his daughters died with consumption, begging for life with her latest breath. Her death was soon followed by that of his wife. It was not long before

the result of a speculation, into which Leslie had gone with his second son, awoke him from his dream of wealth, by threatening to strip him of his entire property. His boasted philosophy of unbelief and indifference proved unequal to his emergency, and the neighborhood, in a day or two after the report of his failure, was startled into the highest excitement by the awful intelligence that Norman Leslie had committed suicide by shooting himself.

On his desk was found a brief note addressed to his children, which, as nearly as I can remember, ran in these words:—

DEAR CHILDREN:—Life has ceased to possess any interest to me. Its miseries are vastly greater than its pleasures; and at the best the grave will soon end it. Why then should I linger here and suffer? Death finishes all, and the sooner death's work is done, the sooner we shall get quit of fears and miseries. Make each other happy while you live; but when you become convinced that life is no longer a blessing, you have my example to end it. Death and quietness are to be chosen, rather than life and suffering. It breaks my heart to leave you forever—the thought is awful—but in a moment more I shall be at peace. I wish you well while you live, and a speedy and easy death when you die. YOUR FATHER."

The shock which this tragedy produced threw the deformed brother into a fever, out from which he came after several weeks' severe suffering, with his brain so much affected as to leave him a maniac the rest of his life. Two of his sons and two of his daughters followed his strange counsel, and died by their own hands. Of his remaining children, three led a degraded and drunken life, and have long slept in the grave. The oldest son is still in prison; the daughter, the youngest member of his family, early and completely forsook her father's infidelity, married respectably, is yet living in the enjoyment of an honorable station in society, and in the exercise of a wide and beneficent influence.

"HE IS NOT HERE, BUT IS RISEN."

The morning light was just breaking in the East. In city and country—in the valley and on the mountain—all was still, save here and there a bleat from the flock, or a note from some waking bird. Those who through the long weary night had sat in the silence of the star-light, or paced with solemn tread the ground about their "fleecy care," had lain aside the humble badges and duties of their office, and were seeking repose. A few individuals, of common mien and humble garb, were wakeful, and watching for this hour. On their countenances sat the deep and awful impress of grief. Those plain men and women looked into each other's faces, shook their heads in the bitterness of their sorrow, wiped away the hearts'-rain from their stricken cheeks, but said never a word. They were speechless:—the silence of that hour of grief was too awful to be broken by any human word. And as they looked up and around, it seemed to them the very heavens manifested a deep feeling with the hour and the place, and bent with a soft breathing sadness, expressive of their hallowing sympathy. A little distance from the great city, wherein were centred the nation's hopes and love, there was a new tomb hewn in the rock, wherein, three days before, had been laid its first tenant, an humble man, whose life, at an early age, had been closed as a malefactor. A few moments later, and a few persons, with sad hearts, were proceeding towards this new sepulchre in the rock. Sorrowing affection, with its mysterious influences, was leading them thither. Like the mother, whose tender child is sleeping in the deep cold grave, who feels a power working at her heart which she cannot and would not resist, until she goes out and looks on the little earthy bed of her loved one;—it may be she knows she shall water it with her tears, and the flower of hope she lays upon it will sadly wither away—emblem of decay rather than of life;—yet—she cannot tell why—nor is she anxious to know why—but still she feels a blest relief, a sweetly saddened pleasure, in thus obeying the pleadings of her love. So with those that were on their way to the new rock sepulchre; it was, in

itself, a terror in their hearts, yet it was a joy to go there. It became, for the time, the centre of the universe to them—and they gravitated only thitherward. All affections, thoughts, and memories centred in that new tomb:—their past ardent hopes, concerning themselves and their people, were enclosed within those narrow confines. And under circumstances best calculated to elicit the fullest and strongest exercise of their friendly sympathies, had the tragedy occurred which thus made them mourners, and sent them on their present sad pilgrimage. With strong emotions agitating their bosoms, they pass slowly on their way, bearing myrrh and spices with which to embalm the dead. While yet the shadows of night lingered in its receding footsteps, they reach the tomb. The soldiers, whom a mean and cowardly enemy had set to guard the dead man, had fled;—this was unlooked for, and began to awaken a new train of feelings. But stranger were the feelings that broke into an exclamation of surprise, as they approached the sepulchre, and found the great stone, that served as the door, rolled away. Not yet suspecting what had really taken place, they entered in, confident they should lay their spices on the body of their Master and friend. But that body was no longer there. They were now perplexed, bewildered, by the unexpected and wonderful facts that were before them. The grief that just now weighed down their hearts like night on the sea, was lost in the strange mysteries that enveloped them. They had come on love's message from the living to the dead—but now love itself was lost in amazement. While they stood there in wonder, behold, two angels appeared in the sepulchre; as they were afraid, they bowed themselves to the earth, when the strangers said unto them—"He is not here, but is risen."

"He is not here, but is risen!"—Strange words, setting forth a stranger fact, to be first uttered in the tomb, that charnel-house of the world. What sudden thoughts must have swept through the minds of those on whose ear fell those words! The dead risen! This is all; how, or by what means, is not told. If it had been, doubtful if they had understood it. Nor was it necessary—the fact in itself was sufficient for them, and for all purposes. Indeed, the words are nothing only as they belong

to the fact. Welcome words they were, and still are,—grandly do they stretch their sublime significance through the ages, and onward into the dim future; but take away the fact, and they are nothing, are worse than nothing, a miserable deceit—a devil's mockery of a God's work.

We believe, then, in the fact stated in those words, that Jesus is risen—that he yet lives, and will continue to live forever, as much an individual being as when he was led to the cross. It is so attested that we cannot reject it, without violence to our reason. It accords with one of the deepest and most active sentiments within us. A great want in our nature is answered by it. It takes hold of us like the grasp of friendship, thrilling all our affections and hopes. It is the symbol of the fact, which shall be true of all conscious, spiritual beings. It is the diamond of hope in the midst of the dust of death. As nothing else does, it gives dignity and significance to man and the soul. Beyond all things, it has drawn the world to spirituality of thought and purity of life. It is to us, therefore, one of the most important facts in our religion, that Jesus has risen, and that his rising is the symbol of what shall be true of all men. Blot this out—prove it a falsity—and you take away half the power of Christianity—you rob life of half its beauty and glory—you remove from the soul the evidence of its present worth and dignity, and its future grandeur. Blot this out, and the broad swelling sails of the world's ship would hang useless, flapping with a solemn mockery of all hope, in the dull cheerless winds of doubt and despair. Life, indeed, would seem a vapor, that appeareth for a little while, and then vanisheth away forever.

Is it said, that the resurrection of Jesus, and the fact that his resurrection is the symbolic pledge of the resurrection of all,—is most welcome to our feelings and salutary upon our lives;—but yet the matter implies so much miracle, and involves so many difficulties, that reason cannot solve it; and it is, therefore, open to speculation and doubt. I readily grant that, so far as we yet know, the resurrection of Jesus was affected by miracle; and that some of the circumstances connected with it, we have now no means of explaining. It is true, until phil-

osophy acquires more scope and penetration, they cannot be accounted for on the principles of any existing philosophy. One fact, however, should be remembered—it does not seem, in any way, to be in opposition to philosophy, but only beyond it—just as it is not antagonist to our reason, but only beyond its capacity. For, surely, there is nothing that offends our reason, in the idea of a resurrection to a more spiritual existence. There may be—indeed, there are things, which men have appended to this idea, that are greatly offensive to our reason, our affections, our taste, and every true power that belongs to our nature;—but the miracle and the record are not blameable for these. As well might you blame the statue, which the fool clothed in rags. A man may be absurd enough to set a diamond in brass—but for all that, it is a diamond still. We should judge things by their essence, not by the trappings or trash which men put *on* them.

Yes, I readily grant that the fact set forth in the text, implies miracle—but I believe it none the less confidently on that account. I see nothing in the idea of miracles to stagger belief—and especially of one which so meets the demands of our nature, as does this. Men have a strange way of talking about miracles: they call them violations of the order of nature, or suspensions of nature's laws. They speak of them as special actions of omnipotent power, strangely exerted in opposition to all rule. Nor can they understand how it is possible for a miracle to be, without some interference with the regular doings of nature. Perhaps this is so—but it does not seem quite necessary—for how do we know that a miracle may not be the manifestation of a higher power in nature, in matter or in mind, than any with which we are yet familiar. It involves no absurdity or improbability, to suppose that men, from the very infancy of the race, have risen, in obedience to an eternal law, to the spiritual and immortal state; but Jesus was the first manifestation, to the world, of the existence of that high law connected with the soul. That law was then beyond our knowledge—it is still beyond us—we cannot yet understand how it operates its ends;—its manifestation is, therefore, to us, a miracle. The fact of Jesus' resurrection is the only direct evidence

of its existence, though it may have been in operation thousands of years. Hence it is said in the Scriptures, that Jesus "hath brought life and immortality to light"—that is, has manifested the existence of that fact to the children of men.

Let us go back now for a moment and join those mourners as they were on their way to the tomb of their Master. With sad and heavy steps, they approach the sepulchre, and find the massive door still lying against its mouth. The soldiers are still there, and, at the request of the visitors, open the gloomy passage to the resting-place of the dead. They enter, proceed to the spot, and the body of their friend is still there. After the Jewish manner, they strew it with the embalming spices, give vent to their grief, turn and walk away. Soon the sun comes up, and, their vigils being ended, the soldiers disperse. Suppose this is the end—the conclusion of the matter. No voice declares, "he is not here; he is risen." Silence is the only answer that comes to all questions concerning the dead. Had that scene on Calvary, and at Joseph's tomb, ended here, how different would have been the history of Christianity? And where would have been the strong confidence men now feel in the future life, as a proper spiritual existence? That idea would not have come "home to men's business and bosoms," as it now does, giving a sort of reality to their hopes. There is in man an instinctive love of life: he shrinks at the thought of annihilation—a damp chill, a gloomy shudder, creeps over him whenever, for the moment, this idea appears to be the reality; hence, any assurance that his life shall continue, is a most welcome thing to his heart. The existence of God, and of higher orders of beings in other worlds, are deeply interesting and important facts, to which he may cling fondly and earnestly; but they do not take hold upon the soul with that living, spiritual power, as when they accompany the fact of his own immortality. Thus the resurrection of Jesus gives vitality to religion—infuses into all its doctrines and precepts a momentous significance. For this reason, the religion of Jesus is at once more spiritual and actual than any other religion. Plato demonstrated the immortality of the soul; but men doubted and despaired as much as before: the idea seized not with un-

yielding grasp upon the million hearts, and made them rejoice in unwavering confidence; it was inoperative, and needed the vitalizing fact of Christ's resurrection, to make it breathe and live, that men might see and feel it. So, many of the doctrines and precepts of Christianity were taught by Moses, Zoroaster, Confucius, Socrates, and Seneca, and in various religions of the world; but everywhere they were material, and lacked the energy and elevation with which they have been clothed by the resurrection of Jesus. So greatly does Christianity depend, for its spiritual life and activity, as well as for its adequate power to meet the deepest wants in the soul of man, upon the fact represented in the words, "He is not here; He is risen."

But besides these general relations, these words may have a special beauty and power, for you and me—they may come to our hearts, in answer to a question that is ever springing up there concerning our friends, who, one by one, like their great Master, have been laid in the tomb. Our sorrowing spirits wander often to the grave, and around it with their unuttered but earnest questionings; but these words tell us they are not there, they are risen. The soul never dies—it only rises. It only gives up its feet that it may take on wings. Still, we would know more, and we ask more: they were so entwined into all our being, that we cannot bear this apparent total separation: we would commune with them and know their estate, and whether they love us yet. We want some manifestation from their new home. How truthfully has the poet expressed the feelings of our hearts, in her questions to the messenger bird, that in some countries is supposed to come from the spirit land:

"But tell us, thou bird of the solemn strain,
Can those who have loved, forget?
We call—but *they* answer us not again,—
Do they love—do they love us yet?
We call them far, through the silent night,
And they speak not from cave nor hill;
We know—we know their land is bright,
But say, do they love there still?"

In the language of reason—in the sentiment of religion—I answer, if they live there, they love there. They are not dead, but risen: they are not dead in any real power—in any truthful

affection of the soul—they have only risen to a higher and purer manifestation of them. That child, gay and sunny-headed, which you laid in the grave with such agony of tears, is not dead—oh, no!—but is risen to the serenity and joy of the more perfect life. Nor has it, nor never will it, forget or cease to love its mother. From the bowers of immortal life, it looks down in glad expectancy of your coming. That brother or sister—that husband or wife—that father or mother—from whom you parted with such pain and grief—a separation like the dividing of your heart—have not left you forever. Only a little before you, they have realized the fact, "that he is not here, but is risen." And you shall meet them again in that bright and joyous world, where there shall be no more sin, nor death; sorrow and tears shall be wiped from all eyes. In view of this great and consoling truth, let us adopt the words of Sprague:

"I see thee still:
Thou art not in the grave confined—
Death cannot claim the immortal mind;
Let earth close o'er its sacred trust,
But spirit dies not in the dust;—
Thee, oh, my friend—it is not thee
Beneath the coffin's lid I see;—
Thou to a sweeter land art gone;—
Where, I do hope, my journey done—
To see thee still."

THE USES OF SORROW.*

A CUSTOM prevailed among the Jews of making public demonstrations of sympathy, whenever friends were visited with seasons of affliction and sorrow. The mourners usually, on such occasions, embraced all the friendly acquaintances of the bereaved, a portion of whom, during a period of some thirty days, methodically devoted themselves to the delicate office of consoling the sorrowing. This custom explains the language of John in speaking of Mary after the death of her brother—

* This is the last article he published. It appeared in the "Ladies' Repository" for January, 1852.—ED.

"The Jews which were with her in the house, and comforted her, when they saw Mary that she rose up hastily and went out, followed her, saying, She goeth unto the grave to weep there."

Though a custom of an early and comparatively rude age of the world, there is yet something in it that addresses itself directly and strongly to our better feelings. It indicates a native, spontaneous goodness. It seems to spring from a warm and active humanity. It would tell us in language which at least our hearts can understand, that feeling is not all dead; that holy and sympathetic emotions still throb under these fleshly forms; that the soul still understands suffering, and responds to it with whatever it knows of assuasion and comfort. Doubtless this custom, Jewish and ancient, and which from its exceeding appropriateness and the benign utility of its simplest offices, appears to have sprung from the purest sympathies of our nature, was, in many cases, abused and vitiated by being observed as a mere heartless ceremony. In such instances it would be nothing but a frigid formality, and to the heart of sensibility the sheerest and cruelest of mockeries. But then such is the perversion of the custom from its primary object and natural offices;—and abating from its claims all that can be done on this ground, there is something indescribably beautiful in human sympathy thus communing with human sorrow; in the gentle, perhaps trembling hand wiping away another's tears; in the spontaneous outflowing of that unmingled pity of soul which thus, in truth, "weeps with those that weep." Besides, what a testimony do such tender offices bear to the divinity of our nature; the exquisite fineness and delicacy of its sensibilities; the mysterious but holy affinities that link it so strongly to those around it? And I doubt not but many a Jewish heart has been blessed, relieved, and strengthened by the comforting and assuasive power of this emotion, just as we know the same thing, only more perfectly perhaps, has been done under the sacred influences of Christianity.

"She goeth unto the grave to weep there." Why should those comforting friends of Mary think she was going again to the tomb of Lazarus to water it anew with her tears? Why

was she thus appointed to weep? Or, to make the question general, why has man been made a being subject to sorrow, susceptible to the pain and bitterness of affliction? Under the economy of a wise and good Creator, such an appointment must surely have some specific purposes. Sorrow cannot be wholly accidental; it must have its uses. It is the lot of mortal beings to suffer under the hand of trial, disappointment, and affliction; these things come upon them in every period of the present life, and they are sometimes awful to be borne. Such an ordination surely must have some meaning, must be the means of operating to the sufferers some good. What, then, are the uses of sorrow? What good comes of it, or will ever come of it?

On this question of sorrow and its uses, there is much said that is vague, and much that is erroneous. Some men seem to look upon sorrow as a kind of accidental misfortune, a thing that happens without being in any way provided for. But how unwelcome, how oppressive and painful would be the bewildering indefiniteness of such representation, to the bowed and weary wanderer through the shadows and gloom of affliction.

Others, and they are by far the larger class, regard affliction as a divine visitation upon men in the form of judgments. These heavy judgments flow from the divine displeasure against the sinful world; they are awful expressions of Heaven's wrath against weak and erring humanity. This view, that we are made to sorrow because God is angry with us; that our pain is only the bitter sting of his hot wrath against us for our sins; this view, I say, has something in it that is shocking to the soul possessed of any religious sensibility. If this representation be true, the chief end of sorrow is the strange gratification of an offended Divinity. What thought could be more crushing to the sufferer! This theory, orthodox it is claimed to be, is too monstrous, it reflects too severely upon the moral disposition of God, to find acceptance in the heart where he is revered and loved as the pure and infinite Father.

And while I say this, I do not put out of sight the sad fact that there is much suffering, from the slightest shade to the

darkest and most awful, that arises from our imperfection and sin; and of which we are consequently the immediate cause. But then it is most manifest that our suffering does not all come thence. No logic has ingenuity enough to make it all spring from wrong within ourselves. There are sorrows from which no saintly virtues can save us. And they are moreover our deepest sorrows. An unseen hand sometimes presses heavily upon the heart, which we cannot lift off at our will. Our tears sometimes flow against our prayers, and the sigh gets the mastery of our thoughts. Pangs there are, too, which can only be felt; there is no language for them; they do their solemn work back of the seat of all material sensations, in the central essence of the living spirit. And whatever else may be their cause, they spring not immediately from sin. All good men have known them, and they have left their emblems even on the cross, which hence has become the symbol of the world's faith and hope.

But sorrow has its uses, and they chiefly concern the sufferer. They seem to us of the highest spiritual importance. Not in vain were we made to suffer and weep, and not blindly does this mighty experience fall upon us. It is an ordination of God for the wisest and most beneficent uses. Among these uses is that of Discipline, necessary and healthful Discipline.

Spiritual development and discipline are among those things which most of all in this life we need. Proper manhood cannot be attained without them. It is upon growth, progress, that moral perfection and genuine happiness depend; but growth must not be too rank and violent, else it will result in distorted forms and inward weakness. Pruning, the invigorating exercise of the wind and storm must do their work upon the growing development: there must be check and moderation in order that time may be had for the gathering and permanent deposit of the necessary vital forces and strength. Among the agencies which operate this result, sorrow holds a very conspicuous place. It breaks in upon the current of our thoughts; it arrests the tide of our feelings; it stops us in our career, and shows us the feebleness of our condition and the narrowness of our

resources, when those resources are merely human. In a word, it puts to the trial our thoughts, feelings and powers; and from the one-sided character of our past experience and development failing then to sustain us, obliges us to exert new energies and to put forth efforts in new directions. When sorrow comes, and we bend under its awful pressure, we at once discover that there is need in the soul for one kind of culture which we have not yet given it, and which perhaps we never should have given it, had not this dark dispensation revealed its great necessity. Hence the discipline of sorrow tends to give completeness to our spiritual growth, and therefore renders us an important service in perfecting the character.

Does any one say that this is asserting more than facts will bear out; that we really witness no such pure and high results flowing from the ministration of sorrow as are here intimated, or at any rate they do not extend so far? I answer, facts do bear out all I have said, and much more. Who needs to be told that the purest and mightiest spirits among men, have been the children of trial and sorrow. Do you see a brother devoting himself and his substance to the sons of affliction and want?—be sure he hath himself already tasted the bitterness of sorrow. Do you behold a woman—strong in her very weakness—smoothing with delicate hand the brow of anguish; bending with unwearied gentleness, and a calm moral beauty, over a neighbor's bed of death; or speaking sweet and tender words that drop like heaven's balm upon the afflicted spirit; be sure her heart has first felt the baptism of sorrow—has first known what it is to be torn and bleed. Or need I tell you, that those who have suffered much, meet this dispensation with greater presence of mind and resignation of spirit; that they actually manifest vastly more moral strength, than those who are nearly unused to this kind of spiritual discipline.

It is a fact then, that sorrow does make us stronger; that it develops a kind of power in us, the most pure and spiritual, which nothing else does; and that it thus tends to give vigor and fullness to our moral strength, and perfection and beauty to our character—blessings without which we are comparatively indigent and imbecile.

And then, moreover, what a purifying influence does this ordination exert upon those who become its subjects? What is there more chastening, indeed, more refining in its office upon the human soul? Have you not seen it still the rage of passion; subdue the hard and perverse will; quench the fires of enmity; soothe the waters of contention; soften the rude man into the gentleness of the little child; and bend the haughtiest pride to the meekness and humility of a proper disciple of Jesus? Sometimes, you will see a single visitation of sorrow change the whole current and character of a man's life; sometimes it makes of the sinful man a man of prayer and devout life; sometimes it awakens those upon whom it falls from their dream of worldliness to the high and glorious realities of truth, duty and heaven. Some persons indeed owe almost more to sorrow than to direct blessings, for the purity and excellence of their characters; since it has been under this painful discipline that both their attention has been arrested, and the work of regeneration gone on. And I apprehend, could we, in this regard, analyze our own experience so as to trace effects to their real causes, we should all find ourselves not a little indebted to the same mysterious agency for whatever of those qualities which we, in any eminent degree, possess. We see, then, that another use of sorrow is, to purify and refine our feelings, to chasten our thoughts, and inspire us to genuine excellence of character and life. It is therefore a minister of goodness, doing a work of love—a work which we deeply need—which we could not dispense with without experiencing the greatest loss—and which no other power seems fitted to do as sorrow does it.

We find another use of sorrow in the revelation which it makes to us, concerning the friends whose loss we mourn. It has been said we never know the value of our blessings till we lose them. This is especially true of our friends, that we never fully appreciate them till they are taken from us. While they are with us, we do not stop to count over and estimate the blessings which are centred in them. Nor do we put our hands upon our hearts, and feel how large a part of our happiness, our very life even, hangs upon them. Our friends afford us a thousand

comforts and pleasures of whose source we are quite unconscious until their fountain is cut off.

We do not know how many kindnesses are done for us, and only on our account; how much labor and strength are expended for our benefit, to meet and relieve our wants, or to multiply our enjoyments, until they who do them have separated from us. It is through our tears that we first behold how rich was the treasure that hung about our bosoms. "When we see the parting wing, then, alas! we discover that truly an angel has been with us." And as sorrow presses upon us, we discover virtues in the departed, worth and excellences which we never before suspected; while their faults sink away into obscurity, are lodged in the grave to be soon forgotten. Thus sorrow consecrates friendship and immortalizes love. Our friends pass from our houses to dwell in our hearts; and their virtues from the dust and strife of the world to the calm and sacred retreat of our holiest memories.

One beneficent influence which this peculiar office of sorrow must exert upon us, is to transfer to us something of the spirit of that excellence over which our griefs so fondly brood, in meditations half thought and half tears. Such intimate and long continued communings; such clasping of spirit to spirit, cannot take place without an actual, if not indeed a sensible transfusion of the vital essences of the departed to the living. It is thus the dead often live in us more than we think. They breathe into us something of the breath of their own life; and it is long before the consciousness of its presence ceases to thrill every nerve and memory of the soul. As the light of the sun plays up the western sky long after himself has sunken to his nightly rest; so do they who pass below the horizon of life, leave behind a pure sweet radiance that lingers many a year among the virtues and affections of the living. No, indeed; our friends do not die so suddenly as men deem! They pass away from our eyes, but, oh, how long, long do they still live in our memories just as really as when they were by our side. We lay their bodies in the grave, but themselves live in our affections, till those affections go where there is no more decay, nor separation, nor death.

Another use of sorrow, and the last I have time to mention, is one of a high religious character; it prepares us for heaven, and with an ever increasing force draws us thither. It seems hardly necessary to descend to an explanation of the manner in which proper sorrow tends to the preparation of our minds for the future life, as those who have had any experience in this discipline must have felt how the work was accomplished, and those who have not, cannot, upon the slightest reflection, fail very justly to apprehend it. It is a holy work which in this regard it does for us. We are induced by it to place a more just estimate upon the value of the world, and the relative place it should hold in the catalogue of our interests. Under the ministration of sorrow we see that, in the great emergencies of being, we require something diviner than the world can afford; something that the soul can lean on and find support; that the heart can retire to and find rest; which is spiritual and eternal. Sorrow breaks off our undue worldly attachments; turns the currents of our hearts into new channels; or fixes them upon higher objects and more heavenly modes of being and sources of enjoyment. It leads us out of the world, and above the world, since we follow, as well as we can, those who depart from us. We thus come already, as it were, to dwell in eternity; since our thoughts, feelings, affections, sympathies, go out there so often, and abide there with such never-wearied interest. Such exercises, such communions tend powerfully to prepare us to enter upon the conditions and felicities of that pure and eternal state of existence.

But not only are we fitted for heaven by the ministrations of sorrow; we are also drawn thither by the most magical attractions, the most sacred and permanent influences. It was for this reason that Jesus said with so much beauty and feeling, "In my Father's house are many mansions; I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself; that where I am there ye may be also." That is, if I go away, your love for me will draw you where I am; you will soon desire to be with me in the heavenly mansions, "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary be at rest."

So also is it with our friends; as they depart they add new attractions to heaven; they win us more and more from the earth. Our hopes of happiness here dissolve; the present grows dark; the future only brightens in our dimmed and weary vision; and whatever else may be there, no place is so beautiful, so dear to us,—and which we so long to go to, as the "sweet, sweet home" where our loved ones dwell. And as they are in God's pure and blessed heaven sinless, pangless, tearless —thither do we tend—there would we dwell—and welcome is the hour which finally bears us to the thrilling embrace of our friend, and the bosom of God.

THE OFFICE OF RELIGION.

But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; and they shall walk and not faint.—Isa. 40 : 31.

Whatever significance we may give to material things, religion is certainly the highest proper interest of man. The problem of life, blending as it does, and so intimately, material and spiritual matters, may be attended, even to the most thinking mind, with perplexing and serious difficulties. Under the influence of the most prevailing theologies, it is not easy to discover how man is to devote himself as he ought to both the affairs of the world and the affairs of the soul. The claims which the world has upon him are potent to the most superficial reflection. The health and comforts of both himself and family, besides the duties he owes to society merely as a physical and social being, cannot be disregarded without pernicious and probably disastrous consequences. These pressing, imperative obligations—these indispensable and multiform demands of society —to say nothing of the solicitude of his business pursuits, of even the best planned occupations of life,—necessarily occupy a large amount of time, and exhaust a very considerable share of his strength. And these things must be faithfully observed in order decently to live. It has been the fashion of religionists to decry this world of God's making, applying to it epithets

calculated to excite aversion and contempt. But in spite of all this eloquent but mistaken decrial, this often fanatical clamor, the strictly temporal comforts—the substantial good which supplies our daily wants—are indispensable to the repose and happiness of the human being; and they must continue to be such so long as the soul resides in a physical body, subject to the experiences of sleep, hunger, thirst, fatigue, disease, decay, and death. While he dwells in the body, man cannot rise quite above the wants of the body; nor can he with impunity disregard the claims which those wants impose upon him. They are the ordination of God, who has kindly instituted them for great and wise purposes, and they must be respected or his reproving judgments will ensue.

But how, then, can a man be religious? If so large a portion of his time and strength must be given to the material and social concerns of life—if he must be so much engrossed in matters which appertain strictly to the present world—how is he, at the same time, to make spiritual things his supreme interest, and to occupy himself with them as their greatness and extent seem to require? I reply, in general terms, that he is to be religious *in* the pursuits and duties which are accounted as belonging exclusively to this world. His religion and his life must not be disparted and followed as distinct and incongruous things. He who ordained religion ordained life, and the conditions and needs of life; and they were intended to be harmonious, not jarring facts, in his creation. Religion was meant to abide with life, and life to abide in religion. Nor is religion a stranger here in this world, an exotic transplanted temporarily to answer a specific, unnatural purpose; but it was created precisely for this earthly scene of the soul, and loves to dwell here and do its vast and hallowed work. Hence the great mistake in the case before us, is, not in exalting the significance of spiritual above material things, but in concluding and treating them as opposite and incompatible. When I said it is difficult to discover how a man can rightly devote himself to both these great interests of his nature, I had before me this false theory which leaves its disciples with the mischievous conviction, that either religion or the material interests of life must be given

up—since they are actively antagonistic and cannot exist together without periling the eternal welfare of the soul. This fanatical notion, if it were strictly carried out, would drive all religionists into the rigidest asceticism,—caves and deserts, the realms of reptiles and wild beasts,—would again be peopled with men consecrated to spiritual aspiration and prayer—while society would be composed only of those who, to the utter neglect of all spiritual concerns, would pursue the objects of a worldly and irreligious life.

But this, I say, is flagrantly and fatally false. It is true, religion is the supreme good; that spiritual interests are the highest and most enduring interests; because they concern the soul which is to live forever, and are at the same time the source of the purest and most intense enjoyments—whilst the material interests appertain immediately to the body, which must all soon perish and concern their possessor no longer. But then there should be no warfare between these various interests of the same being; nor is it wisdom or gratitude to take such a course as to throw either class of them into contemptuous disparagement. In order rightly to discharge his duty respecting both these important concerns, a man must make religion the vitalizing spirit of his whole life—make it his guide and teacher—and be everywhere affected and moved by its genial and elevating spirit. While he lives in the world, he should live above it—so live as, in the best sense, to be its master—make it serve him—and not to be its slave. He must not be religious one hour and worldly the next. He must not dispart his religion from his labor—his business—his society—from the stirring and engrossing engagements of his daily life; but he must carry the spiritual into the worldly, and make his humblest duty or his meanest interest glitter with the heavenly radiance of a pure and sanctified heart. So, the providences of God should be seen and felt as really in the most material part of the wonderful economy of our being, as before the sacred altar where bends the saint in deep humility or penitent prayer. For of what use would religion be to us, if it did not direct us to the right employment of the divinely appointed means of human welfare? What concern has it in this world, if it does

not come as wisdom, justice, mercy, and love, in the order and use of the blessings with which God has filled the world? Religion is the golden thread which runs through all genuine living. Hence it is strangely absurd, it is positively and deeply injurious, to make religion a mere thing of passion, separate from the reality of character, and unconnected with the complete phenomena of life; for when a man comes to esteem religion a matter which he can call for at any day; which has only just so much it can do for him, and will therefore serve him as well at the eleventh hour as at the first; it will exercise but a miserable influence as a sanctifying power over his daily thoughts, feelings and occupations; he will scarcely be any better for it, except perhaps on set occasions, when he lays the world aside for a little season, and gives himself to the saving business of prayer and praise. Whatever else may be said of such a man, he certainly does not make spiritual interests the supreme occupation of his soul, nor suffer them to clothe his life with the celestial beauty of their imperishable garments.

I would, by no means, encumber the path of religion with difficulties; I am seeking rather to remove those which error has accumulated there in such multitude as to seriously discourage from its hearty pursuit. The gospel plan of life is surpassingly simple and beautiful,—and needs but cordial acceptance and prayerful observance, to crown the soul with most ample rewards. To make spiritual interests supreme, then, is to walk always in the fear and favor of God—to strive to live truthfully and worthily—to make religion direct the whole man, in whatever he finds to do. Nor is this making religion difficult and life burdensome; it is infinitely easier to be religious in the whole circle of a man's feelings and business, than to attempt to be religious outside of them. By due consecration, the hallowing spirit of Christ's life may be made to shine through every department of a man's life, so that his thoughts and actions shall bear the glorious sheen of the divine light. And thus with the spirit of heaven inspiring the heart, and a just conception of the real permanent interests directing the hands, labor of every kind, duty of every form, rises from mere

necessary drudgery into noblest employment—carries with it the most pleasurable consciousness, and is followed by the most delightful memories. There ever attends upon the life thus guided and sanctified by religion, an inward growth—an augmentation of actual strength—a real power of endurance—and an increasing sense of progressive triumph:

"For they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary, and walk and not faint."

I. Here, then, we discover some of the important uses of Christianity—some of the grand blessings which religion confers. For after what has now been said, it needs no labored argument to show that, without religion, life can neither be justly appreciated nor fully enjoyed. Blot out religion, and nothing shines through these multifarious scenes of toil—this crowded assemblage of wearisome cares—these exciting and exhaustive fluctuations—this problematic medley of wealth and poverty, health and disease, life and death,—revealing a divine method that involves the profoundest moral significance, and mysteriously but surely working out the beneficent will of God. To the eye of the materialist, what is there in this vast and intricate economy that is interesting beyond the present moment—beyond the tangible fact of food and raiment, the gratification of the senses, a species of pleasure which soon satiates and palls, if it be not infused and dignified with some spirit more ethereal and intelligent? Life sinks into the most fearful poverty, when all its nourishment and support are drawn from the objects of sense. If man were a brute, he might be satisfied with such objects. If there were within him no soul with its active thought and high questionings; if there were no heart beating with innumerable affections, sending up perpetual aspirations after the infinite and imperishable; if there were not within him a spiritual nature endowed with positive elements of immortality, filled with most delicate sensibilities, and capable of most surprising growth and perfection; if, in a word, there were within him no discursive and feeling mind, he might then sit down in the midst of the objects of sense, or run in the way of purely material pursuits, without suffering any annoy-

ance from the void within, or from the gross and unmeaning character of his employments without. Such sensualism might suffice for the animal. No pleadings might then rise from the heart, which material objects could not satisfy. Wounded and bleeding affections might not then emaciate the body, and pierce the heavens with the wailing cry for some sweet consoling promise. But so long as he is a man and not a brute, he must have something higher than food and raiment, to supply the pressing demands of his nature, and to show him the significance and uses of life. The wealth of the world cannot answer the mysterious and awful questions that come up in the soul, nor reveal to its view the moral laws of happiness; for the proper perception of life is given only by spiritual truth, which, like an angelic guide, interprets the meaning that God has engraven on all things. When the father follows to the silent tomb the son who was the joy of his heart, and the staff and hope of his silvery age; when the mother tears her breathless babe from her bleeding bosom, and, amidst her fast falling tears, lays it in the cold bed of its last sleep; what would they do—what could they do, if no bright spiritual promise spoke to their hearts from the bending skies? what could they do, if religious light from eternity did not stream down on their darkness, and illuminate the tomb with the radiant fact of the resurrection?

Talk to them about material interests and sensual pleasures, in such an hour!—why, their ear is deaf, and their heart shut, to all voices but those which whisper, through the awful hush of death, golden promises from the spirit-land, the paradise of the dead. When the heart is smitten and bleeds, the material earth seems but a shadow, vanishing and meaningless;—then the spiritual becomes the real, and the eternal the only permanent and satisfying. God, Christ, heaven, religion, are the thoughts which reveal the meaning of life, and communicate the power to enjoy it;—therefore it is, that man should make spiritual interests supreme, and ever "wait upon the Lord."

II. Beyond the insight which religion gives into the significance of life, and the power it confers for its highest enjoyment,—it performs another important office in the impartation

of moral force or ability,—enabling the recipient to become greater and nobler in all those qualities which distinguish him as a spiritual and responsible being. All the truths with which religion deals are pure and vast, precisely calculated to exercise most felicitous influence upon the faculties of the weak and sinful heart. Hence no man can regularly and earnestly commune with its sublime doctrines without experiencing an expansion and growth of his moral nature. Their touch is electric, and invigorates his faculties. Like Christ's garments to the woman who touched them, virtue goes out of them into the believer. They infuse a conscious holiness into the heart, and energy into the understanding. This communion leads the believer to dwell receptively upon the omnipotent and infinite—upon the perfectly good and holy;—his thoughts lift him out of himself into the all-lovely and all-sufficient, where he drinks in the elements of love and might, as beneath the vast expanse of the nightly sky the uplooking flower drinks in dew. So from deep personal fellowship with religion there comes a gradual augmentation of the genuine spiritual excellence and forces of his being;—"for they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength."

It was in this way that have been prepared the noble examples of moral goodness and greatness in all ages of the world, which command our admiration and reverence. Did not Christ always seek strength from on high? And did he not at last gloriously triumph on the cross, making it the grandest and most endearing symbol in the world, through the spiritual omnipotence which God and religion had imparted to him? Did not the apostles pass from the weakest and timidest of men, into the noblest and most invincible of spiritual heroes? What was it but religion that wrought in them that vast change, transforming them into sublime towers of moral strength that defy the destructive conflicts of the sweeping ages? And the same grand effect may be witnessed in many an instance around you—where religion has superinduced the sublimest forms of strength upon the most painful weakness. Nay, have you not in your own experience realized from religion, when everything here seemed but tantalizing weakness, mere forms of dust and

ashes, the blessed support and comfort of divine might? The words and spirit of the dear Savior have come upon you, at such times, like the energy of a new and mightier life;—demonstrating the simple verity of the apostle's apparent paradox, "When I am weak, then am I strong."

"'Tis God the spirit leads
Through paths before unknown;
The work to be performed is ours;
The *strength* is all his own."

III. Again, I remark that religion *elevates*. For though it teaches and begets the spirit of humility—prostrating the soul in view of its exceeding sinfulness and unworthiness—awakening a sense of shame and confusion on account of its unthankfulness and neglect—still it immediately tends to raise its possessor into a more worthy and desirable place in the scale of moral being. By showing how to serve, it teaches how to rule. Through its agency we discover the relative value of material and spiritual things—and the bonds which hold us too slavishly in subjection to the former, are weakened or broken, —whilst by a mystic power we are strongly attracted towards the more exalted region of the latter. We thus escape out of slavery into freedom. The dominion of the world gives place to the dominion of truth and right;—and we are conducted into a clear vision of the true pathway of life, and so shape our course and conduct as to ensure the approbation and reward of heaven.

When we consider more closely and attentively the objects into communion with which religion brings us, we shall be only the more impressed with its active tendency to elevate man into more near and intimate relations to God; because we then see more clearly that whatever purifies, strengthens and ennobles, must exalt into more perfect and spiritual conditions of existence. The grosser appetites and passions are restrained within their legitimate sphere; whilst the improper or unnatural ones are supplanted by refinement of the feelings, love of the beautiful, and increasing attachment to goodness and purity. Moreover, the objects of contemplation are above him instead of beneath him; and he is carried beyond the narrow circle of

his own selfishness, and made to feel that what is without is infinitely more considerable and precious than what lies within it. Like the man who first turns his telescope to the skies, he finds the worlds above him to be greater in number and magnitude than the one in which he dwells. And to encourage him, every new acquirement carries him into new regions, and gives him new facilities. He still lives in the world indeed, and more satisfactorily and happily, because he comprehends its meaning and its uses, and sees the wisdom and goodness displayed in its beneficent economy. He still lives in the world, and the more perfectly because he rises into the possession of those supreme interests which qualify him wisely to control its varied ministries to his substantial and permanent advantage. His resources, too, continually multiply; and the increasing light towards which he is advancing intensifies his enjoyments. As the traveler, who ascends the lofty mountain, witnesses a gradual diminution of the most considerable objects that occupied his attention when at its base—new and vaster ones constantly meeting his eye and thrilling him with great fresh thoughts—until he rises into the purest atmosphere, and the sphere of his vision embraces the boundaries of the world;—so he who gives himself to the saving influence of religion, ascends the sublime elevation of moral life—interesting and vividly picturesque scenes opening up to his view—until from its bright, its beautiful, its glorious altitudes, he looks off into the green and boundless fields of eternity, rapt in emotions kindred to the life of angels; "for they that wait on the Lord shall mount up with wings as eagles."

IV. I remark in the last place, *that the religious man dwells in security.* He may not be exempt from the swift and sad changes to which human life is subject, nor pass through the world free from the severe ills with which it is visited: he may not indeed be unlike many of his fellow beings in the outward trials which attend upon humanity—the same causes of perplexity and bitterness of spirit—the same occasions of solicitude and unrest—the same blasting of temporal hopes—the same breaking up of the dearest ties of life—ties that reach to the heart's centre and link it with bonds of inexpressible sym-

pathy and tenderness to the perishing or the perished; because he is religious he may not be exempt from all these various ills,—but then, though he may suffer, they do not crush him. The ocean of life may beat tempestuously around him—the storm drive and the angry waves dash—but he perishes not—is not moved from his stable rest: his feet are planted on the eternal rock, whose foundation is the promises of Jehovah, whose summit peers up through all storms and clouds into the endless sunshine of heaven.

It is such security which religion affords its happy possessor. It gives him rest, and fills him with abiding peace. It prepares him for the angularities of the path he must tread—for the fluctuation he must meet. Guided by religion, he puts his supreme trust in that whence disappointments cannot flow. The sources of his substantial happiness are located in a region of such altitude that the accidents and changes of this temporal and fleeting scene can never reach nor harm them. He lacks not for temporal blessings, for seeking first the kingdom of God, all these are added unto him. Waiting on the Lord, prophesy and promise are fulfilled in him. His peace is serene, his joy abiding. He runs and faints not, he walks and is not weary.

My brethren, when you retire from this altar to enter again upon the exciting and engrossing pursuits of life, remember, I pray you, the great worth and uses of religion; remember that there is no place nor time when it will not in the most important sense bless and serve you—and that there are times when you cannot, with any peace, do without its divine presence and beautiful ministry. Engrave it forever even upon your hearts, and especially ye who are young, that "they who wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; and they shall walk and not faint."

ONE WITH CHRIST.

And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me.
JOHN xii. 32.

IN the evangel this sublime passage is said to have fallen from the lips of Christ. It appears to have been uttered as were his ordinary teachings, serenely, but with a profound consciousness of its truth. Judging from the record, there was no effort to display the splendor of his wisdom or the magnitude of his power. This humility in manner is everywhere visible in his life, and he utters his greatest, as his simplest truths, without imposing preparation or gorgeous pretension. Perhaps there was no more distinguishing characteristic of this wonderful personage, than that he rose far above all noisy show and passionate display, into the delectable region of calmness and self-possession. Certainly, in this respect, history furnishes no example that ever approached him. He stands on an eminence whence he blends the two worlds into one view, and sees the power in one which supports him in his labors and trials in the other. He dwells where the light of eternity pours in full radiance upon his countenance, and clothes him with the beauty of celestial charms. His very manner shows that his resources are unlimited. He seems exhaustless. However great the work he has at any time wrought, his character has so impressed us, that we feel there is a reserved power greater than what has been displayed. Acquaintance with him—at least anything like a full acquaintance, such as a Christian may gain,—reduces all his miracles into one—the grand miracle of his life; and he henceforth ceases to excite our wonder, while, to an unlimited extent, he commands our admiration and love—so natural, so completely in accordance with himself, are his works, whether he be teaching us to love our neighbor, stilling the tempest, or raising the dead. And thus, Christ is himself, on account of peculiarities which separate him widely from all other men, the highest proof, not only of his reality as a teacher, but also of the divinity of his origin and of his mission.

In rejecting the trinitarian notion of Christ, as an essential

third part of the supreme Godhead, men are apt to proceed so far in the opposite direction as to disrobe him of his real power; to seriously weaken, if not destroy, his personal authority as the Messiah; and thus present him to us only as a sort of second Solomon, with such necessary improvements upon his great type, as the circumstances and his age demanded. But this is an extreme which has neither authority nor reason in its favor, and is productive of no good results upon either the piety or morality of its believers. Christ's humanity is indeed a primary element in the true faith; but it is humanity sanctified by the spirit and power of God, given without measure. It is so flooded with the divine as to expand into sublimity like the river into the ocean, and is profounder than the utmost reach of thought. He has our nature, organically is like us, one with us; but at the same time he is penetrated and filled with energies like those by which the universe is upheld; and exceeds in the loftiness and extent of his wisdom, power, and love, all that we can conceive as belonging to the angels. Vain are the efforts of logic to comprehend him in its formulas: he escapes all definitions, and can be found, in the fullness of his stature and glory, only in the histories of his life that came in eloquent brevity from the pens of inspiration, and the history of his spirit written in the heart of the world and evolving in the history of humanity, to be completed in that consummation when God shall be all in all.

No, indeed, there is no other such record of humility and power, as in the character and manner of Christ. There is nothing of the parade and noise of the statesman; nothing of the physical pomp and glory of the warrior, dashing with embattled legions into the face of flame and death; nothing of the fascinating glitter and imposing magnificence of the regal court; and yet, in that peaceful and unostentatious life of his, he made himself the grand central figure in the world's history. I think I can see him there now, in that lovely old land of the Jews just entering upon his wonderful ministry, standing there alone, with those thoughts within him which he was conscious would overturn kingdoms and revolutionize the world—thoughts which would cheer age as it laid itself in the damp cold grave,

and reverberate in the music of childhood in all the dwelling-places of men; and yet he is humble, serene and calm—makes no noise and displays no pomp. A blended firmness and mildness, an unmistakable expression of conscious power, rest on his countenance and beam from his eye. He stands there, singled out from all men; beneath the star-lighted and angel-thronged sky; not a word of his life-inspiring thoughts yet uttered; his whole person radiant with the lofty elevation of his soul, but still so serene that not even a passion is visible; and unfolding within his capacious bosom all those sublime energies, which in their noiseless operation are lifting the human race to heaven. And now, when he speaks, his manner, his procedure, his gentle, persuasive voice—all are in perfect keeping. He utters his doctrines mildly but confidently; talks of the world, all men, and eternity, with the assurance of one who dwells in the vastitude of unlimited power; trusts his precepts, broad and holy as the heaven in whose light he lives, to the keeping of rude, unlettered men; makes no records except on the living tablets of the human soul; is even treated with public contempt, and at last executed amidst a storm of passion and scorn. But there is no transcending him; and anon his more than magical power transmutes the ignominious instrument of his death into the shining symbol of immortal life, and the glorious badge of God's love; while his simple words speedily crumble the marble gods of heathenism into dust, and, sweeping through the colonnades of her magnificent temples, smite her oracles dumb forever.

And this teacher it was, this man sent from God, and thus clothed with his authority and power, that said—"And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." Falling from such lips, these words to our minds are more decisive and satisfactory on the greatest of truths, than all the logic of human theologies. Schools and philosophies may perform an important mission in the education of man, but they never rise into the inspiration of prophets and become the voice of God to the world. Equally fallible and uncertain, as authorities in the kingdom of religious truth and grace, are the votes of synods and the decisions of ecclesiastical councils. But when Christ

speaks, "in whom dwelt all the fullness of the Godhead," his teaching is final, going beyond the reach of proof, since there are no grounds of demonstration so high and complete as itself. I take it for granted, therefore, that the Savior declared the truth when he said, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me," though it be the sublimest of doctrines, inspiring in its power and renovating in its spirit, and point to a blessed time which makes the heart leap with gladness even to contemplate. And on the ground that they are true, and were uttered by a being who is every way able to realize the facts which their verity implies, let us now attend briefly to the significance of these words.

Undoubtedly their immediate reference was to the manner of the Savior's death. Crucifixion was to be the mode of his departure from the present world; he was to be "lifted up" on the cross. This tragical issue of his mission was continually before his mind, and he often made allusion to it in his seasons of conference with his disciples, and sometimes in his public teachings before the multitude. But dark and forbidding as was that awful scene on Calvary to the vision of mere human reason, it could throw no obstacle in the way of accomplishing his spiritual mission. Nay, rather did it add another element to his power, and mysteriously multiply the means of his success. His death added a new and more affecting eloquence to the plea of his love; while the generosity and magnitude of his sacrifice opened new avenues to the heart, and gave his redeeming spirit fuller access to the sanctuary of the soul. His religion assumed a diviner hue, when he sanctified it in the baptism of his blood. That "lifting up" on the cross, therefore, would serve materially to augment the magnetic forces of his truth; to render his attractive influences more penetrative and resistless; and thus assist him in *drawing* the world unto himself. Hence Christ crucified has become the centre around which the moral world revolves, in constantly diminishing orbits, so mightier is the winning force of his love than the repulsion of its ignorance and sin.

Referring thus immediately to the cross by his being "lifted up," the Savior would seem to mean "by drawing men unto

himself," something which was connected with that scene, in the midst of which his life was terminated. But that meaning cannot be found in the literal mode of his death, since few, if any of his disciples have, in this respect, followed the example of their Master. Nor should we seek it in any of the outward circumstances by which Christ was surrounded at the time to which the text directly alludes; for it was most evidently not upon these that he had his eye when he declared—"And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." But his meaning was spiritual, and related to the condition of the soul. If he was lifted up on the cross, he would there become the centre towards which he would cause all men spiritually to gravitate, moulding them into his own likeness, transforming them into the moral symmetry of his own image and glory. He would draw them unto himself by translating them from the region of slavery and sin into the sunny clime of holiness and peace; by converting them into oneness with the condition of his own spirit, by drawing them into *what* he himself was, so that they could dwell in religion as he dwelleth in it, finding it the light and life of their being.

In the immediate import of his words, he would appear to have reference not so much to *place* as to *condition*. The mere going to the heavenly abode is far from the highest conception of being drawn to Christ, locality being always a consideration of secondary moment in our estimate of things that belong to spiritual happiness. At any rate, we know that place and circumstances to a man are not necessarily the first condition of happiness, neither do they always confer it, even where they exist of a character which seems most favorable to that end. There is a greater blessing than they upon which their value chiefly depends, as ministers to man's true enjoyment. It is the one which Christ here promises to confer. For surely if he be the Son of God, and consequently the true representation of his infinite character, to be assimilated into his moral likeness —to be made one in spirit with him—is the first, the most considerable blessing that can be conferred upon us. Draw us unto Christ in this sense, and, in every place, we shall dwell in Heaven: the holy spirit of the everlasting Father will be the

essence of our life, interpenetrating every faculty of our moral being, and elevating us into the exquisite felicities of pure truth and free love. True, this first, and, in one sense, fundamental good of being drawn to Christ, can never be perfectly realized in this state of existence, where the objective conditions of the soul are so exceedingly inconstant and imperfect; where so much of its time and so many of its efforts are necessarily expended in providing for wants which are really independent of itself; and where it is called to endure so much from material causes, with which at most it will be but temporarily connected; but still the subjective condition of the soul, in oneness with Christ, will be the same in character here as in the blessedness of the future life. The difference between Heaven *here*, and Heaven *hereafter*, in the case of the well instructed Christian, consists chiefly in the outward relations and external conditions by which the soul is surrounded; while the inward must, in each case, remain substantially identical, since the primary laws of moral happiness for organically the same beings, must everywhere be the same. I can see no tenable ground for the opinion—which somehow has obtained not a little currency—that death is a process of such character and magnitude, that it will translate us beyond our personal consciousness, and involve us in the loss of our identity. Death is only an event in the continuous life of the soul, by which it lays aside, or rises out from, its objective inconveniences; and not a phenomenon in which it suffers any cessation of its consciousness, or the destruction of any power or principle essential to its personal identity or distinctive humanity. It is a mistake to think that we must cease to be human to become saints. Heaven is not the oblivion of memory—the extinction of all the past: no more is death such a radical and extensive change as shall convert us into beings organically different and distinct from what we are here. Certainly, the organic laws of the soul must survive the grave, in order that the soul itself may survive; which, if they do, must forever secure us our personal consciousness, all the beautiful leaves of memory, clean and radiant from every blur and dust of time, together with the sweet recognition of those blessed beings around whom affection has thrown her golden

chains, and to whom she still clings, only with a purer and holier attachment.

But we may go a step farther. Christ was not only lifted up on the cross, which, by his death, and especially the manner of it, he has made the expressive symbol of his whole religion, but he was also lifted up from the grave and carried away into Heaven, which is not merely an historical fact that is connected with the integrity of the gospel narrative, but is important on account of its bearing and effect upon the teachings of Christianity concerning the future life, and also the additional interest with which it invests the power of Christ over the minds and hearts of men. It is natural, and it certainly appears logical, to infer that his "lifting up," or ascension into Heaven, associated, as it necessarily must be, with the attractions of his everlasting spiritual abode at the right hand of God, must greatly increase the facilities of his access to mankind, and multiply the magnetic influences by which he is to control the directions of their hearts and give them a permanent proclivity heavenward. We do no injustice, therefore, to the Savior's words,—"And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me,"—if we blend in their significance both ideas of condition and place, and mingle into focal intensity, the blessings of oneness with his spirit and the local felicities of Heaven. Being drawn unto Christ in this double sense of spiritual harmony with himself and perpetual citizenship in this divine kingdom, where the mortal puts on immortality, appeals to the mind as the highest good, while the Scriptures assure us that is really the extent to which his mission, in its complete form, reaches. For he seeks not only to fill us with his own spirit and render us obedient children, but also to lead us home to our Father's house, that we may dwell in the beauty, and rejoice in the smiles of his love. Thus, having been lifted up, he will draw us into the heavenly likeness of *what* he is, and also—which is the second greatest blessing—to be *where* he is and abide forever.

Having thus briefly noticed the general character of the blessing implied in being drawn to Christ, it will, perhaps, be interesting to consider, somewhat more in detail, how man will

thus be drawn to the Savior. It will help us to appreciate the magnitude and character of the result, to understand, with some approach to the truth, the means through which it is reached.

In the first place, Christ will draw men unto him by the power of knowledge. He came into the world as a teacher sent from God, to pour the light of instruction into the darkened and ignorant soul. One of his grandest offices is to make man acquainted with the truth. "To know God is life eternal;" and it is this knowledge which above all he seeks to confer, and which, indeed, really embraces all. The intellect must be enlightened, and the conscience quickened; and to accomplish this, He gives revelations that open to the mind clearest visions of the beautiful and the true; from the regions of duty, where as moral beings we must dwell, He lets us look off into eternity and gather information on subjects of sublimest import, and life and immortality are revealed to our understandings. Every step we take in knowledge—every new truth we gain brings us nearer to the likeness of the Great Teacher. It is not in religion, if anywhere, that "ignorance is bliss;" but that soul in which truth shines most brightly, in which the largest measure of the knowledge of Christ dwells, enjoys most of the genuine felicities of Heaven—partakes most largely of the blessedness of its great Master. And his attachment to his Divine Instructor increases in proportion as, under His wisdom, he grows more enlightened. There is a magnetic property in knowledge which gives the soul an unceasing proclivity towards its celestial source, though it may not always be immediately conscious of the direction in which it is moving. Something of the influence of Christ's teachings in drawing man's thoughts and sympathies to himself, may be discovered in the contrast which is presented between the Christian and heathen portions of the world. And not less distinctly is the same thing discoverable in the peculiar character which, as a whole, science, philosophy, all that which we call human knowledge, has assumed since the time of Christ. The light which he poured upon it, makes the world rejoice in some new revelation of its mysteries

every year; and with each revelation it approaches Heaven, and man dwells nearer to God.

Again: Christ will draw man unto himself by the power of his love. It is not enough, though it is indispensable that the intellect be instructed; the affections must be enlightened and vivified. The heart must go with the head. The moral sympathies must be called forth into active play, as well as the intellectual. We must be taught to love as well as to think—to feel as well as to see. A religion which should be merely intellectual might be beautiful, might have many attractions for the mind, and lead us away into many speculative exercises most agreeable, perhaps entrancing, to the reason; but it could not thrill us with its electrical power; it could not win us to throw ourselves unreservedly into his embrace, and melt us into sweetest and undying attachments; for it has no warm, beating heart in it—no gushing, living affection, whose touch moves us like the breath of inspiration. The light of such a religion would be clear but cold, resembling the corruscations that play up the polar sky, rather than the cordial, glowing warmth of the noontide sun, whose rays both enlighten and fructify the earth. But infuse into it the fire and energies of love; link the reasoning intellect to a throbbing heart, and it becomes a religion of life, which adapts it to the whole nature of man, and gives it control over all his powers. Without this, it is like the beautifully perfect statue, born beneath the creative chisel of a Phidias, elegant in the symmetry of its form, but when you clasp it to your bosom, frigid as ice, a pulseless, pitiless marble. But where love is, there is an attraction, so gentle, so persuasive and willing, that the soul delights to fall into the sphere of its influence. The two powers must go together, the power of knowledge and the power of love. Without knowledge, religion would be a mere blind, blazing enthusiasm; and without love, it would be a lofty, unapproachable stoicism; but when they blend into harmony we see the living Christ, with his glorious panoply of truth and his divine heart, pulsating with infinite love. While, therefore, he teaches us truth, opens to our minds revelations of knowledge; while he strikes out the path to heaven as with shafts of sunlight, casts upon

reason the light of eternity, and illumines our conscience with the radiance of God's justice; while he draws us by the secret forces of intellectual affinities and sympathies unto himself; by the divine afflatus of his love, he is inspiring us with the breath of a loftier life, and gives unfailing polarity to our hearts. It is God's love that makes the outward world beautiful; it is God's love, manifested through Christ, that makes the spiritual world even more than beautiful, so that its glories may be felt as well as seen. By magnetic forces like these, is Christ drawing us unto himself. It is upon kindred natures that he is acting; it is spirit speaking to spirit; heart beating to heart; soul throwing its silken sympathies around soul, and winning by the eloquent music of its own harmony. Into this sin and ignorance—into this moral night with which we are shrouded, he shines from that lifted cross, with the holy light of his truth and the melting tenderness of his love. His voice has gone out over the sea of life, stilling the tempests of passion, and infusing trust and strength into sinking hearts. His spirit is entwining the golden chain of his affection around erring humanity, and binding it faster and faster to the throne of God. In the discipline of chastisement and trial and sorrow, when to our limited vision all seems to have abandoned us to our doom of evil, in unwearied patience he still stands beside us, evolving good from ill, mysteriously changing our darkness into light, and through our tears spanning the sky of the soul with the bow of hope.

And this work will go on; this purifying process, discharging us from sin and advancing us towards Christ; this enlightenment of the mind and the affections by which we are transmuted into his likeness and drawn to his abode; this will go on until every sin be washed away, and our souls be white as the snow; until our knowledge shall be full and our love perfect; until we shall arrive at that home where there is no sin, no discord, no tears and no death, and we in Christ, and Christ in God, who is all in all.

Such is the result to which we look forward for ourselves—to be one with Christ in the spirit of knowledge and love, and his divine and immortal abode. Oh, how blessed and cheering is the thought that we shall thus be drawn to the Son of God.

What a secret peace does it send abroad in our hearts; how does it awaken gratitude to the infinite source and disposer of all things. But if this assurance can thus inspire gladness and elevate our spirits into a hymn of thanksgiving to God, how must we be affected when we realize the full doctrine of the text—"I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." Yes, he will draw all men; there is no limitation, no bounds, except the race. Man, humanity; not dismembered and fragmentary; but as a unity, a whole; this will he draw unto himself; this the grand consummation he will reach. This is one of those great truths which Christ so frequently utters, that throw a divine radiance and beauty over the universe. In its light God is revealed in a character of infinite loveliness, such as is realized by no doctrine less vast in its extent. It also makes the Savior and his kingdom rise into a spiritual grandeur and reach of dominion that are immaculate to the vision of our holiest desires, and act like the sweet breath of inspiration upon the peace and hopes of our hearts. It also clothes man with a new interest and deeper significance, while it throws over nature, in the midst of whose interminably varied scenery this fleeting life is passed, a beauty and a provindence that make it hallowed with the presence and goodness of God.

"Not in the world without, but that within,
Revealed, not instinct—soul from sense can win!
And where the natural halts, where cramped, confined,
The seen horizon bounds the baffled mind,
The inspired begins—the onward march is given;
Bridging all space, nor ending even in heaven!
Here, veiled on earth, we mark divinely clear
Duty and end—the *there* explains the *here!*
We see the link that binds the future band;
Foeman with foeman gliding hand in hand;
And feel that hate is but an hour's—the son
Of earth to perish when the earth is done,
But love eternal; and we turn below,
To hail the *brother* where we loathed the *foe;*
There, in the soft and beautiful Belief,
Flows the true lethe for the lips of grief;
There, penury, hunger, misery, cast their eyes,
How soon the bright republic of the skies!
There love, heart-broken, sees prepared the bower,
And hears the bridal step, and waits the nuptial hour.
There smiles the mother we have wept—there bloom
Again the buds asleep within the tomb!
There, o'er the bright gates inscribed—'no more we part,
Soul springs to soul, and heart unites to heart."

PUNISHMENT OF MURDEROUS SUICIDES.

Judge not according to the appearance, but judge righteous judgment.
JOHN vii. 24.

ON the supposition that the restoration of all souls to holiness, and heaven be true, how is the man guilty of murder and suicide justly punished? This question, in some form, is frequently stated and urged against our religion as though it were fatal to its truth. For this reason, and to deepen, if possible, the conviction of the mischief and misery which sin inflicts upon the transgressor, I propose to speak to it in the present discourse.

But before proceeding to the consideration of the question—"How is the murderous suicide punished, if our religion be true?"—I wish to submit three facts concerning punishment itself, as an established principle in the Divine Government. They will assist us in the treatment of our subject, and also in making up our final judgment upon it.

1. The first of these facts is, that sin and all sin, *will certainly be punished.* There is no possibility of escaping the consequences of guilt, when guilt has been contracted. This fact obtains universally. Hence it is set forth in the Scriptures in such strong and definite language as this:—"There is no peace to the wicked, saith my God." "If my children forsake my law; if they break my statutes and keep not my commandments; then will I visit their transgressions with a rod, and their iniquities with stripes." "The Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity, transgression, and sin, and that will by no means clear the guilty." "Though hand join in hand the wicked shall not be unpunished." "And he that doeth wrong shall receive for the wrong which he hath done, and there is no respect of persons."

2. I observe, in the second place, that sin will be punished according to its intrinsic demerit. All wise governments—and especially the Divine Government—accurately and justly discriminate in the administration of their retributive economy, measuring the degree of chastisement by the degree of guilti-

ness on the part of the transgressor. The Bible assures us, "we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ—that every one may receive the things done in his body, whether they be good or bad." John represents Jesus as declaring—"I come quickly; and my reward is with me, to give to every man according as his work shall be." And Christ himself declares, as expressive of the law of Divine retribution, "that the servant which knew his Lord's will, and prepared not himself, neither did according to his will, shall be beaten with many stripes. But he that knew not, and did commit things worthy of stripes, shall be beaten with few stripes."

We cannot, without the exercise of some perverseness, mistake the import of such language as that we have here recited. God administers punishment according to the letter and spirit of justice; discriminates in the awards of His government; and makes the greater guilty suffer the severer penalties of the law.

3. The third fact I state is, that all Divine punishment is exercised in mercy, and is inflicted only for good—the good of both the sufferer and the universe. This is evident from the character of God. God is good; He is love; He is just; and can do nothing that is wrong, or that will produce permanent evil. With such a nature, all whose motives are holy, all whose purposes must be good and just, He can only take pleasure in what promotes the happiness of his creatures, and the glory of his creation. He is also revealed to us in the dear and hallowed character of the Father; as such, He must only be capable of chastising for their profit those whom He has created as His children. He is moreover merciful, and cannot institute any kind or method of retribution, in which the quality of mercy does not superabound. His dealings are infinitely higher in character than those of men. His judgments are altogether holy, and His chastisements such as a righteous and perfect parent might dispense to his children—to correct—to purify—and to fill them with devout reverence for his august name, and obedience to his wise control. This view was supported by the great Apostle:—"We have had fathers of our flesh which corrected us, and we gave them reverence; shall

we not much rather be in subjection to the Father of spirits, and live? For they, verily, for a few days chastened us after their own pleasure; but He for our profit, that we might be partakers of his holiness. Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby." How instructive and comforting is this language of the Apostle; for here we see, that the "Lord smites to bless, and wounds to heal."

Here, then, we have these three great facts, attested by the declarations of the holy scriptures, and according entirely with our best reason: 1st. Sin will certainly be punished—all sin—for the transgressor can by no means escape the proper and just penalty of the Divine law when once he has violated it. 2d. Sin—all sin—will be punished in the proportion of its demerit; for all retribution will be administered after the rule of a wise and just discrimination. And 3d. All punishment for sin is, in God's Government, inflicted, not willingly, but for good; for the holy purpose of correcting the hearts and lives of His children, and promoting and establishing His glory in the holiness and happiness of His creatures. And these are fundamental, essential, and eternal facts in His government; so all conclusions which do not harmonize therewith, must be false and prejudicial to the interests of religion.

Having stated these facts respecting the character and certainty of punishment, I come now to the question,—"How is the murderous suicide punished?" And in order that the case may be as strong as possible, I will suppose both the murder and the suicide to be deliberate—as deliberate as the nature of the case will allow—a man wittingly and deliberately kills another, and then, with equal deliberation, despatches his own life. The case, you see, is an extreme one; and the question is, how is that man punished? If our religion be true, will he be punished at all? Will he not rather, by thus throwing himself into the frigid arms of death, ingeniously escape all proper punishment for his terrible crime? If there be no endless hell into which God may cast him, hopelessly to remain, is not the possibility of punishment entirely cut off? For, if there be no

endless hell, does not death cancel all moral accounts, and reduce men to an equality of condition and happiness?

I answer, first of all, whatever may be our speculations in the case, that the fact is established that the man, as supposed, guilty of murder and suicide, *will be punished.* The scriptures, our reason, all experience, prove this. But *where and how is he punished?* This introduces us to the difficult part of our labor; for while God has revealed the certainty of retribution of sin, He has not so clearly revealed the manner in which it is effected. In His judgments, as in His grace, God works by no single method; He is not confined to any one rule in these fearful operations of His power. All methods are His which infinite skill can contrive. He comes in judgment on the transgressor in a million forms: He sends His reproving spirit through a million mediums. We are too short-sighted always to discover what operates as punishment upon him who suffers it; for God, I repeat, works in unnumbered and often secret ways, inflicting the penalties of His laws, and accomplishing His will where and when we little know it. It is often in another manner than that which characterizes human modes of retribution, that we must regard the Deity accomplishing his purposes against the wrong-doer; for His thoughts are higher than our thoughts, and His ways than our ways. Hence, in the case now under consideration, there may be many degrees and forms of the Divine punishment which are at present beyond the reach of our vision; and which, if we could behold them in their proper force, would seriously affect our judgment and move our hearts.

I. But passing this consideration, I remark, in the first place, that the deliberate murderer is punished in the process of preparation for his crime. A good man does not commit a deliberate murder—the thing is impossible. In order to become capable of such a work, the man must pass through a dark and awful preparation. Nor can he sink from the Christian to the man of blood in a moment: that point can be reached only through much sin and suffering. What awful disparity must there be between the two conditions of the man! Contemplate him in his fallen estate! Into what a state of abandonment and wretchedness must he be sunk, before he reaches the point

where he can entertain the horrid thought of murder! What gall and wormwood must mingle in his soul; and how intense the suffering that agitates him to the very centre of his being! Go look at him in his depravity, and his unrest, as he is proceeding just far enough in his alienation from God, to admit into his heart, the native home of religion, the awful idea of so dark a crime—a crime the remotest thought of which makes all good men shudder with chilling horror. How bruised and crushed must be all his fraternal sympathies! What fiendish, wicked, withering passion, must possess his soul, searing its holiest sensibilities, and filling it with blackness and death! I repeat that the process through which he must go, before he is capable of imbruing his hand in his brother's blood, is a succession of sin and miseries unutterable. That estrangement from God, who is the life of the soul, its peace and its joy; that forgetfulness of duty, truth, and love; that desertion of all sources of proper human happiness; that harboring of horrid images of crime; that secret communion with blood, and fostering of demoniac hatreds; that retirement into himself and trembling at the approach of innocence; that recoil and anguish of his heart at the thought of his own purposes; that frequent struggle and writhing of the conscience, at the thought of God and justice, which comes unwelcome, unbid, flashing in amidst the criminal blackness of his soul, like chain lightning into the bosom of night, and snatching his hideous secrets into the glare of terrible revelation. Oh, what awful retribution has God linked with this downward curse of sin! Could that heart be laid bare to your vision, and you could see all that is thought and suffered there; the anguish and misery; the starting fears; the incessant agitation and trembling; the burning passion; the quivering and agony of dying hopes; the sleeplessness, the fluctuating between resolution and despair; could you behold the mingled scene of ruin, wretchedness, and woe, enclosed within that sinful bosom, you would appreciate as never before, the exceeding terrors of the Divine judgments on those who are plunging into the depravity necessary to prepare them for the deliberate commission of the crime under notice.

The bare sin itself is no inconsiderable punishment. Indeed,

what is there in the universe that is worse than sin? and how can a man be more wretched than when filled with iniquity? when his soul is the abode of a fiendish spirit and ungodly purposes? He is then truly "without God and without hope in the world;" and the farther he proceeds the more deplorable and fearful does his condition become.

II. Again, I remark that he is punished by the losses which he suffers. All the blessings which attend upon the good man as the reward for piety and virtue, drop not down into his path. He translates into his bitter experience that awful passage of the prophet—"there is no peace to the wicked, saith my God." In fact, he loses everything which he most needs in the world; and staggers under the most terrible poverty which the human heart can know. He loses peace of mind—cheerfulness of hope—inspiration of faith—warm, active love to God—a lively and approving conscience—the living and supporting sympathy of good men—the serene and blissful assurance of Divine favor—the spiritual joy of praise and prayer—the heavenly felicity of a pure heart—and the dear sweet companionship of holy thoughts of God, and Christ, and heaven; and all this, terrible as it is, is inseparable from his experience, as the depraved sinner we have supposed. We here see that the depravity, and misery, and losses inseparable from such dark sinning, are a punishment greater and more fearful than we can properly estimate. No man who has not been in that plight himself, can imagine half the miseries, nor half their intensity, of the wicked soul in the circumstances here indicated.

III. But I remark again, that he is punished in connection with his crime. Wickedness and misery go hand in hand. God has linked bitter torment with deep crime. "It biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." In the light of this truth, let the murderer pass to the business of his crime; and so far as possible let us observe the intensely painful workings of his wicked spirit. He goes about it as a man would go about a work of righteousness, carefully and deliberately. He is indeed racked with passion, but is not insane; his reason, so far as such an unnatural thing is possible, presides amidst the infernal deliberations of lust and wickedness. Can you imagine

now—when you remember that he claims to be a man, with heart and reason in him—what must be his feelings when he first conceives the idea of so foul a deed? What deeper hell can he know, than the conception and harboring of murder? When once that fatal step is taken, how does he shrink from the face of day and the society of men into the secrecy and darkness of night—where every stirring leaf convulses his frame, and every whisper which God sends through the surrounding stillness falls like a thunderbolt amidst his startled fears. His nerves become electric wires, and everything they touch sends a thrill of horror to his soul. If he seek to drown the consciousness of his infernal purpose in the excitement of real or imagined wrong, or in the passion of avarice, he only sinks into a state still more frightful, where he seems abandoned by everything that is noble and good, to the overwhelming madness of ungoverned passion and wickedness. Witness, too, how he resolves and staggers from his hideous resolution; re-resolves and staggers again. Hear his heart throb and heave; then sink with faint and fainter pulse under the increasing oppression of his meditated crime. See how wildly he starts and stares, looking hither and thither with frightful quickness; his very hair sometimes rising on end at the image he has conjured up before him; his face rapidly glaring with the hue of passion, and paling as at the icy touch of death; every muscle sometimes strained to an unnatural tension, imparting a demoniac aspect to his countenance; while everything you can see about him seems tortured or quivering with the agony of his guilty soul. And is there no punishment in all this; none of God's vigilant and terrible retribution burning in every feeling, and scathing at every step?

But follow him still. When at last he has effected so much oblivion of his humanity as to venture forth in quest of the instruments of his meditated deed, with what mingled hesitation and solicitude does he inquire for it. Everybody appears to him as having suspicions of his intentions; he feels that their eyes look him through and through, and discover the damnable purpose which he is struggling to conceal under a studied and false exterior.

Witness these strange emotions of mind, and the ineffable sufferings of his heart, as he retires to his secret perdition, and looks upon the deadly weapons; then upon himself as a murderer, a character execrable in the eyes of the world, and no less execrable in his own eyes; then conjures up before him the victim of his unhallowed purpose, streaming in his warm blood and gasping in the death agony. And now, see him steal forth, with mean and muffled step, in the dead deep of night; slowly wend his way toward the scene of his infernal work; crawl like a viper, straining his ear and holding his breath, pressing his heart that it may not beat so loud, towards the fatal resting-place of the unfortunate man; now startled with imaginary footfalls; now shivering and perspiring at every pore at the sudden thought of too early detection; now maddened and impelled on by the frenzy of his purpose; now recoiling from the horror of the crime; now with devilish stealth—eyes starting from their sockets—teeth locked and weapon in hand, slyly opening the door and entering the apartment.

There he stands, at last before his victim, to kill whom he has put off the man and put on the devil. Behold him! Is he a picture of human happiness—of divine peace? Ah, how little does he look like a man, standing there in that room, in the solemnest hour of God's silent night—his soul already drenched in blood—hand uplifted—death staring him in the face, ghastly and terrible—not a holy thought in him—no prayer, no peace, no hope—nothing in a living state but wickedness—nothing active but passion and the scorching flames of misery.

Could he speak, dare he speak, what would be the language of his heart? Would he tell us of the happiness of his condition; of the angelic peace of his mind? Would the smile of rapture play across his countenance as he declared: "Oh, this, this is blessed work; I find sweetest delight here?" Say this? no, never; his tongue could utter no such words; he could only groan out from his racked and tortured organs—"Ah me! ah me! the law of God—it is here—its penalty I feel in every fibre of my being; it is—yes, this is hell!"

But his frenzy prevails, he commits the horrible deed, and

the dead man lies before him. He gazes, wild and reeling, upon the bloody picture. What stinging thoughts must flash through his soul now. Is there a feeling left in him which you would be willing to have dwell in your bosom? Why, his heart is tattered into a million fragments by the fury which has swept through it. And here again I repeat the question, is there no retribution in all this? Do you not see God's keen judgments flashing in through every avenue upon that guilty soul? What is he better than wretchedness incarnated. And do you still ask how is he punished?

In this fearful history of tragical guilt, the next act is to raise his hand against his own life. But wherefore does he this? Does he feel urged on to this deed by the happy influences that arise out of his condition? Does the temptation to the crime of suicide spring from happiness or misery? Did a happy sane man ever voluntarily put a period to his own existence? No, but he is forced on to this act by the unsupportable anguish that has now become the master of him. Let us suppose the murderer just as he is about to quench his own life in blood, to soliloquize, as deliberately as the case will admit, on the scene he is enacting: "Here am I, a man that was, but am not; how detestable, how infamous, how miserable; murderer, and like Cain, my punishment is greater than I can bear. What now have I to live for? Life has lost all its charm for me. I have madly, wickedly, cut myself off from every source of happiness, from every spring of pleasure; everything seems to have become my enemy—every power, every faculty I have, torments me. Memory, reflection, reason, affection, conscience, all, which God made ministering angels of blessedness, do but torment me; and here, here behold my work, this scene of blood; it is too horrible, I cannot brook it. Not a gleam of light and beauty and sweetness comes to me any more; but only torment. No, I cannot live; every thought but stings me; hope is dead; the heavens but echo back my despair; I am but suffering organized. No; I cannot thus live; nothing can be worse than this which I am, which I suffer; death, anything were preferable. Oh, God! how heavy, how terrible is thy retributive hand upon me. Hast thou mercy, hear me, pity

me. I did not know till now, how deep, how awful is the misery into which thou couldst plunge the desperate sinner. But—but—oh wretched man that I am; too wretched—I cannot live—death, anything but life with this wretchedness, this agony, this burning wo. Have mercy on me—mercy, great God, while —oh, this living death—mercy, God, while I end it!" And with one stroke he falls—he expires.

Thus in deepest, guiltiest tragedy, closes the wicked course of the murderous suicide. And I press the question again, has there been no punishment, no visitings of the severest penalties of the divine law upon that criminal soul? Surely, the man who thus, in the state of mind which makes the act criminal, commits suicide, is by providence and the law of God caused to suffer to a degree which can be fully known only to the Omniscient One. We cannot determine the degree of guilt, which under any circumstances the act of suicide involves; and cannot therefore know how much punishment it justly deserves; neither can we know precisely how God, in the exercise of His infinite skill, makes it operate His wise and just purposes; we only know that He causes the sinner to suffer, and suffer intensely, from the moment that he begins to sink into depravity and vice; from the moment he begins the bitter preparation for, to the consummation of, the awful tragedy. And all this, however it be inflicted, is punishment, ordained by the Ruler of the world.

When a man's life has been such on the score of wickedness, as to render this fresh and beautiful life intolerable, and convert the sources of human happiness into the elements of an ever-active and irrepressible misery; what worse punishment can he receive, what worse hell can he know; and how can God more distinctly show that He reigneth in the earth; that He hateth sin and wickedness; that He inflicteth the penalties of his laws upon the transgressor to the uttermost; and that He hath effectively ordained that "there shall be no peace to the wicked."

We say then, that the murderous suicide is punished while in the course of his crime. His sin punishes him. It is an undying worm eating at his heart. His fears torment him.

He is moreover—say what we may about his deliberation—the miserable slave of burning and destructive passion. Day and night he lives on the rack of moral torture; and there is no peace in him, no rest for him. He suffers besides these immediate miseries of sin and depravity, of a wronged and abused nature, and the direct visitings and pains of the violated divine law; he suffers, I say, the bitter punishments of loss—of loss in a thousand forms; being cut off from communion with everything that is dear, and sacred, and holy, and life-imparting. Hence there is not a single step, not a single act in his evil business, that does not punish him trebly, by sinking him in his own esteem, by direct and inevitable pains, and by sad and innumerable losses.

Does any man doubt the various miseries and losses suffered by the murderous suicide? I have only to ask such an one, as that guilty man's dark career is approaching its final catastrophe, if he would be willing for any considerations, to be filled with his depravity and stand in his place for a single hour.

Oh, who, for the wealth of the Indies, for the crown of the world, would endure that agony, with its consequences upon his nature, for a single day? Go, ye skeptical, in the deep of night, and stand by the side of that ghostly victim of a murderous passion, the weapon still dripping with leaping life-blood, just to be plunged into your own heart, and realize all the ineffable anguish of the suicide's hell; then declare to me, if you think his present punishment a light and unmeaning affair—a thing at which men may brush away their tears, and only laugh and mock.

IV. I come now to another point in the case. If the suicide does not receive as much punishment as strict justice requires this side of the grave, what then shall be done with him? Shall he go directly to heaven, through the merits of Christ, the decree of election, or any other means? What! go to heaven in his sin, unwashed by the cleansing blood of his Redeemer? Go to heaven in his sin—in a state of unholiness? No, never, in that state; not on the authority of the Bible, or the logic of reason. He will never reach the proper heaven until justice and grace, through Christ, shall have done their fearful and hal-

lowed work upon his soul; until he shall be every whit clean from sin and the stain of guilt, and like the murderous Saul of Tarsus he come repentant, submissive and obedient to the all-forgiving Lord. I speak not for others; I am not the voice of a sect; I but give utterance to my own conviction, and speak according to the light which revelation has given me. But I believe in punishment beyond the grave; not in a place of outward torture, not the hell of orthodox poetry, where

> "Far as sight could pierce,
> Or down descend in caves of hopeless depth,
> Through all that dungeon of unfading fire,
> I saw most miserable beings walk.
> Burning continually yet unconsumed;
> Forever wasting, yet enduring still;
> Dying perpetually, yet never dead.
> Some wandered lonely in the desert flames,
> And some in fell encounter fiercely met,
> With curses loud, and blasphemies, that made
> The cheek of darkness pale, and as they fought
> And cursed, and gnashed their teeth, and wished to die,
> Their hollow eyes did utter streams of woe.
> And there were groans that ended not, and sighs
> That always sighed, and tears that ever wept,
> And ever fell, but not in Mercy's sight:"

No! not in such a place as this do I believe. I cannot believe our infinite Father will do a work, which for very hideousness, the devil would blush to own!—I believe that in that world which is free from temptation, and where every element of its condition is highly favorable to the virtue and holiness of the soul, justice and grace, truth and love, and the power of the gospel kingdom, will do their sacred work infinitely more perfectly upon the man who dies in his sin, than they have done it upon the man whom they have turned to righteousness here, amidst these continual scenes of temptation. And hence it is, because I see God and Christ on the side of truth and right, laboring in all worlds, to wash the universe from the last stain of sin, to sweep into oblivion the last vestige of wrong, and promised on the pages of their glorious revelation, that with so glad a heart, I look forward to that blissful era when all souls will be restored to holiness, and become denizens of the everlasting kingdom of the One Father.

On this ground there can be no greater mistake than the supposition that the sinful man can leap into heaven in five minutes.

There can be no heaven to the soul, till the soul itself is right and holy. It is likeness to God, it is the being filled with the love of Christ that constitute the chief elements of heaven. Heaven is not simply a place, a vast temple, thundering with a great jubilee of golden harps and clapping of hands; but it is purity of spirit, love, truth, goodness, sweet filial obedience, the conscious favoring presence of God, and the dear fellowship of the holy Christ.

But to return finally to the question of punishment in the case before us, I remark, that if the murderous suicide does not receive the full, just and effective penalty of his crimes here, he may receive it hereafter; and do so, too, without at all conflicting with the truth of our religion. For, as I have already shown in the early part of this discourse, it is the doctrine of revelation that sin shall be punished according to the degree of its demerit. I cannot say precisely how it will be inflicted there; I do not know that; I have not fathomed all the mysteries of the infinite Father. I only know that it will be inflicted, and will moreover be administered on the strict principles of justice and mercy. I frankly confess that I am not so intimately acquainted with all the details of future punishment, and especially the modes of its infliction, as my orthodox friends profess to be. I have not studied the anatomy of torture. I do not even understand all the ways in which God punishes his erring creatures here; but He graciously stoops down from heaven and tells me that He is wise, and good, and just, and merciful, and will therefore do only that which is right and best in both time and eternity. Hence whatever punishment the supposed suicide may still justly deserve; whatever punishment he may still need, will, in the way the good God sees will be best, be administered upon him. But he will be obedient at last; for God is never thwarted in His final purposes. God can have no purpose in punishing His sinful children, but to maintain the laws and order of His government, to promote His glory and secure the righteousness and happiness of His moral creation. And this accords entirely, as you will remember, with the three great facts taken together, with which we set out in these reflections, namely; that in the divine government,

God has enacted and provided for the certain punishment of sin; that a just discrimination is observed in its administration, making the extent of its infliction in every case proportionate to the degree of sinful demerit; and that it is always administered to secure and promote the ends of justice and goodness—the glory of God, and the holiness of the creature. Hence you see how plain it is, that the murderous suicide may be divinely punished in both worlds; may receive the merited awards of justice, and by the grace of God, through Jesus Christ, still be brought to repentance and salvation, to love God, adore and obey him, and our blessed religion be altogether true.

To this grateful conclusion, it is sometimes objected, that it depreciates the law of God and shows it incapable of properly vindicating itself against its transgressors. As a sufficient answer, I only ask, which indicates the greater weakness and incapacity of the law, the accomplishment of universal and perfect obedience to itself, or only the super-adding of misery to its endless violation. The one is triumph, and the extinction of all enemies and enmity; the other is perpetual defeat, with the ungodlike compensation of never-satisfied revenge. Which, my friends, is more honorable to God, as a sentiment to be cherished in the holy name of religion, and which is more inspiring to the heart of the christian, and calls forth his greatest joy and praise?

I have now done. I have spoken plainly, but have offered no apology for the criminal or his crime. It has been, in some regards, an unpleasant subject, but I hope not without profit to us all. I hope the prejudices against our religion have been softened, if not removed; but above all, that the evil and misery of sin have been, if possible, more deeply impressed upon your minds and feelings than ever before.

O men, brethren, while I point you to the blessings of religion, I still warn you—I beseech you, beware of sin. It is God's enemy—it is yours'; it is fatal to your peace; it bringeth sorrow; it bringeth tears; it is the depth of misery itself, it is anguish for which there are no words; it is hell. Flee it; shun it as the deadly poison; and cling to Christ—Christ as your guide—your pattern—your hope—your light—your joy—your life—Christ as your all.

THE MORAL RESULTS OF POTTER'S EXECUTION.*

There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death.—Prov. 14: 12.

The tragedy has closed; the terrible scene has ended; the young and guilty man is no more. On Monday of the past week a life was publicly taken away, which, by any earthly power, can never be restored. He, who in the season of youthful and impulsive passion, blinded and misguided by evil companionship, strangely murdered a fellow-man, has himself been murdered as the only satisfaction of the offended law, and atonement to society for his awful crime. With the Christian Scriptures in their homes, men have gone forth under the authority of human law, in the open day, with prayerful Christian ministers around them, and made a public sacrifice of a fellow-man, in the most vigorous and hopeful period of mortal life. The multitude, the pressing, eager, thronging multitude, from city and country, from high life and low life, with anxious faces and busy tread, have come, with the murmur of their thousand voices, have in breathless stillness waited on the awful scene, and have now again returned to their homes and the business of life. The armed bands that were stationed there, with threatening instruments of death to hold the multitude from deeds of violence, have lain aside their fear-inspiring equipage, and gone back to the peaceful pursuits of Christian men. Minute accounts of all this horrid tragedy have been published and read all over the Commonwealth. The dead man has been returned to his friends and respectably buried.

And now that the scene has closed—the sacrifice has been made—the young man has been publicly executed, on a machine "displaying," as we are gravely told, "great ingenuity in its contrivance," and we have all been made familiar with it, let us ask, What good is expected to come of it? What has

* Andrew P. Potter, the young man executed at New Haven, on Monday, July 20th, 1846, for the murder of Mr. Lucius P. Osborn, on the 9th of February, 1845.

been the object in publicly executing young Potter? Surely, such a revolting work has not been done without contemplating some great and good purpose; surely, our fellow-citizens have not lain violent hands on the life of a young man, without regarding it as the means of some high moral end. But what is the end expected to be gained through such terrible means? I know the customary answer to all questions concerning the infliction of capital punishment, and the same answer would be given in this case. We should be told that the welfare of society demanded it. It was deemed necessary that this tragedy should be acted, in order to throw around the community the most awful and effective restraint. We must quit us of all demands of the law. We are told that in thus maintaining and defending the authority and dignity of the law, we not only command due reverence to the institutions of the State, but we also awaken the public mind to a just sense of its obligations to the higher laws and requirements of God and religion. Go ask those who have been concerned in "bringing to pass" the execution of young Potter, what good they expected would come of it, and they would confidently tell you, that it was designed, and peculiarly calculated, to operate as a shield to virtue and life, by making the law a terror unto evil doers; that it was intended to rouse the sinful and erring to the danger of their situation, and make them realize how awful may be the end of the course they are pursuing;—that it was, in a word, to make the whole community feel that life, and its rights and duties, are the most sacred things, and are to be most sacredly regarded.

Go also and ask the recent legislature, which refused to commute the young man's punishment to imprisonment for life, and they would answer that the well-being of society, the security of human life, the dignity and authority of the statute law, indispensably demanded this execution—this terrible sacrifice of life. They would urge most earnestly, that there were moral reasons which led them to this awful conclusion; for they believed its tendency would be to fill the community with a deep and just sense of the value of life, and to again throw

around it the most salutary and effective protection within the reach of human power.

This is claiming for the young man's execution most important and valuable results—results which, if realized, would in a great measure atone for the savage inhumanity of the act. But will they be realized? To put forth claims for a course of action is one thing—to make it meet and answer those claims, is quite another and the more important thing. Is it possible then, under the present constitution of things, under the existing laws of mind and the moral nature of man, for the moral consequences which are claimed for it, ever to flow from the execution of young Potter? Or, indeed, will any permanent good result from it? Will the moral interests of the State be benefited by it, in any respect whatsoever? I cannot speak for others, but for myself I greatly fear the professed objects for which this revolting tragedy has been acted will never be realized. I cannot see how the most deliberate sacrifice of human life can be a strengthener of public or private virtue—how it can increase, in men's esteem, the sanctity of life, and inspire a cheerful obedience to its duties. Nay, I cannot but regard it as calculated, in the very nature of things, to produce results the very opposite of those claimed for it. According to the best idea I can gain of its legitimate influences, I must set it down as having a positive tendency to blunt the moral sensibilities of the community.

We all know the receptive character of the human heart. It readily drinks in the spirit of the scenes it contemplates. Even when the subject is repulsive, it is more or less affected by it—is tinged with its hues—is mysteriously changed, in some degree, into its own image. The savage who worships a cruel and vindictive god, is cruel and vindictive in his own character. The idolators of Moloch soon became the true sons of Moloch, and witnessed the agonies of his sacrificial victims, without a relenting look or an emotion of pity. The worshipers of Juggernaut have come to esteem life of such small worth as to be fit only for sacrifice. In the days of the gladiators, from frequently beholding such scenes, the most refined among the citizens of Rome, of both sexes, could take a sort of brutal

pleasure in seeing men smite and bleed in the deadly combat. In the French revolution, scenes of blood were so constantly before the people's vision—the guillotine did, daily, such a horrid work of slaughter and death, that the French heart seemed, at one time, to have almost lost its sensibility, and been converted into bloodless, pulseless, pitiless marble. The more that life was sacrificed, the less valuable and sacred did it become. So also in the early history of our own State, when men and women were executed for a variety of crimes; when such executions were of frequent occurrence, how poorly was life esteemed; what trivial offenses were deemed sufficient to forfeit a person's right to live; and with what brutal barbarity were they tortured out of existence! They were often hung in the open field, on some elevated position, where all the community gathered round, and with jeers, and scoffs, and mockings, and insults, exulted over the dying one's agonies. There was pointed out to me a few days since, a short distance below this city, the house in which an insane man killed his family, and then also himself; for which alleged crime he was drawn in pieces and dragged about the streets by horses, to gratify the moral sense of justice in the surrounding community! What a horrid and barbarous transaction for Christian men to be engaged in; and yet it is but the natural fruit of those bloody laws, which, under any pretense, sacrifice human life.

Now, unless the laws of our being have changed, we may expect the same character of results to flow from the New Haven tragedy of last Monday. It will not be so extensive, nor so deeply, darkly stained with blood, as it was less open to the public gaze, and is separated from its bloody kindred by more distance of time. Still, whatever power it has over the public mind, must be a barbarous power; a power to blunt and deaden all the finer feelings of the soul, all the humane sympathies of the heart, and, in their stead, to excite into active life all the revengeful, vindictive, and cruel passions. Besides the lesson which history should teach us—a lesson so positive and decisive that we cannot mistake it—our common sense must tell us, that such a transaction as Potter's execution cannot produce good moral consequences. We know that

legally murdering him cannot make us love the law under whose sanction it has been done, because there is nothing amiable or lovely in its spirit or its operation. We know, also, that it cannot make us love and regard our fellow man more deeply and truly, because itself does not love and regard man as man. We know, moreover, that if we wished to render our child cruel, the successful way would be to make him familiar with scenes of cruelty; if we desired to make him a savage, we should send him to grow up among savages. We know that it is a law of our nature, that we are made cruel by cruelty—harsh by harshness—revengeful by revenge—warlike by war—and murderous by living amidst a murderous people, and witnessing murderous scenes. And this kind of results—sad as the conclusion is—must be expected from the revenging murder of young Potter.

They talk to us about the security of life—about impressing its value and significance upon the general heart; but how can that scene, in which a young life was publicly smitten into the grave—brutally and ignominiously sacrificed—not to secure it from doing harm, but to gratify a spirit of legal revenge—how can that scene make life appear any more sacred and inviolable? Will the fact that the guilty man has been killed and buried, awaken in the community a more lively sense of their relation and duty to man! Can there flow from such a fountain, a stream of pure, holy, saving influences? Can public legal revenge beget private individual mercy? Can love spring from unrelenting, vindictive hatred? Will life become more sacred and dear, from being so easily forfeited, so publicly trifled with? No: we must look to other causes for these desirable effects. The public murder of Potter can never prove a moral benefit to a community of civilized and Christianized men. If it can, then for the moral welfare of this Christian state, it should immediately hang up all the criminals, of every age and sex, within its borders.

But look, now, a moment at its influence on the community in the immediate vicinity of the scene—and what was its apparent effect. Every one who has read the published accounts of the execution, must have been impressed with its horrid and

barbarous character; but have you thought what must have been its effect upon the community in whose midst it occurred? Think you it did not arouse into strange action the lower and brutal passions of human nature? What else could have drawn together around that gallows, such a throng of Christian men and women, to witness a transaction so bloody and revolting to every Christian sympathy and sentiment? Was it love, or compassion, or pity, or a noble humanity, that drew them there? Was it not anything but these? Ah! what a spectacle is that, in a Christian land. How differs it in character from barbarous heathenism? A multitude from city and country, press on with hurried steps towards the place of execution. Behold them crowd thick and fast upon each other, striving to gain a position as near as possible to the lifted gallows. A strange, bewildering anxiety is fixed on every countenance, and glares from every eye. A wonderful impatience heaves and agitates their bosoms, making them an uneasy and restless mass. Look at them now, and there seems to be about them an air of strangeness, of wildness, that renders them a spectacle, painful and fearful to behold. To prevent them from deeds of outrage and open wrong, while gathered round that great fountain of restraining power and moral virtue, placed here and there are companies of strong men, armed with instruments of blood and death! For what, now, have they come, pressing, thronging together there? What has led them forth from their homes of quiet and security, to that labor and exposure? What have they thronged into that impatient, restless, heaving multitude to behold? Is it to witness the exhibition of what shall call into delightful exercise the finer feelings and affections of the soul? Is it to gaze on a scene of beauty, or loveliness, or grandeur, that shall fill the mind with new and blessed images — chastening, expanding, exalting, and making it capable of more refined and intense pleasures? Have they come to cultivate the moral taste—to refine and perfect the moral sense—to quicken the moral perceptions—to receive new incentives to love, beautify, and sweeten life, and new strength to fill it with noble deeds and blessed virtues? Are these the high and holy purposes for which they have pressed

around that scaffold and prison-house? Ah! never, never, but to be present at the cold, studied, revengeful murder of a brother man. Is there not, then, something of depravity in their thus crowding around that revolting scene of execution? and did not their presence call anew and vigorously into exercise, the lower feelings and brutal passions of their hearts? Does not, then, I repeat still again, the witnessing of scenes of cruelty and blood, tend, certainly and powerfully, to blunt and deaden the sensibilities and sympathies of the human soul?

Again, this execution will tend to foster in the community the immoral and unchristian spirit of revenge. This has already been stated, but I wish to make it a little more prominent. It is so low and base a passion, as to render everything bitterly reprehensible that fosters it. To retaliate, is just so far to act the brute. It is a purely destructive principle, and is positively opposed to the spirit and precepts of Jesus Christ. They teach us to forgive, and forbear, and labor to amend—to overcome evil with good—to render positive evil to no man. Revenge, on the contrary, teaches us to injure, to destroy—to gratify itself—not to bless another. Revenge belongs to that iron theology whose golden rule is "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." And yet this very principle, injurious and unchristian as it is, is directly and openly taught to the citizens of this commonwealth by this case of Potter. Both the law and the legislature have expressly declared, that they sought not the reformation of the criminal, not the moral amendment of the young man, not the securing of him against all further injury to society, but to gratify the spirit of revenge. No matter what change for the better the criminal might experience, they would not be satisfied until they could look on the young man's dead body. The language of their moral code is like for like, murder for murder, and they can understand no other language. Now what must be the influence that shall go out from such a scene of revenge? Does it not say to every one to whom it comes, revenge, retaliation, is the true moral code of life; if a man injures you, you must, through some means, injure him as much, and you will do your duty—you will be guilty of moral defection—if you rest satisfied short of this. This is one of the

saddest lessons that this New Haven tragedy will teach the community. It is a bold and fearful stand against Christianity and the highest interests of society. Revenge and blood are indeed strange means to mould man into the likeness of Christ, and fill him with the sweet and forgiving spirit of heaven. How many such executions would it require, think you, to fill the whole community with the mild and peaceful kingdom of Jesus Christ?

But they talk to us about the majesty of the law—its claims must be respected and its honor maintained. But what must be the character of that law whose claims and honor are maintained by blood and death—which shows its wisdom to *govern* by *killing* its subjects! If to shudder at the barbarous cruelty of a law is to honor it, the law which takes away, destroys forever from the world, human life, will be sure to be duly honored by all truly enlightened, benevolent, Christian hearts.

And again, we are led to inquire, what is law, that it should be regarded as more sacred than man's life? Law is the imperfect work of frail, erring man—life the sublime creation of God: at the best, law is a means—and life, at the least, is an end. Hence, it seems to us, that to sacrifice life to the majesty of human law, is to sacrifice the end to the means—the creation of God to the puny work of man. Thus exalting the human law so far above life, depreciates the latter into a very poor and sorry thing—a thing meaner and less valuable than a revenging and bloody law. One of the chief reasons why Potter was executed, was that the law might be maintained in the point of its honor and majesty. The young man's life was of less consideration than a relic of the dark ages, found on the statute book of Connecticut. Now, does not this view again, like every other we can take of it, show that that execution was unchristian in its character, and will be immoral in its actual results upon the general community?

But I shall be told, that it was necessary to punish the young man, for he was guilty of murder. To punish him, indeed! but is not to *punish* him, and to *kill* him, quite different things? What is punishment? The Christian idea is, to chasten the erring and the sinful, that they may afterwards be partakers of

holiness. There is nothing of revenge or retaliation in the Christian idea of punishment. Christ would not *destroy* but *save* men's lives. Young Potter might have been punished, to the true intent of Christianity, without being murdered. He might have been so dealt with as to have impressed society with the sacred and inviolable character of life, with due reverence and respect for the laws which shield and defend it, and consequently with the awfulness of the crime of murder. And here I would not be misunderstood. Because I have represented the execution of Potter as productive of lamentably immoral results; as tending to blunt and deaden the moral sensibilities of the community; to weaken true and healthful respect to the law; to make life, the work and gift of God, a mean and worthless thing, that may be violated and sacrificed to sustain the majesty of heathenish and bloody law; to destroy from the public heart the Christian spirits of justice, forgiveness, mercy, forbearance, and duty to the erring; to cultivate in their stead, the malignant spirits of revenge, retaliation, vindictiveness; as having, in a word, a direct tendency to deprave and brutalize the common heart;—I would not be understood as inculcating the doctrine that the guilty man should be turned out upon society, with his feet unloosed, and his hands free to do deeds of violence again. No; I would have him punished, not however with the manifestation of any cruelty or revenge, but with that awful pungency which should make the soul feel its terrible guilt, and tremble with the agony of a condign remorse. A retribution—not heartless and hopeless, but teaching the value of life and the magnitude of the offense violating it—should lay its weighty and awful hand upon him, and keep him firmly and securely in its resistless but friendly hold. Yes, I would have him so dealt with, as not only to make him feel his guilt and lead him to repent in dust and ashes, but also to make every young man who should look upon him, tremble at the thought of sin, and look upon licentiousness as the gateway to hell. It is a fearful thing to punish a fellow man—to deprive him of home, and friends, and all social joys,—to imprison him within cold, damp walls, and iron bars,—shut away from even the cheer of God's blessed sunshine and the free airs of heaven—suffering pains in

the body and tortures in the mind—oh, it is a fearful thing thus to deal retribution upon the guilty! With what wisdom and care, with what pure hearts and clean hands, should such a work be done—not rashly and vindictively, but deliberately and kindly, with strong faith in, and deep love for, man, as a moral and immortal being. But when you carry the exercise of human power still farther; when you are not satisfied with securing him where all things, even the deep stillness of night, speak terrible and retributive thoughts to him; where the fatal blood is forever dripping in his scared and guilty vision; when you lead him forth and smite him till he die—what tremendous responsibilities do you assume! To take away life, to destroy that which can never be restored, to seal the temporal destiny of a kindred soul, to cast that soul, in the delirium of guilt and terror, into the unseen and untried eternity,—this is to step out beyond the region of man's authority, upon the province and prerogative that belong alone to God, the creator and only legitimate disposer of human life. O, ye, who lay your sinful hands, still reeking perhaps with the blood of the last victim, upon that subtle thing we call life, to crush it out of its clayey tenement, to dash it into the dark future,—pause, I beseech you, in your awful work, and ask yourselves what are ye doing—upon what are ye operating—against what are ye warring—and what will be the real and abiding result of all this bloody inhumanity to man? When will ye learn to temper your spirit with Christian mercy, and receive into your heart the Christian forgiveness? When will ye learn to punish, to reform, and bring the poor criminal into the love and likeness of Christ, and not to make him a demon, fit only to be murdered by a halter? When will ye learn to appreciate that sublime, moral power, which is above revenge and overcomes evil with good—redeeming and blessing the world, instead of depraving and cursing it? But if ye must have justice and power, as ye call them, may ye learn to use that which is tempered by the mercy described by the poet:

> "The quality of mercy is not strained,
> It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
> Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed:

It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes;
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power—
The attribute to awe and majesty—
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above the sceptered sway:
It is enthroned in the heart of kings;
It is an attribute of God himself;
And earthly power doth show likest God's
When *mercy* seasons justice."

THE COMPARATIVE EXCELLENCE OF UNIVERSALISM AS A RELIGION.

Yet show I unto you a more excellent way.—1 Cor. 12: 31.

THE value of religion consists chiefly in its usefulness—in its excellence as a means to goodness and holiness. It would be of little worth if it did not purify the heart, exalt the character, and augment the sum of the practical virtues, and increase the substantial happiness of men. It is a misconception of religion which makes it simply an atonement from future suffering—a mere scapegoat from merited damnation. It must be a positive blessing to its believer, translating him from moral darkness into spiritual light, and transforming him from a misdirected and sinful life into one of heavenly excellence and peace. It must be in him the power of God unto salvation. It must regenerate him. And in proportion as it is true and excellent, will it do these things; for it will be known by its fruits—the superior quality and abounding quantity of them, precisely the justest criterion by which to determine its claim upon our attention.

Now, I propose in the present discourse to speak to the question of the comparative excellence and worth of Universalism as a religion—to indicate, that is, why it is the more excellent way, and ought the more earnestly to be sought and lovingly embraced.

1. And I observe, in the first place, that it is more excellent than any other religion in its adaptation to the nature of man. Its teachings are reasonable. Its doctrines are comprehensible.

Its parts harmonize together. Through its revelation the character of the Creator shines as infinite goodness, beauty, justice and attraction. God does not merely appal; does not bewilder and blind by awful contradictions in His nature; does not imprison the heart in fear by the merciless qualities of His temper; nor blast the most natural and sweetest of human hopes by the most fearful consequences of bad government. The demands of the reason are met and satisfied; the sense of beauty is perfectly addressed by the loveliness and unity and harmony of the universe and its Great Ordainer, the promises of His grace, the development of His plans, and the prospective accomplishment of His infinite purposes. Nor is there any aching void left in the affections by His love; but He makes the heart His own by engrossing it in the fullness of His own immutable love. And even the very evils which we see, through the more excellent way of this religion, are stripped of their sting, converted into temporary, though often sore, inconveniences, and rendered, in the Divine hand, agencies to most beneficent issues. In short, there is not a faculty or quality of our nature to which the doctrines and lessons of Universalism as a religion are not perfectly adapted. It does, therefore, what no other religion does, meets completely the whole nature of man. And hence, we rejoice in it as the "more excellent way."

2. I remark again, that Universalism is more excellent than any other religion, as a guide and incentive to duty. In order that duty may be well done, a man must be made to love it, to be moved cheerfully in its performance. To this end duty must appear in the most attractive light. It must be seen as the brightest and holiest path for the feet to tread in. Duty, interest, pleasure, must be linked into one. The paths of righteousness must be the paths of pleasantness and peace. The heart must feel its Christian vocation to be the most noble and divine. The man must be drawn to his labor by something in the labor itself—by something in his business, or connected with it, that will make him delight in his toil, and rest in the precious recompense of the answering consciousness. And all this, I say, Universalism does. It reveals the sum of

religious duty as consisting in love to God and love to man;—but it shows us too why God should be loved; why, indeed, when we come to know, that we cannot help but love him;—and with equal clearness why we should love our fellow-man. It thus bottoms all our duty on love. But whom we love we delight to serve. If we see God truly, we shall love him for what he is—we shall love him for his own sake,—and our duty to him will become but our love translated into symbolic actions. What other religion makes God thus lovable and furnishes so mighty an incentive to obedience to His sacred commands? What other religion thus appeals to the highest motives by which we can be affected in order to persuade us into the way of everlasting life? What other religion teaches us that God has linked, inseparably and beautifully, the highest pleasure to duty—the pleasure of satisfaction, that peculiar, thrilling, glad consciousness springing out of holy toil, and shedding back upon the doer calm reflection from peaceful memories? What other religion invites us to obedience by such considerations of the ample compensations which are immediately awarded to the Christian laborer? What other religion represents the Great Author of our existence as sending His judgments and exercising His chastisements upon the disobedient, in the spirit of infinite mercy, and expressly to restrain, reform, and bless;—that he doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the hearts of the children of men? Who is there among all the other religionists of the age who would strive to follow the example of Christ, if he could be relieved from the fear of eternal perdition for disobedience? I speak now of sects, not of individuals; and I am sure that I do not speak too strongly when I affirm that, with nearly every one of them, the grand moving influence to Christian obedience lies not in attraction, but repulsion; not in the love of Heaven, but the fear of hell. How superior then are those motives to which I have adverted as furnished by Universalism? How manifest, too, that in this religion I show you unto the more excellent way?

3. I remark in the third place, that Universalism is more excellent than any other religion in its faith and hopes. The forms of religious belief are almost as numerous as the stars in

heaven, and their radiance infinitely more diversified than that of the heavenly host. There is however but one sun in the broad firmament of religious faiths; and that, without arrogance, I claim to be our own. There be others that shine, but not like this; their light is less and fainter; indeed they seem not to be self-radiant bodies but only reflecting, planets and moons that shine only because the sun shines. Many of them moreover are always in nearly total eclipse, and are visible to only a small part of the earth's surface. I say the faith of Universalism is the sun in the firmament of religious beliefs. The sun shines for all, so does this faith; but does any other? Where the sun shines it is day, bright, glad, cheerful; so where this faith pours out its moral radiance, the night fleeth away, and sin, and all that maketh afraid, and the sheen of heavenly beauty and peace resteth sweetly on all. The sun shedding down God's goodness on the earth, causes it to bring forth and bud, and give seed to the sower and bread to the eater, and dresses all its myriad forms in robes of elegance and beauty; likewise this faith dispensing the generative glow of the Divine Love upon the human heart, makes it abundantly fruitful in every Christian grace, in deeds of holy love, in offices of purest devotion, in spiritual sacrifices whose fragrance smells to heaven. O, there is no other such broad, beneficent, beautiful, inspiring faith; one that casts so peerless a glory over all the Creator's works, or illumines the future with such enrapturing prospects. It beautifies the earth, and clothes eternity with infinite attractions.

Nor are the hopes of Universalism less eminent in the comparison with other religions; their extent, power and real usefulness being commensurate with the doctrines whence they spring. They are bouyant and elastic as the genius of the spring-time. They enter into that within the veil, sweeping away the obscuring clouds that would throw chilling shadows on the heart, and drawing keen refreshments from the delectable scenes that lie beyond the still river of death. They never break away and disappoint their possessor, cruelly leaving him in bitterness and tears; for they are an anchor of the soul sure and permanent, they cable it fast to the throne of the Eternal.

4. In the fourth place, Universalism is more excellent than any other religion, in the season of health and prosperity. Indeed, I know of no other religion which is at all fitted for these happy portions of human life; since it is not their genius, nor professedly their business, to increase and intensify the pleasures, and augment the solid enjoyments of the present state of existence; but rather to check their indulgence, to moderate their quality, and to diminish both their sum and their force. In fact, according to their teaching, religion was not given immediately to fill the earth with the glory of the Lord, but to lead to such sacrifices of the present world as may secure an escape from the miseries of the future. And hence, the more religious one is, the less can he enjoy life. Religion is daily penance, not divine fruition. The good things of the earth are temptations from the Christian path, not the aliment of the Christian life.

Now, Universalism takes no such disrespectful view of the provisions and ordinations of God, shutting in the creature from the enjoyment of the blessings everywhere abounding throughout the Creator's works. The universe is an economy of usefulness—the earth no less than its other parts. I am persuaded it is to dishonor God to look with contempt and aversion on the wise and beneficent works of his hands; and it is to neglect His providential care to refrain from convenient and healthful appropriation of such of them as lie along our path. God does not require us to hate the infinitely various forms of temporal good which He has placed around us in such wonderful profusion; but He is pleased when we study to use them with prudential and grateful propriety. And the religion which brings us this assurance thus adds materially to the sum of happiness which falls to the lot of the Christian man. Whatever God has created, it teaches him how to appreciate and enjoy. It makes him feel that God "meant and made us to behold and love what He beholds and loves," the general orb of being.

When therefore a man is in the full flow of health, his spirits fresh and elastic as new-born virtues, his hopes radiant as the just-risen sun in the Indian sky; when the tide of prosperity

is setting in quite to his satisfaction, and he feels himself among the most fortunate of men; how precious is that religion, which, in such a season, instead of checking and chilling his heart in the very midst of his blessings, addresses him the wisdom which he needs to conduct himself prudently and safely; which teaches him how to extract the largest sum of real enjoyment from his exceedingly propitious circumstances, and how to make the world better and happier by the prosperous events that have submitted to his control; which makes the divine love visible in every created thing, and thus hallows it to the affections and judgment by an ineffable sense of the sacred presence; and which intensifies the daily sunshine of the heart by the serene light pouring down from the all-embracing promises of God and the sweet face of the Redeemer. Yes, in the greatest altitudes of prosperous welfare, this religion will come as the most precious friend, and with ability still to bless, as none other can. If the good man has peace, this will sweeten it, if he has joy, this will magnify it; if he drinks from the cup of pleasure, this will drop into it the element divine; if home be delightful as the scene of his temporal labor, and hope, and love, this will change it into the beautiful, the daguerreotype of heaven. The fireside becomes an altar where holy thoughts spring up, as leap the crystal waters from the living fountain; devotion, the perpetual incense of the heart, rising beyond the stars whose light has not yet reached us; spiritual communion with the Infinite, the awful telegraphic play between the great magnet in heaven and the small one on earth.

5. Again, I observe, that Universalism is more excellent than any other religion in adversity and trial. For, my brethren, what religion is qualified to assuage the heart when its hopes are broken; when the swollen stream dashes about it the ruins of its recent happiness; when those it most loved have perished from its too fond embrace, and made an aching void which the world cannot fill; when its trials are so deep and bitter that tears bring no relief; when the chain of events linking it to the agreeable realities of life, is snapped asunder, so that all to which it clung seems deserting it forever; when the very charm of life itself is almost evanishing from its grasp; in such an hour,

under the awful pressure of such portentous circumstances, what religion can effectively speak comfort, rekindle hope, inspire trust, and restore serenity and peace, except that one which assures it that it cannot go where God's

> "Universal love smiles not around,
> Sustaining all yon orbs and all their suns;
> From seeming evil still educing good;
> And better thence again, and better still
> In infinite progression."

God works all things together for good to them that love him;—he smites to bless, and wounds to heal. Whom he loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth. But all is done in the spirit of the all-gracious Father—not willingly, nor with delight, but to promote the solid, lasting interests of his creature. Universalism thus makes even the moaning of the bitterest adversity musical through the refreshing hopes which she breathes into it. This religion, so full of cheer, so full of solace, so full of comfort, never reaches the point of utter despair;—no matter how severe and awful the lot which has befallen, she never counsels to give up, but whispers words of encouragement sweeter than fabled notes, struck by vernal airs from Æolian strings. Resting on the love and promises of God, she teaches patience under the administration of His providence and grace. By showing him, in addition to all she has taught him of the Creator, the glorious prospects opening up in the vast future, she instructs the sufferer that he can afford to suffer and to wait;—for all things will be done well.

6. I remark once more, that Universalism is more excellent than any other religion in sickness and death. What is it that makes sickness tolerable, that sickness especially which we are conscious will soon terminate our career through this sublunary state? And when death approaches, to freeze the life-currents in our veins, to paralyze our busy-beating heart—choke off our breath—and still the throbbings of our weary brain;—when we are sinking into our departure from the world, which has so long been the scene of our labors and trials, our attachments and joys,—what is it then that will support the spirit, and ren-

der it strong and cheerful in that solemnest hour of its existence? Is it not alone the love of God, and the dear fellowship of the Savior? I am sure no man ever found supporting consolation in that hour, from the doctrine of endless misery;—prospects from the fabled regions of the damned flashing upon the vision of the departing, would blast all of sacred peace and trust that had softened and hallowed the pillow on which rests his dying head. But speak to him of God's love;—point him to Calvary, where Christ tasted death for every man;—reveal to him the great truths of Universalism, until you show him beyond all further doubt, that the last enemy, Death, shall be destroyed;—that this mortal must put on immortality, and this corruptible incorruption, and then shall be brought to pass the saying, Death is swallowed up in victory;—and that at last there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away;—do this, and you shall see a trusting smile kindling on that thin, pale face, and light, as if from eternity, streaming through those dying eyes; he is filled with resignation and peace; and he soon feels those benignant angels, Faith and Hope, clasping him from the dissolving clay into the realms of eternal beauty, and light, and love. Oh, Universalism is sweet, is glorious to die by. I have seen the aged lie down with it, as if to a gentle sleep, where they sought refreshment from "the weary, torrid day of life;"—I have seen manhood and womanhood, in the full maturity of their powers, take their departure to that bourne whence no traveler returns, as resignedly, and even cheerfully, as if setting out on a journey to the old fireside where first they drank in a mother's love;—I have seen the young die, when life was fresh and pregnant with its highest hopes, with such composure, or with such surpassing Christian triumph, as to astonish all who beheld them:—and in every case the religion of which I am speaking was the glorious agent of these beautiful and heavenly results. Here, as everywhere else, it is "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." In its presence death loses its sting, and the grave its victory.

"It is the Truth—whose steady day
Shines on through earthly blight and bloom,
The pure, the everlasting ray,
The lamp that shines e'en in the tomb;
The light that out of darkness springs,
And guideth those that blindly go;
The word whose precious radiance flings
Its lustre upon all below.

"O, may its holy light
Our footsteps guide to paths of peace!
Our solace in deep sorrow's night,
Our stay as mortal powers decrease.
With this our guide, we care not when
Death's signal to depart is given;
Its word shall bring our spirits then
The calm and holy peace of heaven!"

I have thus faintly indicated some of the grand relations in which our religion appears as the more excellent way. It is the religion which answers the demands of most enlightened reason;—it is a perfect guide to the conscience;—it responds completely to the most cultivated affections;—in a word, it addresses the whole nature of man, and meets, with utmost satisfaction, every religious want and aspiration appertaining thereto:—it offers the most efficient guide and incentives to the whole circle of moral duties;—it confers the most ample and inspiring faith, and the surest and most saving hope;—it is the noblest and most valuable friend in the fortunate seasons of prosperity and health, to make wise and prudent in their possession and use;—it is the grandest of all consolators when the waves of trial and adversity surge awfully against the smitten and afflicted heart;—it is the only angel which completely disrobes death of its terrors, and makes the grave the welcome portal to everlasting day:—in all these it is the more excellent way.

7. Then, at last, it will be more excellent in heaven. For it will leave no work undone. No sinner shall finally be unsaved; but every one shall learn of Christ and feel the regenerating might of his saving love and grace. God's holy law shall be lovingly obeyed by all. Every tongue shall be eloquent with praise. God's will shall be wholly done. Not a disobedient creature shall remain;—not a blasphemous tongue,—not a hating heart,—not an opposing will;—but God shall be all in all. There shall be one fold and one shepherd. Sin shall then be finished;—the last sinner having been washed in redeeming

blood till white as the glistening snow. The last prodigal, repentant, shall sit down in that kingdom to wander no more forever. "And every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and *all* that are in them, heard I, saying, Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, forever and ever."

THE RELIGION OF HOME.

And the Church which is in his house.—Col. 4 : 15.

It is not easy to determine precisely what the Apostle meant by "the church in his house," as we find the language here in his salutation to the disciple Nymphas: whether the little circle of Christian believers, who were accustomed to meet in his house for religious culture and worship, or only the members of his own family, who, having all been converted to the gospel, were united in a church at home. Something answering to the idea of a church, which had its seasons of worship in the private dwelling of Nymphas, seems, however, to be the least we can infer from the language.

But whether or not we may be able to discover the exact meaning which the Apostle intended to convey, the idea which his words suggest may be just as practical to us—that, as Christians, we should have a church, each one, in his house. Should have a church in his house—that is, his house should be a place of religious culture, devotion, and praise. His house should be the dwelling-place of Christianity; its claims should be daily recognized, and its institutions observed; and all those means employed which will keep its spirit and power active and operative upon the heart and life. There should, in short, be a religion of home, as well as of the church. The place where we sit down with our families to enjoy the blessings of the Divine Disposer of all things, should be consecrated by the presence of religion. The pleasures of our home should be

raised above mere worldliness—the thoughts and feelings of the fireside—the experiences which run through every day in the family circle—should extend beyond the narrow bounds of selfishness; something more elevating and pure should mingle in all the scenes of domestic life. Home cannot be heavenly without the spirit of heaven resides there. But in heaven religion's reign is perfect;—it is there the light, and life, and love of all. So should it be, as far as possible, in these present homes—these earthly dwelling-places—which should each be heaven in miniature.

I say, my friends, there should be with each of us the religion of home. And is it not apparent to the slightest reflection, that there is no place where it is more important that religion, in all the excellency of its power, should dwell as a constant guest, than in the bosom of the family? Nor is there any place where it can be more happily cultivated, or where its works can be realized as more divine and blessed. I do not forget that it must first dwell, and must ever continue to dwell, in the individual heart—that it is indeed a personal work and blessing. Nor would I say anything to divert, in the slightest degree, each one from himself—from the business, the great, earnest, never-ceasing business, which he must do within himself—beginning at the centre of his being, and reaching to every feeling of his soul and feature of his character. Still, though religion begins in the individual heart, and never ceases to reside and work there, how fitted and proper as the dwelling-place of this glorious gift of heaven, is the human home! The family constitutes that kind of society in which religion can find occasion for the display of nearly all its graces. Such relations of life consist there as to render some of its sweetest offices singularly appropriate and beautiful. Indeed, religion sanctifies and perfects home. This it is that develops the full power of home as an institution of duty and happiness. Home cannot reach its highest condition as a scene of discipline, virtue, and enjoyment, without its living and inspiring presence. The language, the tone, the spirit of religion, impart a gentle and attractive sweetness to the scenes, relations, and duties of home, which can be derived from no other source. When religion

dwells in the home, there is no vulgar coarseness, ribald jesting, or indecent profanities, to offend and torture the nicer sense and purer affections of our nature. The blistering cant and shocking irreverence of infidelity fall not there upon the placid and trusting soul. The horrid revelry of intemperance comes not there with its bedlam of noise, and its sin and misery. There are witnessed no exhibitions of despair, with its writhen features and breaking heart. The hot words of passion—the wranglings of vice—the withering curses of excited animosities—the cruel eye—the malignant tone—the fiendish gesture—are never heard or seen there. All these spring from another source; they are the works of darkness and evil, which ever carry into human homes where they go, blight and tears and death. And though the confession be most painful to our feelings, how abundant are these works of evil—the hopes of how many homes they have scattered in confusion and ruin—where disorder now takes the place of peace, and antagonism and misery, of unity, love and happiness!

But carry religion into your home, and it will expel all these heavy evils; for religion itself is the sum of all the virtues which can dignify, unite, and bless mankind. Admit religion into your homes, and you thereby admit the spirit of peace, faith, duty, harmony, justice, truth, and love. A divine life is ingenerated into your social life. Culture takes the place of ignorance—refinement of coarseness—elevation and elegance of selfishness and brutishness in the desires—cheerfulness and purity in the thoughts and feelings, the place of ennui and sensualism.

When religion dwells in the home, there is in all within and around it an air of trust, composure, and felicity. There is something sacred and welcome that breathes upon you as you enter it. You may not stop to think what it is that is so gentle and agreeable to all that is pure and noble in your nature; and perhaps religion shall in no way ever be mentioned when you are present; but you cannot fail of being so affected as to carry away impressions most favorable to religion, and even of feeling—that, though no show is made of it—no revelations of the family altar are indulged—yet the hallowing spirit of the lovely

Christ resides and reigns there—that there is indeed a church in that house.

So beautiful and blessed is the work of religion in the home; and it would seem to be so obvious, important and attractive, as to be carried at once into the bosom of every family. But, my brethren, is this done? Is it done even among those who profess themselves in the most public manner to be Christians? Is it something which you have felt to be a part of your duty, and to which you have therefore attended, and do still attend, daily and faithfully? Have you a church in your house—that is, do you recognize and worship God there around an altar at which bend all the members of your family? When the world is shut out, and you are gathered around your quiet and happy fireside, do you ever talk of religion, not in a set, formal way, with an air of stiffness and a forbidding tone, but in that familiar and interested manner which shows to those that listen that you are not a stranger to it,—but that it is something in which all your best feelings are engrossed, and about which you intensely love to converse?

I am afraid that many persons deceive themselves with the idea that, in regard to religion, their duty is all discharged when they attend upon the place of public worship, and go home to practice the religion which they hear preached. They go on the principle that all religious culture must be had at the church—that devotion is a thing which must be had, if at all, at the public sanctuary—that only in the place where the multitude meet, is God to be worshiped and His blessings to be conferred—than which, certainly, there can be no greater, and scarcely any more injurious mistake. God is, indeed, to be worshiped in the dedicated temple, in the company of our fellow-men—but not there, only. He is also to be recognized and worshiped in the home. The uses of public worship are many and inexpressibly important; but this form of worship does not develop the whole of religion in man as a spiritual power and blessing. We need a worship which will make us feel that also which concerns us in the closer society of home. There is a class of feelings which are but slightly touched by public worship, which may be more deeply moved and inter-

ested by the devotions of the family altar. The recognition of God in the temple is somehow apt to be too general, and therefore vague and inoperative. We feel that we are looking towards Him in the company of strangers, and our recognition of Him is deficient in the qualities of personality and intensity. The idea of His presence and worship does not penetrate and quicken all our moral nature into an earnest spiritual service. We need therefore to bring God nearer to us. Our recognition of Him should be vital and warm. We should come to feel Him so near to us, that the thought of Him would kindle our love, and assuage our passion, and move us with all that is good and pure.

To do this, He must be the God of our *families*, as well as the God of the church, and of the nations. The God of our families, so recognized and worshiped there, whose name and blessings are so familiarized, as to become a reality to our hearts. Our great and holy Father should not, in any sense, be a stranger in our *homes*. The Author of our life, and blessings, and hopes, should never be forgotten in the sanctuary where we are born, and live, and die. The members of our households should see that we do not leave God in the church, and not see Him nor think of Him again until the next Sunday; but they should behold in us, and even be made to feel in themselves, that our Heavenly Father also dwells in the homes of His children, who are made to delight in His presence, and to find in Him a sure refuge from all troubles, and the helper of those that put their trust in the shadow of His holy name.

Such is the recognition of God as the all-gracious Father of the family, which should be found in every home;—so intimate and faithful as to make His religion its light, and life, and peace. And how beautiful the scene—and how blessed withal—where all the members of the family unite in the deep and cheerful recognition of the Infinite Father, and in a common strain of thanksgiving pour out their warm gratitude and praise. And all this is done, not to be seen of men, or to make that home notorious abroad,—but from religious principle—to cultivate the growth of the divine life in those who dwell there together under the care of God—to fill that home with hallow-

ing influences, and ally it to heaven,—the higher and final home of God's larger family, and in which no sin or sorrow ever comes—but where God resides more visibly to His creatures and all is holiness and blessedness forever.

In such a home there is truly experienced a foretaste of heaven. There God, in living reality, dwells. His spirit and grace are felt to be daily in its midst. Reverence breathes from the lips of age, and chastens the leaping and laughing spirit of childhood. A spiritual power presides there which melts all extremes into beautiful harmony, and throws the sacred enchantment of love, purified from all mere selfish qualities, around those who are thus linked together by truth and worship, besides the common ties of earthly kindred.

I say, my brethren, such a home is a foretaste of heaven, because moreover somewhat of the same spirit and employments, the same thoughts and felicities, are experienced in the human as in the eternal home, while also somewhat of the same exemption from the disappointments and griefs of the world, are realized in the one as in the other. Do you look in there and witness what is daily done in the name and spirit of religion, and tell me if this is not after all, a feeble description of the genuine peace and blessedness of the religious home; and whether you can conceive of any other source from which the same high and holy results would flow. Behold there the humble and unpretending altar, consecrated to the recognition and worship of the infinite One—the prayer and hymn at the evening fireside, when the day's strife with the world and business is done, and in the shadow of the great curtain of night "a holy quiet reigns around"—the childlike and grateful thank-offering when the day begins for that more than human care which kept them through the changes of the night—the meek, submissive, but earnest and truthful spirit breathed towards heaven, in the hour of disappointment and trial—the casting the parental arms around the little ones, in the deep night of crushing grief, and looking up lovingly and confidingly to God through their tears—the rejoicing together in the time of prosperity and gladness—the bending unitedly, as if moved by one spirit, one heart, over the pages which reveal to them the

things of duty and hope, of God and eternity. The scene which there is daily enacted, shows that they consciously "live, and move, and have their being in God." Is not that home then the very "gate of heaven to their souls;" and while they live in the world, do they not live above it in the inspiring atmosphere of a diviner and more felicitous life?

You see, then, that the higher forms of happiness enjoyed in the family, and carried out into all the relations and affairs of life, springs chiefly from the religion of home—from the habitual and faithful recognition and worship of God, and the deep and earnest culture of the spirit of Christ, at the domestic fireside. Nothing, my brethren, will bless and keep home pure and heavenly like these—whose influences around the family altar distil upon the heart like dew from heaven, and impart beauty, freshness and fragrance to its virtues and pleasures.

Nor should we forget in this connection, as a further and important reason for the immediate and earnest cultivation of the religion of the fireside, how great is the reflective influence of home upon the church,—worship at the fireside upon worship around the public altar. Those who are devotional at home, and daily observe the institutions of religious worship and culture, are not apt to be strangers in the Lord's temple, nor to meet with many difficulties of sufficient magnitude to occasion their frequent absence from the courts of the Lord's house when the people come up together to remember His great goodness to the children of men. While on the other hand, we are compelled to believe, that it is generally to the want of "the church in the house," that is to be attributed so much inattention and indifference to the public worship of God. It is very natural that men who never think of God during the week, should find it somewhat laborious to go to the church to hear about Him on the Sabbath. Having no God in their families —no Savior at their fireside breathing His gentle and loving spirit into the children that cluster about them, or warming and enlarging their own hearts as they review His miracles and life—and a Bible, perhaps, only as an ornament to the centre-table; what motive presses upon them, what influences of a religious character urge them to the house of public prayer and

praise? Hence the necessity and utility of having the religion of home—for it will cause men to delight in, and faithfully attend upon, the services of God's public sanctuary.

Yes, indeed, the religion of home blesses us in every regard. It causes us to be more truly devotional—to enter more deeply into the spirit of worship, when in the house of God; it prepares us more perfectly, for the duties and offices of life, by making us better men and filling us with the great and good spirit of proper Christianity; it affords us a dear and safe refuge from the ills and storms, and weariness of the outward world, where the thoughts turn to nobler themes, and the wearied heart reposes itself, upon the pillow of God's hands, and finds peace and refreshment. O then, my brethren, let us at once seek and establish the religion of home; and adopt, in spirit and practice as our own, the words of the poet:

"When quiet in my house I sit,
Thy book be my companion still;
My joy Thy sayings to repeat,
Talk o'er the records of Thy will,
And search the oracles divine,
Till every heartfelt word be mine.

"O may Thy gracious words divine
Mingled with all my converse be;
So will the Lord his follower join,
And walk and talk himself with me;
So shall my heart His presence prove,
And burn with everlasting love.

"Oft as I lay me down to rest,
O, may Thy reconciling word
Sweetly compose my weary breast,
While, trusting in my gracious Lord,
I sink in peaceful dreams away,
And visions of eternal day!

"Rising to sing my Father's praise,
Thee may I publish all day long;
And let Thy precious word of grace
Flow from my heart and fill my tongue,
Fill all my life with purest love
And join me to the church above!"

THE PERIODIC DEVELOPMENT OF CHRISTIANITY.

And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.—1 Cor. 13: 13.

THE Apostle here sets forth the relative value of the three great principles of faith, hope, and charity. He seems to represent them as the sum of religion. But they are unequal to each other. Faith is a mighty power, and is indispensable to the Christian;—so is hope;—but charity, or love, is greater than they. This last is the vital essence of the Christian life—the power of God. Faith leads a man into the truth, and gives him trust in God;—hope is the intelligent expectation of good;—but love is more, and does more; it makes man like God,—which is the highest good. Likeness to God is the supreme excellence;—love, which is both the law and it fulfillment, gives that likeness, and thus makes the finite and Infinite one in spirit, and resolves them into blessed moral harmony.

I do by no means disparage faith;—its office is a high and extensive one;—it teaches us to love, and what to love. It is not the Christian life; but it leads us to the Christian life. We cannot be Christian without it, though it is not the whole of Christianity. The same is measurably true of hope. It is not itself the good, but the lively expectation of it. This expectation acts on the soul with a kind of inspiring power, causing it to be thoughtful and active. Its office is therefore great and holy;—in some respects allied to that of faith, though widely differing from it in others. But charity—love—is that to which they both look—which they both labor to put us in possession of—the end of their sacred mission—the essential and final good. Therefore, whether in time or eternity, it is greater than they.

But it is not my present purpose, to enter upon a discussion of the relative greatness of these Christian principles; for I could not hope to add anything to what has been, in this view, said many a time. But I propose to employ the text as suggestive of the historical order of the development of Chris-

tianity in the human mind, and in society;—thus making the apostle's account of faith, hope, and charity, comprehensively represent the history of the religion of which they are the life and sum. There may be something of novelty in this disposition of the text; but I think I see in the history of our religion, such an order, or method, in the development and reign of these great principles, as to render the application not altogether inappropriate or unjust. My remarks on the subject now suggested, will naturally be distributed under two general heads.

I. The first of these is, the historical development of Christianity in the individual mind. You will observe the order in which the apostle has set these principles down in the text. Faith is the first;—then follows hope;—and as the last and greatest, comes charity or love. Now, this is precisely the order in which these principles succeed each other in the religious history of the individual mind. The first step, necessarily, in making man a Christian, is to induce him to *believe* Christianity,—that is, to beget faith in him. And this is about all that can be accomplished at one time. Faith introduces him to a new world, and offers as much as his heart can receive. As soon as the man becomes an earnest believer, passing through a change so novel and vast he becomes zealous and enthusiastic for his new faith. It is for the time the all-engrossing object of his thoughts and feelings. He burns with a new life. He feels as if he had literally "been born again." New conceptions flash in upon him with electric brilliancy and force. This thrilling newness adds intensity to all his religious feelings, and impels him to prompt and vigorous action. Thus converts are always more zealous and devotedly active during the first period of their religious history in connection with a new form of faith. The decisive and intense character of the transmutation in their conceptions and feelings, is apt to make them bold and dogmatic;—and their assurance of being in the right qualifies them for sacrifice and suffering. Nothing like doubt—no shadow of uncertainty, ever disturbs the new believer. Actual demonstration could not add to the dogmatic certainty of his opinions, nor actual vision throw into clearer

light the moral temper of his feelings. Hence he is ready both to labor and suffer for his religion. It is therefore to him a period of decided religious enthusiasm. And as during this period none of the other great principles of Christianity are present and operative to a very considerable extent, I call it the period of faith;—the period in which there is more *believing* than *thinking* or *living*.

But the enthusiasm inspired by the new faith cannot last always, and after a season gradually declines both in strength and favor, until the mind comes to feel that there is something wanting—something necessary besides mere belief. The mental habits of the believer change. He dwells less upon the abstract idea of belief,—the first and most dogmatic conception of religion,—and more upon its uses and objects. The reason is awakened, and he begins to question and consider. He thinks, and sometimes, perhaps, even doubts. Then comes a struggle, in which he loses much of his dogmatic assurance and enthusiastic extravagance, and in the stead receives an intelligent and vivacious expectation of approaching and substantial good. Religion now appears more cheerful and practical—to belong more to this life and our social natures. Faith still lives and operates; but it is no longer the exclusive religious power of the soul; it is no longer alone in swaying the dominion of the mind and feelings; a new potency has arisen, less austere, less positive, less flagrantly enthusiastic, but more cheerful, equable, and abiding; and which greatly improves the condition and happiness of the believer. This is a kind of transition period —a period of active thought and animating expectancy—the period of hope.

At last comes the development of the holy principle of charity, the latest in its appearance of the great Christian virtues. The Christian life now assumes a higher value, rises into greater importance, and receives corresponding attention. The believer is not so impulsive, but is more reflective. The mountain torrent spreads out into a calm, deep river, reflecting the clear and peaceful heaven, and on whose expansive bosom the sunshine of God's love rests in serenest beauty. There is less noise, less outward display, but more genuine power. Faith

becomes more simple and intelligible, and does her work more calmly and enduringly. Truth, not barely as a system, but for itself, is esteemed and followed. The affections come forth into fresh and vigorous play. The believer relies less upon outward miracle, and more upon inward piety and culture. More of the divine in man is revealed, and his proper likeness to God becomes more manifest. Faith and hope sink their individual character, and become the vitalizing and sustaining forces of all pervasive charity. And this is the period of love, and, to the Christian, is the last, most perfect, and blessed of all.

Such, succinctly, is the statement of the successive periodic development of religion in the individual mind. The first period is the one in which faith gives distinctive character to the believer; then follows the period in which hope predominates; and, lastly, comes the period of charity, when love, which is the essential potency of God, becomes the grand ruling power. And this, I again remark, is the order in which the Apostle has set these principles down as succeeding each other, until the perfect law of God becomes the rule of the believer's life, and the full joy of his heart. Let us pass now to consider Christianity as developed in the general mind, in society, humanity; and I think we shall there discover the same order in the development and reign of these mighty Christian forces, as that which the Apostle has observed, and which we have seen to mark the religious history of the individual mind.

II. In the historical portions of the New Testament, which treat of the Christians after the death of Christ, every attentive reader must have observed how frequently and emphatically they speak of the importance and power of faith. The writers seem to regard it as the immediate and sufficient power of salvation. It inspired the believers with an enthusiasm that was not unfrequently sublime. It engrossed their whole attention, and excited into the most zealous and persistent activity the energies of their whole being. Its value was above all price: it comparatively reduced everything else to mere dross. So life was counted as naught when called to the defense of the new faith. This potent and mysterious religious principle, or spiritual inspiration, made the believer strong in soul, and some-

times tragically grand in action. Thus Stephen presents an imposing moral figure in that death-scene of his—so firmly, and nobly, and sublimely, does he yield up his life on the altar of his divine faith. Likewise Paul, writing in that dark and damp Roman prison, that he had kept the faith, and was now ready to be offered up as its willing, and even rejoicing, sacrifice. This enthusiastic and confident spirit of Stephen and Paul, breathes through all the records of those early Christians. Their dogmatic assurance and triumphant zeal rendered it a glorious thing to be a martyr to the new belief. They never stopped to question—they were never troubled with any doubts. All was clear as vision, and as unquestionable as the fact of life. There was an iron rigidity, an unflinching steadfastness, in their adherence to their belief. Faith was also the principle ground of their fellowship, and the chief element of their society. For it alone they lived, and to it many of them were the martyrs whose blood stained the historic page forever. And all this was necessary—indeed could not have been otherwise—since men must first be brought thoroughly to believe the truth, before they can take time to study it, and apply it to the character and the life.

The period from the death of the apostles to a short time before the outbreak of the Reformation, was eminently characterized by the faith-spirit of which I am here speaking. It was emphatically the period or age of faith. There was during that time little earnest thought—no spiritual struggling—no active and subduing hope. But all men bowed submissively to the authority of faith, and many of them were fanatically zealous for its dissemination in the established credal form. But amidst all this open and extreme zealotry for the creed, how little consideration and attention were bestowed upon the Christian virtues and life of the believer. Since the true faith secured salvation, scarcely anything more seemed necessary or desirable. On the other hand, heresy was not only certain ultimate damnation, but likewise immediate destruction. The authority of faith being omnipotent, all dissenters or spiritual rebels were despatched at the signal of a word:—there was no alternative, man must either bow down before the one altar of faith, or else

pass through a tortured death. True, that all this while faith was not pure and free, as she dropped sweetly from the Redeemer's lips; or was echoed from the regenerated hearts of the early Christians;—errors had crept into it from the region of philosophical speculation, Jewish superstitions and prejudices, and barbaric rudeness and cruelty, greatly modifying both its form and spirit;—but still, on the whole, it kept its *authority* supreme, and literally ruled the Christian world.

The flagrant enthusiasm of this period is strongly marked. The fire of zeal, kindled by faith, burned always intensely, and often furiously. To the soberer judgment of later times, the excessive enthusiasm of this age looks like outright madness. Still it was the source of a moral heroism that commands the wonder and admiration of our most dispassionate reflection. You see the indomitable force of this religious enthusiasm in the heroic fortitude with which the martyrs walked into the flaming tortures of death. For the age of faith is not only the age of religious enthusiasm, but it is also the age of religious martyrdom. It is only under the mighty influence of the feelings of heroic devotion which faith begets, that men are willing and ready to die by torture for opinion's sake. But during the period of which I am speaking, scarcely anything was more common than for one to offer himself a sacrifice to the authority and glory of the faith. Every soil in Europe, and many in Asia and Africa, have been crimsoned with the life-blood of faith's disciples. But the enthusiasm of the age, besides making the believers willing *sufferers*, made them also but too ready *persecutors*. For, indeed, religious enthusiasm is always intolerant. It sees one idea in a light so brilliant and intense, as to render it blind to all else;—and then it acts as though there were no other truth, or department of feeling and duty. Hence the believers came to sacrificing each other, and sometimes for the smallest disparities in opinion. In a word, they were zealots, not for faith as an expansive, an all-comprehensive principle;—but for faith as an abstract and fixed idea—something which they had measured with a rule, and knew to contain exactly so many cubic inches, and no more.

But perhaps the most extensive and astonishing exhibition of

the flagrant enthusiasm of this period of faith, is presented in the enormous crusades of Europe against the infidels in sacred Palestine. In these religious wars, hundreds of thousands, of both sexes and all ages, perished under the streaming banner of the cross. To our calmer religious feelings it is hardly credible, but the sacrifice of life, on account of the Christian faith, from the time of Jesus to that when the Reformation had gone far enough to put an end to this cruelty and madness, must have reached to many millions—a mournful and bloody page in the glowing history of enthusiasm,—the age of triumphant faith!

You will see in the character produced by the prevailing influence of this period some very marked and heroic virtues, and some equally distinct defects. There were great strength and much operative force, everywhere manifest. The moral will was as rough and stubborn as a bar of iron. But kindness and mercy were scanty in quantity and feeble in force;—they seem to have been but little regarded, or else thought to be positive weaknesses. Physical energy and prowess held the place of reason and justice;—implicit faith and unquestioned obedience, the place of reverent thought and the answering of an enlightened conscience. God was feared as the awful sovereign, and not loved as the Infinite and holy Father. No expense of personal labor and physical comforts was too great to keep on the side of His favor. There was much action, but it was guided by scanty and unsteady reflection. Morality, the science of right and duty between man and man, was almost unheeded, if not almost unknown. The chief virtues were integrity in faith—unbounded reliance upon God—cheerful and submissive obedience—love of sacrifice—an unreserved and hearty devotion to religion, of the whole life—and an unflinching, and often sublime, heroic will. In that age of faith, there were virtues which must ever command our admiration, and vicious blemishes which must make us weep, and sometimes move us with horror.

But this state of things could not always last; mere implicit faith as a religious and saving power, could not always satisfy the multiform necessities of the moral nature. Enthusiasm is not the fire which the soul will be content to sit by forever. Submission to authority, without the privilege of asking or

knowing the right, began to press too heavily, not to excite the feeling and forces of repulsion. Suspicion of wrong and abuse crept into men's minds, and made them uneasy; and in their sore disquiet they began to ask questions and set thought busy to find answers. All over the north of Europe this state of things was felt; a change was in process of evolution—a new age was coming on. This was the age of hope, when men turned from the past to the future, and began to look for a better order of things. The mind went powerfully to work; it broke away from the forms and authority of the venerated past; it ventured on the assertion of its own freedom, and received considerable insight into the nature and extent of its individual rights, and thus dissolved the charm that so long had hung around the papal chair at Rome. With this, too, there was a letting go of everything but the Bible, and a hopeful reaching forward to something new and holier. In amount, it was a revolution in the forms of life, and the modes of feeling and thought. There was no less vital faith in God, but more hope in man, and for man. Thus things continued to operate with increasing vigor and earnestness until finally the great struggle broke forth; sympathy ran along the bosom of society like lightning along the clouds of heaven, and the nations were convulsed with the reformation,—that grandest movement in modern history.

I cannot here spend time to enlarge upon this period as its significance justly demands; but every one must clearly discover a wide difference between it and the period which preceded it. The mind was more active and independent—more thoughtful and hopeful. The idea of continual amendment—of substantial progress—took firm hold of society, and put it in busy search for the effective means and their successful application. Superstition after superstition shrank away from the foreground, and left the public heart to more primitive forms of faith, and to simpler and more spiritual modes of worship. Then, too, in the midst of this breaking loose from the authoritative past—this agitation, inquiry, struggle, and hope, a spirit of speculation sprang up, often crude and wild, but always sincere and earnest—always cheerful and expectant. The age

seemed to feel that the true good did not all lie in the venerable authority and endless rituals of the by-gone era, and so it eagerly cast its eye into the future, and devoutly aspired and labored in the best way it knew how, to realize it. This age was less bigoted, less severe and stern,—less flagrantly enthusiastic and dogmatic—less disposed to the questionable glory of martyrdom and the folly of bodily penance, than was the age of faith; but was more inclined to toleration and forbearance; more pliable, adaptive and useful; more impressed with the importance of being right and living right, as well as believing right. There was also more beauty and freshness in the graces which adorn and bless our humanity. The heroism of faith became more and more the heroism of virtue and holy living; the outward glitter and pageantry of the meekly unpretending religion of the lowly Christ, gradually gave place to its divine reality—its saving spirit—and its supernal beauty.

This period of hope, or in which hope most eminently manifests its presence and power, reaches from the dawn of the reformation to the present time, or rather will stretch far beyond the present time; for the work peculiar to the age of hope is yet, by far, not done. But we cannot mistake the spirit of this whole period, it is so thoughtful and earnest, so speculative, truth-loving and hopeful. It is restless with inquiry—agitated with mighty desire for vaster good—full of enterprise and daring adventure. The spirit of the age of hope might be represented by the figure of humanity with the open Bible in its hand, with firm step and a countenance of mingled earnestness and cheerfulness, pressing nobly on to the future.

But if we turn now from the contemplation of this figure, faintly suggesting the characteristic temper of the period of Christian hope, to what, in another regard, is going on around us, we shall be impressed with the partial presence, or immediate approach of a new era in the progressive history of Christianity, differing greatly from all that have gone before it. While faith and hope, as mighty elemental forces of religion, still abide, and still continue doing their appropriate and vast work more thoroughly and truly, a new and, in many respects, grander power is revealing itself in striking and unmistakable forms.

Indeed, the age of charity has already come—or at least its mellow dawn glimmers in upon the moral landscape, opening up to our vision spiritual beauty and wealth not dreamed of in all our past philosophy. Do you not even now behold the bright banners of love streaming in the wind and playing with the golden sheen? Certain it is, however you may seek to account for it, the spirit of the time has no precedent, nor anything that approaches it, in all history. Spite of the many lingering influences of superstition, error and wrong from the past, men are rapidly growing in love with the great idea and practice of benevolence. Among the thousand evidences of this fact, observe the prevalence of the strictly modern custom of organizing societies on the basis of goodness, without regard to peculiarities of faith or forms of worship on the part of its members, but for the express purpose of promoting the spirit and objects of Christian benefaction. Already is the number of such beneficent organizations like unto the stars of the clear and peaceful night. In the age of faith there were churches but properly no societies; now, there are not only churches, and societies blended in the same establishment, but there are societies without any formal church. So deep and strong is the advancing love for man becoming, that a new class of churches is springing up, and specially honoring his nature by denominating themselves the churches of humanity. I do not say there may not here be injurious excess—I only remark the fact. Then, again, there is connected with a large portion of the religious societies of the day, a peculiar association for doing good, in a way in which the church has hitherto failed to do it. In fact, charity is abroad under every name, scattering priceless blessings along the rugged and thorny path of suffering and sorrow. Hospitals and institutions of various character, for the dispensation of good to the unfortunate among mankind, are becoming almost the daily creations of Christian beneficence. Even nations are catching its spirit, and America sends her freighted ships and her sympathy to oppressed and famishing Ireland, or to the region of polar frosts and ice, to bear relief, if possible, to the lost navigators. And what was never the case before, woman has gone forth into the moral field—formed

active relief associations almost as numerous in character as the ills of life,—and thus taken upon herself, to a large extent, the great apostleship of heavenly charity. Creeds fall before the power of love, or are silently and gradually shorn of their harsh and truthless features: and men are beginning to ask, not so much what does he believe, as what is his character, how does he live? And we are indeed beginning to realize something of the miraculous workings of the divine potency of love that was so wonderfully displayed in the life of Christ. Even now has it gone so far in this respect, that, almost literally, do the dumb speak,—the deaf hear—and the blind see;—whilst it actually comes to pass that the demoniac, or lunatic, is clothed in his right mind again. The prison is entered, and by the music of love's voice, and her sympathetic labors, rendered more like the fitting hospital of sin-sick and offending man: kindness is becoming the law of its discipline, and under the recuperative magic of its power the morally diseased are healed of their maladies, and go forth "made whole again." Legislation is feeling the influence of this holy principle, and is consequently giving a milder, more just, and humane character to its laws. All reforms are looking more and more to it, as the only sure hope of their final, complete success,—from the temperance movement to the abolition of the national evils of slavery and war. Literature is also being baptized in its hallowing spirit, and already addresses itself less to the passions, and more to the reason and the affections. Patient, fainting, dying little Nell, has more sympathizing readers and admirers, than the proudest hero of the glittering tournament. History is turning into a great continuous philosophy of life. And the great poets are no longer the inspired songsters of battle fields and carnage, but the poets of the beautiful, the noble, the useful, the affectionate,—of humanity.

Such, my friends, are among the indications of the spirit of the time—the prophetic foreshadowings of the new age—the age of love—which, when it be fully come, shall be the greatest and holiest of all.

I have thus imperfectly indicated that in the development and reign of Christianity in the race, as in the individual, there

are grand periods which correspond with wonderful fidelity to the Apostle's order of the great principles of faith, hope, and charity. We must not, however, be misled either by the words of the Apostle or the facts in history, into the opinion that, because love is the last and greatest of these spiritual potencies, faith and hope are to pass away as obsolete and useless things. No, indeed, they will never become obsolete, for their mission is perpetual;—they will abide,—not the predominant and ruling forces as they have,—but in purer and more glorious forms—the beautiful and effective handmaids of love. When the bright age of love shall be fully come—when Christ shall reign in the entire power and glory of his Father's beneficent spirit—they will be transmuted into the faith and hope of love, and help to weave around humanity that triple chain which shall bind it sweetly but securely to the eternal throne. This cheering conclusion leads me to close as I began:—"And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity!"

GOODNESS ITS OWN REWARD.

A good man shall be satisfied from himself.—Prov. 14: 14.

It is one of the distinguishing characteristics of true religion, that it is its own reward. It does, it can give nothing higher than itself. Whatever comes through it, comes of it. It does not point out the way; it is the way itself. There is accordingly great truth in the scriptural declaration, that "in keeping the commandments there is great reward."

The best condition a man can know, is the condition of being right and true; and this, not on account of the outward, but on account of the condition itself, and the relations into which that condition brings him. The blessing must spring from within. What were all this beauteous earth and these shining heavens, to him who had no eyes? What the gushing melody of the spring-time, the loud and ceaseless anthem of devout nature, to him whose ears were yet unstopped? What the thousand delicacies of taste, to him whose palate had no living nerve?

Plainly, to a man in such a condition, the outward is nothing. So far as he is concerned, perpetual night, unbroken stillness, and universal insipidity, might be substituted for the present beautiful order of things. And the change which shall make the world a bright and joyous thing to him, must be made in himself—in the condition of his powers and faculties. It is in this condition of the man, in which the evil or the blessing lies. Make that right, and the man is right—and all is right.

There is, perhaps, no mistake more common than this, of making religion consist in something entirely foreign to the soul; something which we may put on like a garment, and which, alas! like a garment may be put off again. It is not a condition—a state—a growth in the true and right—but a thing which, like money, may serve us an important purpose in procuring an agreeable dwelling-place, and proud flowing robes,

and golden instruments of music. Thus, religion is not itself salvation; it is only the chariot on which we may be conveyed to salvation. It is not life, but only the promise of life. It is not joy, but only the hope of joy. Being thus so wholly foreign to the soul, so separate and distinct, we are told that we may get religion in a day, or an hour; that it only needs a momentary effort on our part, a transient penitence, and a subscription to a creed. This, to the unthinking, is making religion a light thing indeed; and what is saddest of all is, that, so far as moral and holy living is concerned, it proves as valueless as it is light.

In accordance with this too prevalent idea of religion, we are instructed with great seriousness and earnestness, that to be religious we must believe and do certain formally prescribed things; we must have faith with just so many angles, and attend to a specific routine of acquirements. Now, I do not doubt the great and holy office and the inestimable value of faith, nor the indispensable importance of duty; but I say men mistake when they suppose them to be all there is of religion. Duty may be performed very unwillingly, through the force of fear, or authority: and then it is not the man that does it, but the force that lies back of him, in the fear that impels him. Besides, duty when cheerfully done, is not religion; it is only the effect of religion—the outward manifestation of the indwelling principle. When a religious man does good, he does it because *he* is religious, not simply because the good act, in itself, is religious. For in the nature of things, actions, in themselves, have no quality of goodness or badness; all the character they really possess, must be imparted to them by the soul out of which they proceed.

Then, again, this erroneous view of religion leads us to look too much to a wrong source for happiness and peace. We are pointed to heaven as the only place where these desirable objects, to any considerable degree, can be obtained. Everything here is filthy rags; all is care and sorrow; and nowhere can the soul find rest and joy. The present is nothing, and all substantial blessings are to be looked for and expected only in heaven. It is not understood that, in an important sense, religion is

heaven; and men consequently look to the outward and material, as the source of happiness; and if these fail, as fail they must, they can see no alternative but to bear up as well as they can, until death shall remove them to that glorious place where everything shall minister to their delight. In all this, they overlook the fact, that happiness in another world must depend upon the same kind of laws and conditions as in this; that the soul must be right, and then all will be right; and that, hence, the spirit of heaven may dwell within us here, as well, as truly, though not so completely as there.

No, indeed; the means of happiness are not so distant and foreign as they are represented. Frail and fleeting as life is, God yet has filled it with the elements of true enjoyment. All around us they lie, bright and glowing, like the stars in the bosom of the night. Our vision once unsealed, and whithersoever we look, heavenly fruit is waiting to gratify the longing of our hungry hearts. Ours it is to put forth the hand, firmly and trustingly, and employ the one and pluck the other. It only needs that we be truly religious, that we be filled with the light of faith and love, in order to see how full of blessings life is. It is our blindness that fills the world with darkness; to God and angels all is light and glory. The bee finds honey in everything; had we the corresponding condition, everything would be full of sweetness to us. Heaven and earth are not so far asunder as most men deem; in truth, they are very near together; so that the latter dwells in the light and presence of the other, as dwells an island in the sea. Like the expanded flower in the blessed sunshine, did we but open our hearts, they were filled with the living beams of Heaven's light and love.

This brings us to the consideration of the fact represented in the text—"The good man shall be satisfied from himself." A fact, surely, of the highest importance, and which we believe has also other sanctions than what it derives from the Bible. It certainly accords with the idea with which we set out in this discourse, that religion, goodness, is its own reward. It says, that goodness so disposes the man, that his happiness flows from himself; or rather, and more strictly, it brings him into

the condition of happiness. This is a great practical truth, that should be most carefully treasured in our memories. It is not generally believed—and I fear it is not deeply enough felt by those who do believe it—that it is the good man only who can be satisfied from himself. It should be the most active conviction of our minds; not a mere assent, but a living presence, urging us on, as with a resistless eloquence, in the way of life and peace. It is a too general failing in Christians that they give comparatively too much importance to *believing right*, and too little to *being right*. For, though faith be the first step, it is not enough to believe in religion; you must do more, you must *be* religious. Religion must dwell in you, be a part of you, so that daily piety shall be as natural as breathing or sleeping. Piety is the spontaneous action of the religious soul; it is gratitude, love, good will, charity, beneficence; and these should be the constant features of your outward life. And then, moreover, you must be always putting forth new effort, ascending to a higher position, reaching to a loftier good. Earnest aspiration gives active inspiration. There is no goal to the delightful race you are running, provided you have got into the way of truth and goodness. But it has this agreeable peculiarity, that the farther you go, the more pleasurable is the exercise of advancing, the consciousness of progress. It is for the same reason that an angel's joys are more intense than those of a little child.

But, to be a little more specific in considering the grounds of the fact, that the good man shall be satisfied from himself. I have already observed, that goodness is the grand basis of this truth. It is the nature of goodness to satisfy, to impart pleasure to its possessor. It lashes no passion into excitement, that burns and sears the most exquisite and sensitive fibres of the heart. It creates no wants which itself cannot allay. It is not exhaustive, nor exhaustible. Like the sun in heaven, it pours out its streams and floods forever, and grows the while only the purer and mightier. Without noise, without effort, it dwells serenely and sweetly in the soul, filling it with the peace of God. Such is the principle out of which comes all genuine satisfaction; which brings one into accordance with all that is

satisfying. This gives the permanent rest. It is as the realized presence of God, and passeth all understanding.

And yet this is not all. To be simply good, is not enough; it is well, but there must also be something else. In order to be satisfied from himself, a man must not rest in any present attainment or possession. God has made him an active being; the pleasure arising from the exercise of every faculty he has, tells him this. Goodness is also an active principle; and is, in this respect, precisely correspondent to his own nature. All life is characterized by the same fact. Not by rest, but by motion, are all things kept pure and bright. It is not he who never thinks, but he who thinks most and truly, that really enjoys. The still water soon stagnates. Idleness and misery are inseparable companions. So goodness, never exercised, speedily becomes negative, and its life dies out; its soul departs; and it becomes cadaverous and cold, imparting no beauty, no joy, no animating thrill to the mind and to the affections. And it is doubtful if any attainable possession will be completely satisfactory, if rested in as an and. Satisfaction comes from the consciousness of progress, coupled with that of gaining some new strength, of adding something to the quantum of existing possession. It is not the man who has the greatest wealth that is best satisfied with himself in his relation to property; but he who, by his labors and business, feels that he is daily adding something to the amount of his present store. For this reason, the proverb so frequently repeated in our ears—"To be content is to enjoy,"—appears to us to be utterly untrue. It is false philosophy, for it strikes against all the upward tendencies of our nature. Our aspirations may sometimes take a wrong direction; and towards some things we may perhaps indulge them too ardently; but to be content with what, and where, we now are; to ask for nothing higher, truer, nobler, sublimer; to rest in the condition of to-day; to sit down in our ignorance and folly, with all this infinity around us and above us; this is to be a brute—to be satisfied with meat and raiment. We do a serious wrong to our nature, when we thus clip the wings of its upward aspirations. Are we never to be better than to-day? Do we not need more knowledge, more love, more holiness?

Have we not bad habits, bad tempers, bad feelings and thoughts? And are they not the source of inquietude and painful regrets? But because all this happens to be true of us, must we be twisted into a state of passive contentment and torpidly remain there? Will this lead a man to feel satisfied from himself? Satisfied? No; not from himself, nor from anything else. Satisfaction is not insensibility or unconsciousness, but the reverse. It is the calm and pleasurable emotion that arises from intelligent right-doing; and of course belongs to the good man in the ratio of his active goodness. It is the joy one feels in growing better, the blessing experienced *in keeping* the commandments. This is the true satisfaction, and lends to life a blessed cheer. It comes up from the mysterious depths of the soul, like pure, sparkling water from the earth's deep hidden springs.

He who can look around on each day and see wherein he has done some good to others; has imparted some beauty and sweetness to life; who can feel that he has corrected some wrong habit; strengthened some virtue; awakened to more love to God; discovered the means for a new manifestation of holy charity; increased his reverence for duty and truth; such a one can realize the deep significance of the text. Within his own soul he discovers and feels that meaning. The still small voice of conscience whispers an approval, more blessed than would be all outward applause. His is truly a joy which the world can neither give nor take away. His peace is sure; it hangs on no contingent; whatever may be around him, in the rush and roar of life's warfare, he goes serenely on, with a joyful step and a full heart. For it is not on the external that his peace depends; it comes from a more reliable source, and one, at the same time, which is more completely within his own control; for "the good man is satisfied from himself."

And here it is that Christians so greatly err; they stop with faith and the church; they rest in a creed and outward forms; and expect from these the happiness they are so earnestly seeking. They look for something to descend from heaven like a dove, that shall fill them with glory—be the present fruition of their desires. Looking thus to a wrong source for the object

of their hopes, they are disappointed, and come to think religion a mere social convenience, or even, perhaps, a farce, and abandon it. Hence so many backsliders from the church, and hence also the disrepute into which the church itself has fallen. Now, if instead of this error, the true Christian idea had been impressed on their minds, that they must grow in grace and the knowledge of the truth; and that the true source of religious reward is spiritual, and therefore to be sought within, they would have been both better and happier men.

Let not this mistake, my friends, delude you. Expect not the good man's reward, without your bear the good man's likeness to Christ. If you would share the joys of the blessed, you must have His culture, be filled with His spirit. And especially would I urge it upon the young, who have nearly or quite the whole active portion of life yet before them, to assiduously cultivate the growth of goodness in their hearts. Do not let the outward, with its gaudy trappings, its dazzling show of happiness, deceive you; be sure that, in itself, can never give you genuine felicity; that must spring from within—must come from the religion that dwells there—and is the fruit of your own labor, sanctioned and blessed of Heaven. Study, then, while your hearts are yet susceptible—before your habits have become stern and unyielding—to enter upon the life of goodness—to educate yourselves unto the knowledge and practice of duty—to walk in the way of uprightness and peace. Seek not the kingdom of heaven abroad, but let it come and dwell within you. Labor to be spiritually better and stronger each day. By every means within your reach, grow in virtue, purity, holiness, moral excellence, and passing all utterance shall be the felicity of your reward. Life shall then be to you a great and glorious scene. Being in harmony with yourself, you will be in harmony with all this grand creation around you, and one with God himself; while everything becomes a vocal echo of the bounding joy within you, and Heaven's approving smile rests visibly and benignly over all."

THE DIVINE SUPERINTENDENCE.

A man's heart deviseth his way; but the Lord directeth his steps.
PROV. 16 : 9.

SOLOMON seems in this language to recognize the divine superintendence in human affairs. He virtually says, that whatever appearance of unrestricted freedom there may be in man's constitution, or his condition, there is actually a controlling power presiding over him. He is really circumscribed, though the fact may be but faintly discerned by his outward eye. Though he may seem to devise his way without hindrance—to form his plans with unlimited freedom of will, yet in their execution he is directed, controlled, and limited.

A great principle is here suggested. I think this directing of man's steps indicates an established controlling moral influence and limiting restraint over man's power and tendencies to do wrong; or, in other words, it indicates the existence, in the moral government of God, of a *conservative principle*, which answers analogically to the grand conservative principle in the material world. It is certainly reasonable to look for such a principle in that highest department of affairs in the universe. While everything else of God's ordaining, of which we have any reliable knowledge, is safely kept by the presence and operation of such a power, it would be scarcely less than an impeachment of the divine goodness to suppose the moral world left destitute of an agent, so indispensable to the preservation of its order, and the security of its general welfare. But there are no grounds for such a disparaging supposition. We have many reasons, indeed, to believe that in the world of mind and morals, just as in the world of matter, there is a conservative power which reaches every element, and controls it into general conformity with its original and proper destiny. To develop and illustrate this thought will be the business of the present discourse.

By conservative, I mean that, indeed, which, in the general

sense, preserves; I mean that peculiar saving principle wrought into the thing affected, which preserves it from actual destruction. It is, in fact, that principle which is opposed to positive destruction. It is not antagonist to change—it does not imply the absence of change; but it provides against all such change as would result in final evil—it limits change from proceeding to permanently hurtful extremes. I repeat, it does not deny change, but controls and directs it. Change, transition there ever is. Everything is in motion—is acting—not blindly and aimlessly, but to some kind of useful end. Nothing is destroyed. When anything has fulfilled its office in one form of existence, it takes on a new one—transmutes into another condition—perhaps into a new mode of being—that it may serve another use. But this is the extreme case, such as we see only in the mysterious phenomena of material nature; for generally in the moral, the same constitutional conditions virtually remain through all changes. Thus, the sinner is transformed that he may become a saint; but however vast the revolution through which he may pass, he is all the while a man. Thus, the aged man dies that he may enter into perennial youth; thus, too, the little child falls asleep that it may become an angel in the skies; but in all this they do not, for a moment, lose their identity, nor sink their distinctive humanity.

An example of the most extreme destructive influence of change, where the conservative principle is still not quite lost sight of in the wonderful transition, may be instanced in the tree which perishes and dissolves into dust; but which speedily enters into new organizations, and lives again in other useful, and perhaps more beautiful forms, as the plant, the grain, the flower. Thus, even in the physical world, death but gives new forms to life, "and the grave is but the cradle of new existence."

But let us observe some illustrations nearer to the matter in hand. Look at that dark turbid stream of water, offensive to all the senses. How tardily it moves along with the load of impurities that discolors its bosom. It seems but an incumbrance and wasting evil. Yet if you observe it more closely you will see that it discharges most important offices. The process of purification is all the while going on; it is also de-

positing the materials for a rich soil that shall produce bread for a future generation; and, at last, when it reaches the ocean, it not only furnishes food to living beings, but takes wings, rises into the atmosphere—visits the thirsty places of the earth, and descends in pure fertilizing showers, or sweet distilling dews. Hence, notwithstanding the unfavorable impressions received from its first appearance, its whole history actually bears the character of a dispensation of goodness. It conserves the best condition of the earth for man's employment and abode. Temporary inconveniences or evils may attend upon its processes, but on the whole it is manifestly controlled by a conserving and healthful power.

But look now at another stream, pursuing its wild course over rocks and down precipices, rushing and foaming madly on its way through mountain and valley to the sea. Disorderly and extravagant as it seems, it still is restricted within the bounds of a strictly useful means. It makes so much more than it destroys, it could not be dispensed with without damage to the general system. By the irregularity and rapidity of its motions it agitates the contiguous atmosphere,—creates currents in it, and thus aids in keeping it pure and salubrious. Besides, it gives man a countless multitude of untiring hands, with which he fabricates nearly all the implements and articles of human convenience and comfort.

Look now at the storm—terrible in its sweeping blast and crashing thunder! How awful and destructive it sometimes appears in the exhibitions of its power! Yet has God set upon it the seal of wisdom, and subjected it to the dominion of conservative influences. We certainly judge partially when we think great storms only destructive and evil. It is now an accredited fact, that the watering of the earth and the salubrity of the air, can only be maintained by frequent, violent agitations of the latter, such as to change both its locality and condition. So that what incommodes us, or fills us with alarm and terror, brings us also the breath of life. How often, and how suddenly sometimes, have we experienced the felicitous change in the condition of the atmosphere and our comforts, affected by the awful agency of the thunder-storm!

In all these things, whatever appearances may at first strike us upon turning our attention to them, we plainly enough see the presence and constant operation of a general principle of conservation. They are all controlled by some unseen power, which restrains them within limits of usefulness, or, rather, which maintains the established order of things, in connection with which they are found. They are never permitted to go to that extreme where they answer the purposes of destruction alone. It is true, in one respect, and in a certain sense, they are destructive,—destructive, that is, of the present *conditions* of things, but not of the *things themselves*. But there is all the while a conservative power running through the destruction itself, causing it to preserve, and even promote, the health and vigor of the system. Thus, "all discord is harmony not understood."

But let us advance to an illustration more visibly complete. The one which first occurs to the mind is furnished by the economy of the solar system. In the first place, observe the earth in its diurnal revolutions, which give those useful alternations of day and night. Now, this rotary motion is effected by the combined action of two conflicting forces—the one tending to separate and scatter its elements—the other to reduce them to an impenetrable solid: either of which would be total destruction of the present order of things. The tendency of circular motion is to throw off the matter of the revolving body, just as water is thrown from a rapidly turning wheel; so that if the tendency of this motion of the earth were restrained within the necessary limits, it would rend this solid globe into a million fragments, and scatter them in confusion over the bosom of space. But God has safely provided against the calamity, by infusing into the constitution of matter a ceaseless active force, which we call gravitation. This draws all the elements of the earth towards its centre with so much energy, as effectually to countervail the repellent force arising from the rapid rotation. God thus subjects both these diverse forces, whose immediate tendency is to destruction, to the grand law of conservatism, and so secures the well-being and perpetuity of the earth.

The same thing is represented on a still grander scale, by the revolutions of the planets round the sun. Bodies have no power to move themselves; they can only move as they are impelled by some extraneous force. Hence, when a body is put in motion, it must follow the direction of the projectile impulse, until it meets some opposing force. Now, the planets are acted on by two conflicting forces, each of which by itself tends to make them move in the direction of approaching straight lines. They are the centrifugal and centripetal forces. The centrifugal force tends to push the planet on in a straight line through space—while the centripetal draws it in a straight line towards the sun. They thus act on each other, and cause the planet to deviate so far from both, as to move in a path exactly between them—and thus to run on in its orbit round the sun forever. But should either of these forces be suspended, it is fearfully evident that destruction would at once ensue. Suspend the centrifugal force, and the planet would rush with inconceivable velocity into the sun, and be instantly dashed to atoms; suspend the centripetal force, and it would fly off in a right line, crossing the paths of other planets—meeting them with a concussion that would shiver both to fragments, or be lost in the hidden depths of space. Take away the conservative law which we now see presiding over the powers of nature, and instantly all would be wild confusion and destructive chaos. Pope's imagination would become historic reality.

> "Let earth unbalanced from her orbit fly,
> Planets and suns run lawless through the sky;
> Being on being wrecked, and world on world,
> Heaven's whole foundations to their centre nod,
> And nature trembles to the throne of God."

But instead of this awful anarchy—this wretched chaos and ruin—when we look up into the heavens, we behold there the most perfect order—beauty and harmony. The conservative principle reigns over all, and that order, beauty, and harmony, are preserved forever. There is change, deviation, conflict, constantly going on there; but they all acknowledge the sovereignty of this grand principle, and yield their radical tendencies to its wise control. And thus, this law of conservation makes all

nature glorify the wisdom, power, and goodness of its great creator.

These instances from the natural world are sufficient to show what we mean by conservatism, as found in the government of God, and also to indicate the grand office which it fulfils.

Now, if we rise from the physical to the moral world, I say that the same fact holds there. A law of conservatism also reigns through its economy. Besides the natural presumption which the case affords, there are the most satisfactory intimations of the presence and activity of such a power—since there are everywhere around us phenomena for which we cannot account on any other ground. Wherever in the moral world we discover forces at work, there is connected with them some hidden restraint—some counteracting or limiting influences—some power which directs their steps. For example, no man ever becomes so bad, that it is impossible he should be made worse. He never reaches the point where he becomes totally and positively evil. He is held back by some power, though he cannot always see it; nor indeed is he always conscious of its influence. That power is, of course, conservative.

What I have now affirmed may be verified by that most voluntary and worst form of evil, we call sin. For sin itself is really an advocate for the utility of virtue. As a man sins he is rendered uneasy; there is something begins immediately to act as a disturbing force on the peace and quietude of his condition; he feels the absence of some pleasure and the presence of some pain, or at least something that more or less annoys. If he continue in his sinful course, the change in this state of his mind and feelings grows more and more unpleasant; his disquieted nature cries out more and more against the path he is pursuing; and thus, as he advances in his unholy life, he increases, at the same time, the activity and vigor of the forces which tend to restrain him from the irregularity of his moral conduct. Hence, you see, there is even in sin itself a law which is made to conserve the cause of virtue and holiness.

There is, moreover, something in sin, or connected with it, that is naturally repugnant to the human soul; since it is certain that every one, if he could see his way clear, would pre-

fer to reach his ends by virtuous rather than by sinful means. The soul, therefore, when in sin, is in an unnatural condition or state; but an unnatural state is necessarily temporary, not eternal. Hence there is in sin a tendency, in a measure, at least, to cure itself.

Again, revelation, reason, and experience teach that the consequences of sin are uniformly misery of some sort. Look, then, a moment at the question of sin in the light of a satisfaction. Now, I hardly need say, that sin does not meet and answer any of the real wants of the soul. It does not satisfy a single truthful demand of our spiritual nature. But it ever leaves a void within us, vast and aching. And the greater the sin, the greater also the consequent dissatisfaction. Now, is any argument necessary to show you, that this dissatisfaction is intended to repel us from sin itself? And is not this limiting, repellent dissatisfaction likewise a conservative power which always attends upon our erring steps? And thus, though man's heart deviseth his way, the Lord directeth his steps. The prodigal son who foolishly and wickedly spent in riotous living the portion received from his father, soon found the bitter consequences of his sinful course, in aching want and painful dissatisfaction — which acting, conservatively, speedily changed the direction of his steps; and with tears of deep repentance he returned to his father and his filial duties, and thus recovered his lost happiness.

If then the principle of conservatism reaches to the very workings of sin, which is the worst form of evil, have we not reason to conclude that every proper interest in the moral world is safely provided through its agency against all permanent harm? I know the world presents a sad and awful picture to the contemplation of the religious mind. I know there are sin and wrong—dark stormy passions, and conflicting interests. I know there is sickness, pain and death. I see truth violated—innocence abused—right trampled under foot—enmities fostered—fraud practiced—all law, human and divine, by one or another, transgressed. The wickedness of man is indeed very great. But is this all there is in the picture of the world, of humanity? Has not God mingled with all this some elements

of hope? Do not even our sins, in the view we have just taken of them, teach us how certainly God cares for us? And do not our sorrows reveal His goodness to us? Is it not on the darkest cloud, that He paints the brightest rainbow? Or has He made man an exception to all the rest of the universe, and left him alone to follow his ways—to run to remediless ruin, without direction or restraint? Is such the character of His operations, that He directs the mission of the stream—controls the flood—governs the storms of the earth and the stars of heaven—and yet does not guide and immediately care for man, whom He has made greater and more valuable than they all? Has He caused a conservative influence to run through all, and preserve it unfailingly to its true destiny—while man is abandoned to the uncertainty of lawless radicalism? Or is there a general principle of conservation in the moral just as there is in the physical world, which effectually countervails every tendency to permanent destruction or evil,—which indeed reaches every element and provides it against the possibility of missing its original destiny? Does God cast man into a world of temptations and abandon him to the direction of his ignorance —or does He graciously condescend to direct his steps for him?

I know not how it may seem to others, but to my convictions nothing is clearer, than that there is a grand conservative law in the moral world, which as effectually guards it, as a whole and in every part, against permanent or final injury or destruction, as that there is such a principle in the material world. Men deviate from the right path indeed—and sometimes awfully,—but never so far as to get beyond the reach of redeeming influences, which God has scattered profusely around them. All wandering from the true path, is followed by attractive forces which must ultimately prevail, because they are guided by a conservative wisdom and power. Why, as we have seen, the very condition of wrong itself is repellent, and will not give us rest till we return to the right. If we could be satisfied and happy in transgression—in sin—in a condition that contradicts our nature, and all moral law—we might well doubt whether there be a Supreme conservatism in the moral

world,—providing with infallible certainty for the security of all its interests. But there is nowhere such a fact in human experience—there is nowhere an intimation of such fact in revelation. To what conclusion then can we come but that which I have all along endeavored to develop and illustrate,—namely, that there is a grand spiritual conservatism which provides for the welfare of the moral government of the universe, as indicated by the language of the text—"A man's heart deviseth his way, but the Lord directeth his steps."

This is a great and consoling truth. I see in it the pledge of security to all the laws and interests of the world—of the entire system, and all that make up the system. This tells me that all the forces or powers which are in the system—and also all the forces which sin calls into being or awakens into activity, —conspire to one end—tend to the production of one grand result, obedience to law, and the consequent satisfaction and happiness of the soul. Hence this darkness which I see—this storm of passion and wrong—this conflict of seeming interests —this sin and painful dissatisfaction—this bitterness of grief— this sigh of bereavement—this tearful parting and gasp of death—all are but for a season, and will by and by be past forever;—for God has established the law of conservatism in His universe,—for though "a man's heart deviseth his way, the Lord directeth his steps."

THE ACCORDANCE OF CHRISTIANITY WITH HUMAN NATURE.

Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.—Matt. 11: 28.

And I will give you rest—that is, will bring you into harmony with all truth and love in the universe.

The soul's rest consists not in its sleep, or a cessation from action, but in its consonance, its harmony with God, and truth, and the world in which it lives. Mind when it acts legitimately never fatigues, gets weary and exhausted; it is only the material organism which it employs to communicate with the world of matter, that needs repose. It is not in the nature of God to tire from labor; neither is it of those who are truly His children. To bring about such a change in the soul's views and habits, as to enter it upon that condition, is the work of Christ; that work done, is His religion; and when realized in ourselves, is our religion, is Christianity. And this, moreover, is salvation, in the true Christian sense; for the soul is where, and how, it can sympathize with, and enjoy all that is good and true. Christian salvation is a far more spiritual affair than it is commonly conceived to be. It lies within the soul and not without it; all the external power and grandeur in the universe could not constitute it. It is that inward, spiritual condition which brings the soul up to the perception and enjoyment of the blessings with which God has filled all his works. Doing such a work, answering such an end, the religion of Christ prssents an interesting and inviting, as well as important topic for consideration.

And surely nothing can be more welcome to the heart than the fact, that the religion it has to cultivate is an agreeable religion; that it is in its nature interesting to the reason, to the affections, to the whole soul. Such is the character we should expect religion would bear that should come from an Infinite Father, a God of love. And such I affirm is the character

which it does bear. Indeed, that which more than all other things distinguishes Christianity from all other religions, is that it is interesting and inviting to the beings it came to save. It appeals with a sweet and blessed power to all their highest and holiest faculties; and they find in it the harmonious action, the spiritual rest for which they sigh, and which nothing else can give. Let us here specify a few examples of this great principle, for the double purpose of illustration and the strengthening of our attachment to our religion.

Man is a being of truth. A sense of truth is elemental in his moral constitution. He reverences this principle, and delights in its exhibition. To answer my own conviction, I cannot state this too strongly. God has instituted an indissoluble relation between the human soul and truth; and in this relation lies the foundation of the soul's greatness and progress. It is the medium of the highest pleasurable communion. Now to this sense in man Christianity directly appeals. It comes as a truthful religion, and claims attention because it is truthful, and not merely, as do all other religions, on the ground of authority. It is simple, and does not violate reason; it is not a bundle of incongruities and antagonisms, that are entirely inconsistent with the plainness and unity which our nature demands. In the doctrines and precepts of this religion, as there is in the character of its great Teacher, there is a naturalness, a divine accordance with our minds, which renders them inviting to our thoughts and interesting to our sympathies. The whole system is thus clothed with attraction. We are drawn unto it by a sort of spiritual affinity. To perceive that it is true and binding, that it has the highest claims upon our reverence and obedience, we have to pervert or distort no faculty or affection. It accords with the philosophy of our nature, it appeals and answers to our inherent sense of truth. The practical tendency of this fact, it will be easily seen, must be of the most beneficial character; for Christianity, if it be studied at all, cannot otherwise than foster and strengthen the great principle on which all duty and knowledge, all happiness and glory, depend. Well may the teacher of such a religion say, "Come unto me and I will

give you rest"—I will bring you into harmony with the true, into a divine accordance with the Infinite All.

Again, Christianity addresses itself to the sense of the beautiful in man. And this is not a visionary hypothesis; it is matter of history, of experience. Man has, naturally—God made him with it—a perception of the beautiful, a sense which, in one way or another, is gratified by the presence of the beautiful. It appears in different degrees in different men, and it manifests itself in different degrees, also, towards different objects. Some delight to gratify this sense through the medium of the eye, others through that of the ear, others through that of the mind alone; but it palpably exists in all, though it is oftentimes very weak from neglect, or very blunt from abuse.

The world is all alive with the beautiful, and far more than we are apt to think, men commune with its various forms. I have seen untutored intellect, clad in the coarsest garb, reclining in the moonlight on the glassy glebe, and discoursing, in its humble and truthful way, of the beauty of the night-heavens—and how it loved to look at the far-off stars when all around was sweet and still. And this is a high endowment, to perceive and love the beautiful;—it brings the poorest of earth's children very nigh unto the angels.

Now to this principle in our nature Christianity addresses itself; and it comes with the necessary qualifications to render its messages perfect. The highest beauty is intellectual and moral beauty, that which is perceived and felt within, which is spiritual and has relation to the soul; all else being but the imperfect shadowings forth of the beautiful realities of the spiritual universe. Such is Christianity, and it invites to communion with the loftiest ideals of beauty. All its great truths bear this impress. It tells us of the glorious powers in man; of the holy relations he sustains; of the faith that like a golden chain sweetly links him to Heaven and God; of the hope woven as it were from the rainbow hues of divine promise, calmly spanning all the broad sky of the future; of love and joy that thrill all hearts; of a holy, and peaceful, and pure home, beautiful beyond all conception. The characters with which its history abounds also furnish high examples to the

same effect. How large a portion of the very grandest triumphs of genius have taken their idea from the Christian Scriptures, and have perfected it under the influence of this religion? What an intensely interesting aspect does this fact lend to Christianity, and how invitingly does it present it before us. There can be nothing like repulsion between such a religion and the human soul, all is accordance and harmony.

Truth and beauty! O, I wonder not that the human heart, which the Lord has filled with a holy sense of these divine principles, should find only in Christianity, the infinite all that will completely answer its wants. The soul goes out beneath the bended sky, or amidst the woods, or the fields, or the waters; and all things, from the lofty star to the trembling leaf, speak truthfully and beautifully to it. It turns within itself or goes into kindred bosoms, and there it sees truth and beauty like angel sisters sweetly presiding over all. It goes to the statues men have chiseled from the mountain into immortality, to the canvas, all but living with the painter's soul, to the books wherein men have written their imperishable thoughts, and they all respond to its love of truth and beauty. And when it turns to the religion of Jesus, as it is presented us by the evangelists, it finds that too in perfect accordance with the prior work of God in the original nature of man; and it is, therefore, not only acceptable to it, but clearly proves its divinity.

The same course of remark would apply to all the elemental principles in the human soul, and might in each case be carried to the ultimate results of the Divine government. To my own mind, the course is philosophical, and the conclusions to which it certainly brings us absolutely reliable. Nothing can therefore be plainer than that we cannot receive, and love, and practice a religion which is not, like the Christian religion, precisely adapted to our constitutional nature, which wins us by sympathy, and fully responds to the wants of the soul. All this we see accomplished in Christianity; for it is the religion of truth, of beauty, of goodness, of the highest and noblest sentiments—and Jesus stands before the adoring mind as its living embodiment. If, therefore, you would find all your mental, and moral, and affectional wants fully answered—if you would find the

ideal in which are concentred all the perfections of that religion which make it the proper master and guide of the soul—go trustingly to Jesus Christ, and listen to His simple and heavenly teachings—it is all there; and in your labors and strivings, in the din and dust of life's warfare, from beyond all these strifes and this confusion, the Master's hallowed voice ever breaks sweetly on the ear,—"Come unto me, and I will give you rest,"—the rest of harmony, truth, beauty, and love. Let us hear and live.

A LION IN THE WAY.

The slothful man saith, There is a lion in the way.—Prov. 26 : 13.

The slothful man says so—the idle, the irresolute, the tardy man, says there is a lion in the way. This is indeed a very serious difficulty—a most disheartening obstruction. The man cannot venture forward, and his duty must be left undone, because, beyond doubt, a lion is in the way. A lion in the way, who would not turn back? Surely, it were presumption, madness, to have such an enemy—to go on and meet a foe so mighty and dangerous. How great is the wisdom, under such circumstances, to provide for one's safety. Most certainly, it would seem, that he cannot be too careful to keep out of a lion's reach—to avoid all contact with him. And such is precisely the course which is pursued; for the man always sees to it, and looks out well, until he discovers a lion in the way. But if for any reason he should so far neglect himself in this respect, as to pass on and meet this formidable animal, it would be certain ruin to him—since his tardiness would effectually place him at the disposal of his wary and powerful foe. Yes, indeed, the slothful man should beware of the lion in the path.

But who is this slothful man? This is a question of some importance that we should decide before going farther. For I should not be surprised, if it turned out that we have some interest in it. Where, then, shall we look for this slothful

man? Can you point him out to us as belonging to any particular calling, or any particular department of life? Is he rich or poor?—young or old? Have you seen him at any time when he was so distinguished from the rest of mankind as not in any respect to remind you of yourself? There is much ground for suspecting that this slothful man is legion—that he is represented, if not actually present, at almost every fireside. At least, if we judge from the number of the lions in the way, there must somewhere be a pretty large family of the slothful. Nor would it be a matter of much surprise if, upon examination, we should find ourselves very nearly related to that numerous family, if not actually members of it. It will not be very agreeable to our feelings, I am well aware, to be classed among the slothful; and in many respects, perhaps, we are quite innocent of giving any occasion for such an ungracious charge; and yet, after all, it is to be feared that it will somewhere, and in some respects, find just ground of application to us. Sure it is, that there is always a lion in our way. We do not always see him ourselves, perhaps, but we hear him, or, what is the same or a little better, we hear *of* him. We are apt to like *heresays* better than *hearings*—for the philosophical reason, I suppose, that reports sound louder at a little distance,—especially when there are a good many echoes.

There is one peculiar mistake into which we fall, that probably has a good deal of influence in leading us to the supposition of our freedom from all connection with the class mentioned in the text. It is, that when we hear a lion roar, we at once take it for granted, that it is not our lion, but our neighbor's lion, which, by some singular mistake, has got into our path. It cannot be us, certainly, that the lion is after; though by this mistake of his, we are kept in the house, and from our duty and the privilege of many enjoyments, as effectually as though the lion were there expressly on our account. And yet, it must be confessed, there is great convenience in falling into this mistake—since it happily gives our sloth the appearance of being compulsory, and not real—and pushes off the blame for our indolence and neglect, to the great relief of our conscience, and lays it upon our neighbor's lion that has got in the way.

It will hardly be necessary that I here attempt to give you the natural history of this species of lion, which thus gets in the way. Indeed, I could not succeed very far, if I were to make the attempt—for his character and habits are not very well understood. The animal seems, through the direction of a mysterious instinct, to successfully avoid all acquaintance, except with his victim, who is never in a very good condition to study the nature of his foe. From what knowledge we have on this subject, however, it is certain that there is a great variety in this species of lion;—and that, whatever may be their natural history, they prove, on the whole, to be an exceedingly great annoyance to the human race. This statement will appear, plainly enough, by considering a few, out of the multitude of cases, where their presence comes in among the influences that shape and determine the conduct of men.

Look at a familiar example. Yonder is a man given to drinking wine. He has naturally a noble heart and a manly bearing. He has also a family, and loves them well. Sweet and holy affections bind him to the home where dwell these objects of his earthly toil and care. It is delightful to see with what willing heart and ready hands, he goes forth amidst the labors and sweat of the weary day, to multiply the comforts and increase the happiness of those he loves. And then, what fond hopes are rested in him? See that wife leaning that fragile form of hers upon his strong arm for support—trusting her all in this earthly destiny into his keeping. While all around, the fragments of a thousand wrecks make the soul tremble with fearful anxiety for its own fate—she is calm and abiding in her confidence in him who calls her his. And those little ones too, how affecting is the tender trust with which they look up to him as their father! They do not know how much is their dependence upon him, who provides them bread, and protects them from the wind and storms. Oh, how beautiful and responsible are the relations of that husband and father; what trusts are reposed in him—what interests are placed in his hands for sacred keeping. And with him all is right but one thing; he is loving, and kind, and faithful in all—but he has made acquaintance with that which giveth redness to his eye,

trembling to his hand, weakness to his reason—and, if continued, will fill his blessed home with want, and pain, and tears. Perhaps he has not gone so far yet as to be often drunk—but only drinks a little daily—uses it as a beverage—and sometimes, as on particular or exciting occasions, drowns his reason, and gives the reins of his heart to passion. But even that is too much—and awakens from the deep silence around, omens that utter sounds, horrible with their grim mutterings, and warning him to beware. Go now and speak with him upon this dangerous practice; and, with a free heart, he will tell you that it is wrong, that there is awful peril in it, that he ought to give it up, to abandon it at once and forever. The path of his duty is plain enough; he can see it, and does see it, and even desires to walk in it. But, alas, there is a lion in the way—and so, like the slothful, he makes no effort to change and amend his condition. Ask him for explanations for neglecting to do his duty—to do what he confesses to be his duty—and he only breathes hard, and says, "it is impossible, there is a lion in the way." You can readily picture to yourselves what will be the sad results of this conviction, for there are painful examples all around you, from which you can judge with considerable probability. The lion in the way will keep him from his duty until himself and family are in awful, if not hopeless, ruins; until the horrible vision of the night becomes the terrible reality of the day. Beware, ye men, who tarry with the wine, or tamper with the tempting goblets of Bacchus, or, to your lasting sorrow, you will soon discover a lion in your way.

But let us look again. Purity lies at the foundation of all genuine felicity. It is the pure heart only that sees pure skies, and unclouded day, that sees God. Pure thoughts are a river of pleasure, placid and serene; pure thoughts are in the mind, as the sweet stars in the blue vault of night. The pure soul is the abode of unstained angels, that chant heavenly music, thrilling the weary spirit with the energies and joys of a new life. We all feel how precious is purity of mind, and what blessedness depends upon its possession. We know that such a mind commands the respect of all who know it. We delight to sit within the reach of its influences, and breathe in its gentle

fragrance. And yet, while all this is true; while every one knows it to be true; men, in all departments of life, indulge gross and vulgar thoughts and impure language. Old men whose hoary locks bid us look up to them as fountains of wisdom and purity, sanctified by a long ordeal of experience; men in the bloom of manhood, wielding the whole interests of life, with their growing families around them and looking to them for example and direction; young men who have all the active portion of existence before them, who are to make or mar a beautiful and happy life; all these—strange and unexpected as it would seem—shock and offend with the coarse utterances of impurity. The demon of low, earthly sensuality drives out the angel of holiness and peace. They stoop to what is below them, rather than ascend to what is above. The most common form, in which impurity manifests itself, is, perhaps, vulgar and irreverent comparisons and profanity. The prevalence of these among all classes, is a sorry commentary on our Christianity—and especially on the popular Christianity. Now, we all readily acknowledge, that in this indulgence of impurity, we do not sin against others, so much as against ourselves, though it is often a sad infliction upon others. Every man knows, that in using profanity he does himself no good, but only harm; that he sins against the demands of his own nature,—against the sweetness and peace of his mind. Still, with this knowledge and all these facts before him, if you ask him to change his course, to leave the forbidden path and walk in the right way, he will confess to the justness of the demand; he will acknowledge that he ought to do so, at once, and on every account; but — but — most unfortunately he belongs to the pitiable class of slothful men, and there is a lion in the way. That fact determines and fixes the character and habit of his life. He cannot reform, it would be utterly useless for him to undertake it, while the lion is there. And the lion, meantime, grows larger and stronger, and approaches nearer. Beware, then, ye men, of harboring impure ideas—of giving indulgence to profanity and irreverence, or ungodliness in thought or word, lest you come to know what it is to have a lion in the way. When it comes to that, if we may judge from the history of

others around us, your case will be well nigh hopeless; for when men once become so slothful as to see lions in the way, they seldom reform, until roused from their lethargy, irresolution and sin, by the glaring flames of ruin, or the startling gulf and thunder-voice of destruction.

If now we look again, and witness what is going on among the relations and duties of man with man, we cannot fail to perceive how numerous are the lions in the way. Their destructive influence is observable on every hand. There are few relations and duties which do not come under their dominion. Some men avoid and studiously shun each other in the way of social intercourse, and even the common civilities of life. Churches and their pastors cannot exchange the language of Christian good-will, nor treat each other even as men. There can be no brotherly fellowship between the different classes into which pride, and avarice, and hate, have split this family of man. The ideas of our heads build up walls between our bodies, which we cannot throw down. Friend deserts friend, and will not return again. Enmities are fostered until they lead to open rupture—whence follow strife and miserable warfare, the murder of innocence and the slaughter of peace. All this because, in each case, there is a lion in the way. There is reason to suspect that, in most instances, the lion is a very small one, and if approached would prove quite harmless;—but he is a lion, and that is all-sufficient for the perpetuity of these numerous evils between man and man.

But not less visible and lamentable are the evils which, from the same cause, afflict the business relations and duties of man. So great are they in multitude, that we cannot open our eyes upon the doings of business life, without being painfully sensible of their existence and magnitude. Though they are intended to be executed covertly, they are felt openly, and manifested abroad. Thus, one man puts sand into his sugar—grinds peas with his coffee—and turns the rain-storm into his cask of molasses,—and disposes of them for genuine. Another carries water into his cellar, passes it through an old liquor-cask, adding a few ounces of poison, and then sells it for rum. There is another man whose thumb is always on the wrong

side of the yard-stick, and his tongue on the wrong side of the truth. Another gives you promises to-day, and their violation to-morrow. This man cheats you of your money, and helps the church with it. Another breaks down, but defrauds his creditors of a handsome fortune for himself—and then plays the saint, and builds a church with the fruits of his iniquity. This man turns infidel laborers out of his shop one day, and sends a whole edition of Tom Paine to Mobile the next. That one robs the widow and the orphan of their mite, and sends it to the heathen, to keep their souls from hell. Another gravely reads church-service on Sunday, and wholesales damnation through the week. This one devoutly prays for the salvation of his neighbor, and then sells him the cup of death. That one sells his goods at cost, and gets rich at that. And thus on to any extent you will. But why, now, do men pursue these practices, and continue in them? That they are wrong they will readily admit—and also that they are doing sad and awful mischief among the true interests of society. And yet they cannot bring themselves to abandon them, and to adopt the course of strict uprightness. Wherefore?—ah, that fatal answer comes again—there is a lion in the way—and this time a huge yellow lion. Only put him out of the way, and all difficulty to amendment would be removed—and the Christianity of business would speedily accord with the Christianity of the Bible. But as it is, men see the lion in the way, and we call in vain for reform;—the plea for Christianity falls upon ears deafened by this lion's roar—unheard and unheeded;—and business, which should be one of our most religious and sacred transactions, is, to a fearful extent, made a lottery of uncertain chances, or reduced to a systematic game of fraud. Deeply to be regretted is it,—for the interests of humanity, religion and piety—that a lion was ever permitted thus to get in the way of truth, and honor, and fidelity, between man and man. And not till the lion is slain, and these great principles are restored to the full exercise of their rightful dominion, will that condition of things be realized, which shall give full stature to our humanity, and crown it with the pure blessings of religion, and the glories of truth and love.

It seems pertinent before closing, to advert to another class of duties, which the lion appears frequently to interfere with. With a very few exceptions, that occur here and there in society, men acknowledge the duty of religious worship,—and for the most part feel it a privilege to participate in its services and share in the blessings it confers. God has made us to be religious and worshiping beings. We cannot answer the purposes of our existence, either to ourselves or to others, without moral development and religious culture. Besides our manifest duty to God, our own happiness, our own nature, imperatively demands of us a constant attention upon the institutions of religion, which God has ordained as the means of our improvement. We cannot therefore disregard or neglect them, without ingratitude to the beneficent donor, and damage to ourselves. Yet men do disregard and neglect them, and subject themselves to the sufferance of the consequent evils, personally, and in their families and relations. But it is not to be supposed that they do this purely from free choice—that it is the spontaneous dictate of their own volition. No, by no means. It certainly comes from something else, and something entirely foreign to themselves;—there is evermore a lion in the way to the church. Only remove the lion out of the way—get him out of the path—make all clear, and free, and easy, and men would no doubt be constant and punctual in their obedience to the requirements of God and the religious demands of their own nature, in regard to public worship. As it is, we ought always carefully to remember the circumstances in the case, and exercise great charity;—for the paucity of worshipers, at any time, is undoubtedly to be attributed not to men, but to the lion in the way.

I have thus, my friends, presented some examples of the many difficulties and evils which are suffered from the lions in the way of our duty. I had intended to instance one other, which is more touching in its character, and appeals affectingly to the sorrow of our hearts; but I have already exceeded my limits, and must let it pass. I could hope that these plain and matter-of-fact reflections would awaken and rouse every one to an earnest and successful effort to remove some of these numer-

ous obstacles from our path—so that, when there shall be anything in the way of truth, honor, fidelity, duty, or religion, to be done, we shall no longer, like the slothful man, say there is a lion in the way. No, let us put on our manhood and go forth in our strength—conquering every foe to the right—until every way of honor is free, and every path of duty plain and easy—and God will bless the right and keep it holy.

THE DEATH OF CHRIST.

And he bowed his head and gave up the ghost.—JOHN 19 : 30.

OF whom was this language written? Death is the common lot of this fleetly passing race. He who sees a hundred summers, and battles time successfully through a hundred winters, is looked upon as a marvel in this world of change and brevities. From the infant of an hour to the hoary man,

"Death has all seasons for its own."

Not beauty with its world-entrancing witchery; not wisdom with its labor-gathered treasures; not love with its hallowed endearments and glitter-winged hopes; not piety with its white-robed spirit and devout life; nor any other thing forms an exception, but all having numbered a few days at most, "bow the head and give up the ghost." Why, then, since all thus pass away, this record on the page of the world's written story? Surely, to die is nothing new; nor does it form an event in one man's life different from all other men's. In this respect, our text might appropriately be used as the inscription over every grave. But a reason must exist why it is thus pre-eminently applied to one individual; so that when it is repeated, all men know that it refers to Jesus of Nazareth. But who was Jesus of Nazareth? For Nazareth was a place of mean repute, so much so as to give existence to a familiar proverb,—"Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?" The record moreover tells us that he was the carpenter's son—was born in a cavern in the mountain-side, that was used as an ox-stall—

and cradled in a manger from which the oxen fed. So humble was his birth.

Some prophetic visions were seen and recorded concerning him; but his life went on in the same humble tenor as that of the laboring class in Judea, except that once he was in the temple and showed an unparalleled degree of wisdom, in a brief conversation he had the boldness to hold with the learned and proud of the Jewish nation.

The time in which this personage lived was peculiar. A savage idolatry reigned over every nation except the Jewish, and, with rare exceptions, over that long favored people also. Idols they had; and where they were not of wood and stone, they were old traditions and rites changed into material forms, and set up in their temples to take the place of spirit and free love. There was no unfettered thought, and hence no true science. Matter and material force crushed and held immovable all mind and affection. Sin, vice, corruption, flooded awfully every land. There were no laws operating, whose aim was the dispensation of right, whose heart was equity, and whose voice the clear utterances of justice. The will of the strongest arm was the law, while it remained the strongest. Among the people to whom it was given, the Bible had become almost a dead letter; its heavenly truths were among them, like diamonds in the gross earth, shining to no effect. The love of gold was a passion then, and morning and evening, as now, the temple of Mammon was thronged. Their madness was war, and Moloch was honored with a ceaseless worship. Woman and marriage were mere conveniences, not holy companionship and the sanctification of home. No high and spiritual aims; no pure and holy purposes; no heaven-ascending aspirations and hopes thrilled the people's hearts, and lifted them up to the admiration of truth, and the true worship of the Infinite One. Such was the age in which this Man lived.

No events that have been deemed worthy of record, were connected with his obscure and simple life, save that he led a very innocent and spotless one, until he reached the age of thirty. He then passes through a most trying temptation, and enters, after the fashion of the times, on the duties of a reformer.

Brief discourses fall from his lips, in which he tells the people of their sins—utters some prophecies—and breathes out the spirit that was in him. The rich and learned give him little heed—except now and then to entangle him with knotty questions, and make him the subject of ridicule. But the poor are attracted by what he says, by the simple and heavenly manner in which he acts, and the hopes with which he inspires them. He writes no books, neither does he make any provision or request, that any of his sayings shall ever be recorded in any other place than in the hearts of them that hear him. In attestation of what he affirms, an occasional miracle dashes its resistless proof in the face of those gathered around him, wondering who he can be. He speaks darkly of coming sorrow, and his followers are filled with sadness. A heavy gloom settles over all their bright hopes. A deep, silent spirit, begins to pervade the public, prompting an earnest prayer for better things.

Twelve poor men, fishers by trade, with no discipline from schools, no eloquence but that learned in their rude homes and ruder fishing-boats, he chooses as his only companions, on whom all is soon to rest. About three years are passed in wandering about the country with these humble men, teaching in his simple manner, and pouring out upon the land the pure streams of his love; persecuted sometimes and reviled—accused of being the enemy of God and his country—and threatened with the vengeance of the ruling powers; but heeding none of these things, he only continues to teach and do good, in the simplest and plainest manner possible. At his request, a supper is prepared, at which he sits down with the twelve; and while they are partaking of it, he tells them that it is the last, and is typical of a supper that shall be all living with immortal memories. Immediately thereafter, one of his bosom friends betrayed him into the hands of religious bigots, who, under pretense of serving the truth, had him tried at an improper tribunal, where he was finally condemned to the ignominious death of the Roman Cross. Here, on a mount, at a little distance from the capital city of the nation, after being crowned with thorns, and spit upon and buffeted, the heavens darkened and the earth shuddered, and he said, "it is finished," and bowed his head and gave up the ghost.

And now, when this innocent victim's life was closed—when he had breathed his touching benediction upon his mother and John—when this plain teacher, whose words were life and hope to the poor, and the humble miracle-worker who had been about Judea without "where to lay his head"—when the poor betrayed man was dead and pendant between the shrouded skies and quaking earth—behold, he is the Son of God!—"the brightness of the Father's glory and the express image of His person."

The Son of God, and crucified! Is it any wonder that so striking a record is given of his death? Oh, no! we wonder that no more is said of it, that, instead of a few sentences in the book of life, pages have not been devoted to it. Perhaps, however, like the life of which it is the closing record, it is the more touching for its very brevity.

But what a death-scene it is! Have you ever gone and lingered around that cross, and witnessed what was going on there?—beheld what a trial and triumph, what sufferings and release were there? Viewed in connection with the circumstances that preceded and attended it, it is the most affecting, the most deeply moving scene which the mind can contemplate. It is an exhibition of a character so wonderful, that it has received the earnest attention of the profoundest intellects. It has even touched the heart of Infidelity so deeply as to wring the confession from the lips of its sternest advocate, "that if Socrates died like a philosopher, Jesus Christ died like a God."

Yes, it was the Son of God! But on what mission did he come into a scene of such conflict and trial, and to what end did he yield to a death so terrible and full of ignominy? Ah! it was all for sinful man—to enlighten and save him. To show him the exceeding sinfulness of sin, to lead him to repentance and duty, to reveal the ever-flowing love of God and the exceeding riches of His grace, to "show us the Father in Heaven," to point the soul to immortality and the joys of that "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," to give us a religion that should be to us the light of our path and our homes, and the glory and joy of our souls. His death was to seal that mission and this religion to the salvation of the world. Com-

passion, sympathy, and faithfulness, were to appeal to the heart from the silent eloquence of suffering, and awaken a kindred spirit. For all men he came and labored, for all he also died. The race, and the whole race, were concerned in his life and death. They were given for those who gathered around him in that land of Israel, and also for you and me. Our salvation is connected with, is bound up in the great sufferer. The sacrifice he made concerns us now, and will concern us through all time. Its voice is forever sounding in the world, pleading with us to leave the wrong and follow the right and all duty; to accept the knowledge which brings us to God and all truth; to enter into that worship which enspheres the soul in love, and crowns it with the true grandeur of spiritual being.

Rightly and fully understood, the death of Jesus Christ is the most powerful ministry ever known on earth to suffering and tempted human nature. It approaches us in our weakness, and moves the sympathies of the heart, as nothing else does. It affects us not like command; for that too often falls coldly, and scarcely lives after its utterance; but it appeals to us like the melting voice of love, and enters with a breathing life into all our affections. God permits him, and He is willing to suffer for us; and even on that cross where it is endured, forgets not that He is the sinner's friend, to forgive and love him. Yes, my brother, from that central cross, shrouded with the gathering darkness of death, from that heart suspended on it, crushing beneath the weight of suffering, from the pale lips of the dying Christ, there went up to Heaven the voice of love for you and me. It was the sacrifice for our sins. It was the manifestation of God's gracious interest and concern for us. It was to bring us nigh unto the Father, the thing which our alienated hearts most need: to have our affections changed in their objects from the gross and fleeting to the pure and eternal: to have our minds raised in their contemplations from the earth to Heaven and God: to have our souls filled with the love of the true, the beautiful, and the good. To have our whole nature awakened to a divine life, which shall grow brighter and purer by suffering's touch, as gold in the refiner's fire.

If there is an affection or sympathy left in the heart, which

is not hardened into the deadness of adamant, which has one fibre that yet trembles with life, a visit rightly made to that cross must call it forth, must rouse it into a responsive activity, and send it away filled with purposes more worthy an immortal being. Oh, there is a majestic eloquence, a resistless power, in that death of the Son of God. Did we but approach it aright, did we but realize it, feel its truth, mighty would it be in moving our hearts, in leading us to repentance and a divine life. Let us draw near to that cross, then; let us gaze on that sufferer, and meditate there, till His spirit becomes our own, and we be changed into the same image from glory to glory. And when we leave that cross to go out again into the tempting world, we shall feel that our communion has imparted to us strength, and that we can resist more successfully than ever before. We have learned from Him who was tempted in all points as we are, yet yielded not, sinned not; and we are prepared for mightier conquests and higher triumphs. The cross is thus related to life, every day, busy, eager, importunate as it is. It gives to the spirit valor, and clothes it with a panoply to meet its trials in all their forms. Remember then the cross, tempted and sinning brother; go sit at its foot, and amid its awful scenery learn how to live, and what it is to love and triumph.

But especially is the death of Jesus a blessed ministration to the suffering, the sorrow-stricken, the mourning. And this, at one time or another, is the lot of us all. No earthly circumstances provide us against this event common to our humanity. The voice of wo and the falling tears of bereavement, are heard in the guarded palace as in the lowliest human home. And what a large portion of our lives is affected by occasions of sorrow, which come more or less near to our hearts. Did our tears *ascend*, they would evermore cloud the sun from our vision, so numerous are they, and so constantly do they flow.

Now into this world of shadow and change has one come who is himself a sufferer, to commune with the suffering, and open a heaven of hope and peace to the bereaved and sorrowing. To them He would impart the spirit that sustained Him

in His own darker trials. All that are weary and heavy laden He would have come to him, and from His cross He will give them the spirit that will fill them with serene hope and unclouded rest. For on that cross we learn the mission and end of suffering, for what a holy discipline sorrow has been permitted, and what the joyful and glorious issues that result from the pains and mystery of death itself. It is written that "the Captain of our salvation was made perfect through sufferings." His followers then may expect somewhat of the same ordeal. This is the mission of all pain and sorrow—to strengthen and perfect. It is the rubbed steel that shines. Man never reaches greatness, in any desirable and permanent form, but through struggle and painful effort. Suffering is the alchemy that transmutes all duty and tears into the gold that glitters in the spirit's crown of victory.

And then, moreover, on that cross we see its end, the limit beyond which it cannot go. When death came, he said, "It is finished;" and thenceforward there was no more pain, or suffering, or sorrow. The resurrection to the better home came next. Beyond the cross all was light and glory. Life and love, free and boundless, were the spirit's portion then. And so it is with us, and with all men;—that cross of Christ is but the lifted symbol of the crucifixion through which we must all pass, to enter upon what our Master entered upon, in the deep bosom of God's love and eternity.

O come to the cross, then, ye suffering and ye weary;—ye that labor and with care are heavy laden;—ye young, whose hearts are crushed with the sudden ill of change;—ye parents, that, with bleeding bosoms, have lain your smiling child in its damp cold bed, whence its bright orbs shall greet your love no more;—ye brothers and sisters, who go on weekly pilgrimages to the region of sculptured marbles, and on green graves lay the living tribute of your tears;—ye husbands and ye wives, whose homes are desolate from death's sad and awful work on the loved and loving partners of your cares and joys—who with a smile of hope divided ever the mingled cup of life;—ye orphans, too, whose lot more pitiable seemeth than all beside, no father's hand, no mother's voice to bless ye, whose only inheritance is

the world's cold charity;—ye hoary men, who stand, like lone oaks amidst a fallen forest, grave memorials of the past, whose bended forms and withered features read us the histories of your cares and sorrows, and tell us that your work is almost done;—come ye, come all to the cross, the high-lifted cross on Calvary's aged brow, and your weary spirits shall find joy and rest. Come and learn to say, when the dark curtain of your own life's drama is closing upon you—"It is finished."

IMPOSSIBILITY OF ENDLESS PUNISHMENT.

I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed: it shall bruise thy head, thou shalt bruise his heel.—GEN. 3: 15.

I WILL put enmity between thee and the *woman*, thy seed and *her seed*. The woman and *her seed* here evidently represent the human race. It is indeed common with theologians to speak of our first parents as the representative heads of the whole species; hence in the old rhyming catechism which expresses the theologic as well as the popular notion, we have this homely distich:—

"In Adam's fall
We sinned all."

Without accepting the unwarrantable doctrine which this language implies, there is yet a degree of truth in the sentiment on which it rests, namely, that our progenitors are, in many respects, our types or representatives. One or two examples from the teachings of the Scriptures, will illustrate and confirm the verity of this statement: "Wherefore, as by one man, sin entered into the world, and death by sin. * * Therefore as by the offense of one, judgment came upon all men to condemnation; even so by the righteousness of one, the free gift came upon all men unto justification of life." Again; "for since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead. For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive." Here Adam is represented as the original transgressor, while in the prophetic language of the text the woman

is recognized, according to the fact in the history, as the earliest in the offense, and the subject upon whom, with her descendants, the redeeming blessing should come. The idea is, that the woman, as she was the primary transgressor and the wife of the first man, who accepted a partnership of the wrong, became with him the representative of the human race, in both its trials and its blessings.

I will put enmity between *thee* and the woman, *thy seed* and her seed. The tempter, or immediate cause of the woman's defection from duty and purity, is, in the context, denominated the serpent, which is but another appellation for the devil, the personified name of evil. Evil in all its diversified forms, seems, at least to the warm imagination, as an exceedingly active principle; possessing almost the alertness in motion, the skill in contrivance, the persistence in execution, of positive animation. It is so diffused, that every path a man treads is obstructed with some shape of ill, which preaches to him some sweet temptation, in honeyed accents, but fatal if accepted. But little imagination would be required to conceive of this subtle and active agency, operating with more or less force wherever man finds a habitation, as a being of infinite cunning and surpassing power. But to suppose this metaphorical being a historical personage—the infinite antagonism of God—is to judge of the facts of philosophy through the phantasm of poetic eyes. Hence the devil and his seed, as used in our text, are unquestionably designed to represent evil as it was manifested in the temptation in Eden together with all its subsequent history, in whatever form or place. The antithesis is between the human race as a whole and evil as a whole; between the woman and all her descendants, and the devil and all his progeny—or in two words, between man and evil. I dwell on this point, because it will be important to my argument, by-and-by. I have said that I regard the term devil as the metaphorical name of evil; but whether this be true or not, the fact will not be changed, namely, that it is against the *entire class* represented by that title, that man is put at enmity; that if a personal being be intended, that enmity is against the whole family of them—the devil and his seed. Whatever, therefore, that

enmity shall signify, it bears not against one alone, not against the devil as an individual, but against the devil as a genus, embracing whatever is of that "kith or kin." And so too, if devil be but the metaphorical synonym of evil, that enmity is against it as a genus, and not simply against any specific form of it. It is with evil as a fact or principle touching the welfare of humanity that the text concerns itself. And that fact, I suppose, embraces whatever is opposed to man as an intellectual, religious and social being—to man as a son of God.

I will put *enmity* between them. Man and the devil, or evil, are thus constitutionally put at odds. It is the law of their being to be at variance—in antagonism. All possibility of amity and harmony is therefore cut off. They are oil and water, which no moral chemistry can resolve into one. Perpetual opposition shall stand between them, like some repellent force which may be pressed indeed to admit of embrace, yet effectually hinders actual communion. It should be observed, that this hostility between the two parties—between man and evil—is not accidental—does not grow up out of a quarrel; but God *puts* it there, and so it is right, and is fitted for its office, is adapted to its purpose. It is moreover an *active* agency; it is *enmity*, or rather it is symbolized by enmity, that most vigilant and intensely operative force between man and man. It is not mere difference which Heaven has established between man and evil, but difference infused with sleepless and indomitable energy; thus shutting out all possibility of reconcilement, and rendering it impossible for them ever to sit down together in quiet, or to dwell together in peace. Since therefore this active antagonism is so put between them as that it must co-exist with them, the conclusion becomes irresistible either that eternal warfare with its attendant miseries must subsist, or that one of the parties must be destroyed. Either man or evil must be extinguished from this fair creation; and that extinction, so far at least as each other is concerned, must be final.

Now, two interpretations may be given to this enmity which is put between man and evil; the first makes it represent the moral force or principle which eternally separates man and

evil, right and wrong, virtue and vice, so that they can never be assimilated or changed into each other. The second makes it represent Christ, whom God has put between man and sin, by whose active living agency man is at length to come off victor. But may not both these interpretations, blended into one, more nearly express the truth; that by enmity between man and evil, is meant all that moral antagonism which exists between virtue and vice, right and wrong, truth and falsehood, good and evil, and which, in the person of Jesus, God has been pleased to reveal in its highest and most intelligible and potent form? Christ and Christianity thus become the living and invincible enmity between "thee and the woman, and thy seed and her seed;" while the eternal law of variance or discord obtains between right and wrong as before, and lies at the foundation, as it helps on, the sublime work of the Redeemer. At any rate, we know that this distinction between right and wrong has existed from the foundation of the world, when man was first introduced to the struggle with temptation and sorrow, with evil in every form. And what a warfare does his history exhibit! But when Christ came, He did not seek to abrogate essential moral principles or laws; He "came not to destroy but to fulfill." He is, in a high sense, the executor of the moral laws of God. He is the fulfillment, that is, the completion or perfecting of the "enmity" between man and the devil. In Him the prophecy shall have its entire accomplishment; because in Him "sin shall be finished, transgression shall be ended," and "death, the last enemy, shall be destroyed."

I come now to apply these principles of the text: "I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and thy seed and her seed: it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel."

I. The doctrines of the text prove that man is not a sinner by nature. There is scarcely any sentiment concerning "our poor human nature," which is more frequently made the theme of pulpit eloquence, than the asserted inborn depravity of the heart. Grave theologians solemnly assure us that we are "born sinners"—that "we are sinners by nature"—come into the world an unthinking and speechless lump of curious organism and sin. All which, my friends, is as false as it is ignoble.

Sin is not natural to the human heart, but adventitious: it comes not from our nature, but from our condition. But does not man become depraved? I answer, most certainly;—but that depravity takes place in his condition, not in his essential nature;—just, for example, as water is made impure by adulterating its condition with the introduction of gross foreign ingredients; which water, though thus rendered impure, is nevertheless unchanged in its own nature, and needs but the mysterious chemistry of the sun to relieve it from its adventitious impurity, and give it a home in the invisible air, or "a local habitation and a name" on the petal of the sweetest flower. Man, indeed, becomes depraved; but his depravity is adjunctive, not inherent. There is ever enmity between his nature and his depravity;—they do not happily coalesce; and his depravity accordingly does not give him peace, and strength, and satisfaction, as virtue does, and truth and goodness. Hence man sins from ignorance, weakness and want, and not from an inborn moral proclivity towards wickedness. Remove his ignorance, weakness and wants, and there would remain no occasion to sin:—just as in heaven there would be no occasion for the sun and moon, because there is better light without them.

Is it still urged, that, unless man were born with a propensity to evil, he could not sin, because to do so would be to violate his whole nature? This argument fails because it is opposed to fact;—for I have only to reply that Adam and Eve, who, according to all theology were created innocent and pure, —that is, without any propensity to evil—did yet, while in that very state of innocency, commit sin. And if Adam and Eve, who are our representatives, could thus sin without being sinners by nature, we have every reason to believe the same to be true of their descendants.

If any more conclusive argument is required to show that man is not a sinner by nature, it seems to me that the doctrines of the text furnish one that is final. When Adam and Eve had sinned, God said to them, "I will put enmity between the devil, the evil, the sin, and the woman;"—that is, between sin, or evil, and human nature. It shall not be natural for the

woman to do evil, because I will establish an invincible law of antagonism between her and wrong;—she shall indeed become more or less subject to its influence;—it shall cause her many sufferings, and many sorrows;—it may weigh her down and oppress her, and give her much labor and many tears;—but it shall go no farther;—it shall not become a part, an essential element of her nature;—it shall not be ingenerated into the essence of her soul;—for I will put "enmity," that sleepless antagonism, between her and it. I have already shown, that what is true of the woman in this regard, is true of man as a genus, or race.

II. The doctrines of the text demonstrate the goodness of God towards mankind. The beneficence of the Deity appears to me so clearly evident on the pages of both, the book of nature and the book of revelation, as hardly to need any special proof; and yet I find, to my astonishment often, that there is scarcely any great truth in religion which is so indistinctly apprehended, and so feebly and vaguely felt. That God is good, is a proposition that, when viewed abstractly, seems reasonable and plain enough; but which, as soon as it is brought into connection with the mingled and conflicting scenes of the creation, becomes to many minds problematical, and slides away into comparative insignificance and inefficiency. Yet I do not know where the divine goodness is more strikingly exhibited, than in the provisions connected with this complex and wonderful life; where, though we are tempted and put to the trial, we are not abandoned to the sway of evil, nor even forgotten by the great Being against whom we sin. He who looks after us when we are deepest in guilt, and then makes permanent provision for the ultimate security of our welfare, manifests a more exalted species of goodness, than if he only showered His favors upon us so long as we walked uprightly before him. Our parents did not show us the best qualities of their kindness of character, when they were feeding us with sugar-plums; but when we were disobedient and provoking in our temper and conduct, their forbearance looked calmly down upon us, and their hearts and hands labored intensely, according

to the best wisdom they had, to elevate us into a better and happier condition.

Similar to this was the conduct of God in the case of our first parents. If He had been a cruel or wrathful being, He would, upon their decadence from innocence and virtue, have exulted in an occasion to exercise His malignity,—or at least have cut them off without any further concern in their behalf. If He had been indifferent, they might have gone with the devil without disturbing His equanimity or exciting His solicitude. But no sooner had the defection been made, than He puts an eternal barrier between the woman and utter ruin, and in the greatness of His mercy promises that through the agency of that enmity a final and glorious deliverance shall come. Just when most they need help, when they have become a reproach unto themselves, that Almighty Goodness, which no age can chill and no circumstances exhaust, came unto them with the divine words of promise, hope, and security. Hence that great saying of Christ—"God so loved the world, that He sent his son that the world might be saved through him," seems but a far and clear echo of that sublime enactment of divine love, in the fresh forests of the primal garden of the human race. How deep and tender must be that kindliness which, in such an hour, when God walked in the garden with the disobedient and offending pair, while yet their initial sin was blistering on their sensitive consciences, revealed for their consolation, and that of their race, the plan of goodness wherein were treasured all the positive and sacred interests of the world! The sunshine speaks God's goodness—and the falling rain—and the bounties of the earth—and all the daily blessings of life; but none of them reveal that intense activity of kindness that is expressed in the vastly significant promise or enactment of the text;—nor do I know of any such revelation except in the actual living fulfillment of that promise in the glorious person of Jesus Christ, the victor over sin and the grave. And if you would deepen your sense of the active beneficence of your Creator, I beseech you to go back in thought to that fresh hour of prime; witness the peccant behavior of the great progenitors of our race;—how, smarting under their sense of guilt and stung with

bitter dismay, they slide away into the shadowy gloom of the umbrageous wood;—then retire yourself into some contiguous glade, and behold the awful and instructive scene. Their Maker comes not down in burning wrath—smites not with annihilating hand—nor thunders forth curses of eternal length, and of mercy untempered. But through the solemn hush there breathes the parent's voice to His erring children, speaking indeed reproof, but also divine consolation and hope,—uttering that majestic and yet feeling promise, whose fulfillment touches the heart of every man, and embraces the ages: "I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed: it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel."

III. Finally, the doctrines of the text show the impossibility of endless punishment. Theology assumes that God gave to Adam a moral law whose penalty is eternal death; and that having violated the said law, he was justly obnoxious to the awful penalty. Now, it is a sufficient refutation of this theologic assumption, that it stands plainly contradicted by the teachings of the text; according to which, as it will be remembered I have already shown, enmity, or vital antagonism, is put between man as a genus, and evil as a genus, and so all possibility of their coalescing forever cut off. So long as that evil is present with man, in whatever it consist, there must be a warfare between the interposed enmity and it. I have likewise shown, that man is not a sinner by nature, neither can he be depraved in the essential properties of his nature. Now suppose he be sent to perdition; he must not only remain identical there, but will be attended by that beneficent contrivance which God has placed between him and evil: there must be an active warfare perpetually going on there—which is the same as to say that man will sin and suffer eternally; but the scriptures declare there will be a time when there shall be no more sin, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things shall have passed away. Besides, if endless misery be true of a part of mankind, it must be true of the whole; for, on the authority of the doctrines of the text, I affirm that the law and promise concerning evil, relates both to the woman and her seed, that is, to human nature, to man as a genus. But

to prove the damnation of all mankind is to carry the logical joke too far for the comfort of those who are so fond of using it. I am surprised at the complacency with which some men talk about endless misery. Some theologians seem to enjoy as a pleasant pastime, to prove the eternal damnation of their neighbors with whom they live in daily intercourse; but the moment you push their logic so as to embrace themselves in the catalogue of the damned, they fly into a rage and cry, sophistry! sophistry!

But there is another circumstance which bears against the possibility of endless punishment: I allude to the person who constitutes that enmity which is placed between man and evil —that is, Christ. Now, since Christ is that enmity, if man be sent to perdition, how is he to act between man and the evil he suffers? Is it said, that he withdraws from his office of "enmity" in the case of those who are damned. I demand the proof that the Redeemer ever abandons a being for whom he died. It was precisely because man was lost and needed help, that he was put as enmity between him and permanent mischief —precisely because he was a sinner that he came to save him from his sins—precisely because man needed divine help and sanctification unto truth and life, that he tasted death for every man, and gave himself a ransom for all, to be testified in due time. And will you tell me, that having done all this, that he will abandon those for whom he has labored and suffered? Glorious Savior, truly, who does everything but save! Astonishing Redeemer who redeems all that redeem themselves! Wonderful Shepherd who abandons most of the flock as prey to the wolf!

But I remark finally that the evil shall perish, and with it all possibility of endless misery die. "I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed: it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel." A wound on the heel symbolizes difficulty, trial, and suffering; and this is what Christ as the "enmity" endured when he entered upon his glorious mission. But a "bruise" on the head symbolizes destruction, the certain doom which Christ will enact upon the devil and his seed—that is, upon evil and all its works. Hence,

the Apostle declares,—"Forasmuch then as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, he also himself likewise took part of the same; that through death he might destroy him that hath the power of death, that is the devil." Also—"for this purpose was the Son of God manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil." And so sin shall be finished—transgression ended—and everlasting righteousness brought in; and so the vision of John be realized,—"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away."

Our subject should teach us two lessons—gratitude to God for His unspeakable goodness to us, and with us to all mankind. We should study to bring our hearts to join the Apostle—we love Him because He first loved us—because He hath commended His love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.

Our second lesson is trust. We have seen that He does better for us than we can do for ourselves;—that whatever the circumstances, His interest in us and His faithfulness never fail; and since He has declared, "I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed: it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel," let us, seeking ever to be obedient and humble, trust Him for the glorious accomplishment of His beneficent promise, when there shall be one fold and one shepherd, and God Himself be all in all!

THE RELIGION OF THE BIBLE.

My doctrine shall drop as the rain, my speech shall distil as the dew—as the small rain upon the tender herb, and as the showers upon the grass.
DEUTERONOMY 32: 2.

No book more abounds in strong, and beautiful, and appropriate figures, than the Bible. Every page is strong with some figure of rhetoric, or glistens with some poetic gem. High and holy precepts are clothed in the most delicate or expressive imagery; and doctrines that intimately and permanently concern the purity, the peace, and the progress of the world, "drop as the rain, and distil as the dew—even as the small rain upon the tender herb, and as the showers upon the grass." What language can be more forcible and beautiful, than this? And surely the idea which it conveys, is interesting, and must find its way to the sympathies of all reflecting hearts. The teachings of the Lord are cheering, reviving, encouraging. The spiritual influences that distil from Heaven, are refreshing, and tend to raise the drooping soul and fill it again with the vigor of growing youth. Now, if there is any significance in figures, I take all this to be symbolical of the true spirit and purposes of religion; it is to foster and give healthy growth to existing things. Not to create, but to aid, it comes. Its proper business is, to perfect the existing creation. As the rain to the grass, so is religion to the soul. It is to give energy and freshness to its faculties—like the rain, to wash away the sere and dust of sin and all bad indulgences. It is the soul's helper; under all circumstances it lends its cheerful aid, to render the soul right and joyful. This is the business, the purpose of religion; and it is a work of the most pleasant and agreeable character—one in which all the sympathies of the pure and holy can naturally and earnestly enlist.

If this representation of the purpose, the mission of religion be true, it is plain that the soul naturally—that is, without miracle—is the proper subject of religion. If, as is sometimes

represented, the soul be dead, then religion can be of no possible benefit to it, any more than the most plentiful rain upon actually dead grass or herbs; nor have we any more reason to expect the intervention of miracle, in the one case than in the other. And moreover, if the soul must, and can only be saved by miracle, then religion is a useless thing, a mere work of supererogation; for every thing which it came to accomplish is affected by another and more efficient agent. So any and every supposition which disqualifies the soul from a natural, unmiraculous adaptedness to religion, renders even the most limited mission of religion hopeless. Indeed, there can be no such thing as religion, unless human nature be first honored as the work of God. There must exist, before religion is possible, powers and capacities—powers to do, and capacities to receive. Religion is a teaching, a training—it is proper development and discipline;—and these cannot be, without the prior existence of things worthy and capable of being improved. There must already be the element of the thing which is intended to be perfected, or all agencies of teaching and training will be utterly useless. The rain might fall forever upon the granite column, and it would never grow like a spire of grass—through ages, it would tower up, the granite column still.

We believe, then, in the dignity of human nature—that it is the holy workmanship of God—that it is truly a significant and sacred thing: that it is capable and worthy of salvation. Every power it has is a noble power, and should be nobly trained. It is neglect or error here, in the discipline, that we have to mourn over—not the nature of the soul that God gave us. The spiritual constitution, woven by the infinite finger, is all beautiful and holy; its powers and affections blend as richly and harmoniously as the different colors in the sunbeam—a diversified unity. We have no grounds for excuse from personal religious obligations. We cannot say, as we surely could in the other case—"there is no use in our trying to do any thing, or to be any thing; if God has a mind to make some thing of us, by miracle, he may perhaps; but for us it is wholly and forever vain, for we are mere innate depravity; mere rottenness and corruption, and what can we make of that?" Well, may it be

asked, what can we make of it? In good sooth, it is strange material to make saints of, much more angels of light!

There has always appeared one very glaring contradiction, in the common theory of the total depravity of the human heart, for which I have never seen any sufficient explanation. We are in the first place, utterly, absolutely depraved—we are positive corruption—there is not a single good thing in us; then in the very face of this statement, the soul is represented as being of more value than ten thousand worlds, and, in proof, the language of the Savior is triumphantly quoted—"What if a man shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul." To the same end, also, the mission of Christ is pointed to, as well as the whole scheme of redemption. Now religion cannot do such violence to common sense as this. In religion, as in every thing else, nothing is nothing, and there is no rule by which it can be made to mean something. If the soul is totally depraved—if there is nothing good in it, then there is no worth in it—for the same thing cannot be a different thing at one and the same time; and so on the other hand, if it be of more value than ten thousands worlds, it is religiously and philosophically impossible for it to be a mere mass of depravity.

To the idea of religion with which I set out in this discourse, it is also objected, that it discredits the common notion of salvation. And I grant that it does—but what then? Must the common notion of salvation be the rule, or reason and revelation? The common notion of salvation is gross and material—is unworthy the soul, and not adapted to its nature. Heaven is a place, and to get to heaven is salvation:—nay, the common notion of salvation embraces another idea, and it is the one to which the most importance is attached—the idea of escape from endless torments. It has nothing to do with this life, and by no means can have anything to do with it, because it consists in a place, and that place is in the future world. So all teaching and labor must be done with reference to that world. It does not see that love, and justice, and truth,—that growth in grace is salvation. Now, I am quite willing to be set down as a disbeliever in that kind of salvation, and in that view of the mission of religion. The soul bears relations to the future

world, and through the soul, so does religion; but the primary object of religion is not to save the soul from hell, nor to get it to heaven—but to beautify and bless it in this present world, and in every world. Here in this scene of sin and virtue—of love and hate—of labor and advancement—it came to apply, with untiring patience, the saving energies of its loving spirit. The future world is a far more blessed world than this; and to encourage and cheer us on even to the grave, it opens golden vistas into that serener clime through faith and hope;—but these, as everything else, it employs as aids in the achievement of our present good. It is in ourselves as individuals—in our homes—in society—that she finds her sphere of labor. She came indeed to save us, not *from* something, but *into* something—not *from* a future hell, but *into* present virtue. *Now* is the day of salvation—and here, my brother, in your heart and mine, the *place* for it.

It has been one of the most noxious errors into which religionists have fallen, to make religion relate exclusively to scenes beyond the grave. It implies that the nature of the soul will be different there from what it is here; for if it be not so, why will not religion affect the condition of the soul *here* as well as there, and in the very same manner, so far as the circumstances will admit? But this change in the nature of mind is a delusion—for it could not be done without the annihilation of identity, which is equivalent, as a certain class of writers would say, to converting the Me into the Not-Me. So that, after all, I cannot avoid the conclusion that, while we remain spiritual beings, religion, which can do us no good here in our human homes, and in the transaction of our human business, can do us no good anywhere in the universe—for the manifest reason, that it is not adapted to our natures.

I would not be misunderstood here, as implying any doubt of the reality of the future state of existence for all the race of man; nor as saying that we do not receive many of the strongest assurances of it from religion. It is not the fact of a future and happier world, nor the fact that religion teaches us concerning it, that I have expressed any doubt. No, I believe in all these:—but it is against the common notion that religion was

sent to *save* us in another world, and not in this, that I have expressly spoken. And to me the subject has much importance —for according to which view we take of it, must be the whole constitution of the moral universe, and consequently motives to virtue and duty. The rational view, or that which I have given, invests religion with all that is beautiful and interesting. Like the dove at the window of the ark, she flutters, with the chant of her divine song, at the door of every heart;—with a holy cheer she bids us all do right, and be right, for that is to be blest. To solace our affliction, she tells us sweetly of the blessed future. To make us appreciate life, she sanctifies it as a sacred thing. And of the soul, she tells us to be careful, for it is a divine and delicate thing—that the least wrong, the smallest sin, falls upon it like a drop of poison, and burns and sears there until removed by truth and love. She tells us, in a word, that she is our salvation, and asks us to accept her as heaven incarnated. So her "doctrines drop like rain, and her speech distills like the dew—like the small rain upon the tender herb, and the showers upon the grass."

Again, it is one of the distinguishing features of the Christian religion, that it refreshes and encourages the mind in the way of cheerful trust and duty. It never blasts the hopes of the soul. It comes to our reason and affections, and appeals confidently to them. It perpetually invites to newer scenes and fuller joys. In her calendar, to-morrow is ever brighter than to-day. She is here to lead us into the right, the good, the true,—because these are the highest conditions of the soul. She tells us that the ambition to get to heaven is low and base, compared to the ambition to do right. Thus she renders virtue the most attractive of all engagements, because in it is centred everything that is noble and desirable.

But is this the view we commonly take of religion? Do we not rather think of her as some stern and ascetic being, cold and formal in her manner, and demanding unbounded homage on the part of man? Is it not a common feeling that to be religious, we must be grave and solemn—must deny ourselves all cheerful pleasures, and meditate on the awful realities of eternity? The spirit of monkdom yet lingers in our hearts,

and we must make great sacrifices in order to win heaven. The grand object is not to be good, and great, and glorious, but simply to keep out of hell! What a perversion of true religion is such a representation! Heathenism affords no examples of lower and grosser views. It is no marvel that there is doubt and skepticism among thinking men, so long as Christianity is thus represented—for there is nothing noble and worthy in it. It is not too much to say, that it answers the same purpose among Christians that the stone-boat and iron oars did to the heathens in crossing the Pyrophlegethon—it gets them on the other side without being burned—and that is all.

Far above all this, clothed in the majesty and grandeur of the truth—in her peerless robes of white—with a great heart pulsating with love—whose serene countenance radiates good will to all—her voice the silver echo of the great Master's teachings—with a gentle hand and an earnest step, calmly leading human spirits up the mount of transfiguration:—that mount is human life—and that the religion we revere and cherish.

But, finally, it is objected to all this, that we give no place to the restraining influence of *fear*—without which it is impossible to keep men from giving themselves up to sin and death. It is said, if men have not "the fear of God," and the fear of hell before their eyes, that there would be no such thing in the world as virtue. And with most religionists; it must be confessed, that fear is a very considerable portion of religion; and it certainly has been very largely employed, so that if it be so wonderfully efficacious as it is represented, the world ought to have been frightened out of their sins ages ago. But the nature of fear has been mistaken: it is not a *moral* power, and cannot therefore mould the temper of the spirit. As an example—if an individual hate his neighbor, all the forces of fear—all the terrible enginery of which it is master, may be brought to bear against that hating man's heart—and it may, if it come in the form of physical force, prevent from outward acts of violence, perhaps; but it does not go down into the soul and remove the element of hatred therefrom. Fear has no sympathy with the soul—there are no affinities between them—and they cannot

act upon the permanent condition of each other. And these things are universally true. With how much hope of success would you set out to make an individual love you, and conduct kindly towards you, by the application of fear alone? Was there ever a friendship contracted in that way?—or was there ever an instance of enemies being converted into friends through such means? Have we any more reason to hope—are there any more grounds of belief that fear, in the hands of God is, or can be, any more successful in effecting moral results? To make this question final at once—is it possible, in the nature of things, for the fear of hell ever to beget love toward God, in the human soul? No man, in the exercise of his reason, will affirm it. Why, then, resort to such an agency, if it be destitute of all moral qualities? Besides, if a practical demonstration be needed, is not the present condition of the world quite sufficient to prove its total inefficiency as a true, moral, restraining power? Indeed, does it not afford the strongest proof, that a contrary effect follows its application as a moral motive? And does it not furnish equally decisive proof, that all the real moral restraint in the world arises from the good there is in the world? As a single example—has not human affection more influence over men's hearts, as a restraining power and a motive to goodness, than all the terrible enginery of religious fear that has been conjured up since the world began? No, my brethren, it is not fear that gives religion its charmed power over the soul —it is not fear that wins us to duty and truth—it is not fear that lights up the broad and holy heavens with the resistless smile that awakens the supreme love of our hearts—it is not fear that fills us with devotional gratitude to God, and leads us to hold near communion with Him:—all this is the blessed work of love—of the mild and peacefel spirit of Jesus Christ. It comes not from principles that drive the world aghast, shuddering, with thunderbursts of the awful, the terrific;—but it comes from those noiseless and omnific principles that "drop as the rain, and distill as the dew—as the small rain upon the tender herb—and as the showers upon the grass."

THE DIVINE OMNIPRESENCE.

Whither shall I go from Thy spirit? or whither shall I flee from Thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, Thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold, Thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall Thy hand lead me, and Thy right hand shall hold me. If I say, surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me—yea the darkness hideth not from Thee; but the night shineth as the day; the darkness and the light are both alike unto Thee.

PSALMS 139: 7-12.

WHAT a truth, my brethren, is here uttered; and with what force and beauty of language! From God there is no secret place, no refuge. In the full blaze of His presence is every thing. He is present with the lisping child as with the seraph; not so manifestly, but as actually; and understands with as much precision the condition of the minutest atom as of the most majestic world. God is omnipresent, and in him "we live and move and have our being." This seems to be what the Psalmist has endeavored, in the high diction of poetry, to set forth. And he appears to be uttering a conviction which had resulted from the experience of personal contemplation. In other places he expresses the same conviction, the same realizing sense of this awful truth. "Thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid Thine hand upon me. There is not a word in my mouth, but, lo, O Lord, Thou knowest it altogether."

The Divine omnipresence which is represented in this language of the Psalmist, and by other inspired writers in many places in the Scriptures, is generally but poorly and feebly understood. How meagre and inadequate is our practical idea of it, and withal how seldom does it seriously enter our thoughts, and when it does, how vague and shadowy it is? It comes not like a living, thrilling, all-embracing, overwhelming truth, stirring with its power all the depths of the soul. If occasionally it flashes across the mind, is it not without emotion, or at best with a transient tremulousness across the soul's sur

face, but penetrating into none of its mystic deeps. The thought, if at all, comes alone—a stranger—there is no deep and strong religious feeling with it, like the messenger-thought of a long departed friend, that has ceased to fetch the sigh from our heart and the sorrowful tear from our eye. And yet it appears to me to be one of the most practical of all truths—one which, if realized, would exert a ceaseless and powerful influence on all our thoughts and deeds—on even the unuttered aspirations of the heart. Let us therefore, at this time, make it the subject of our meditation, with the hope that it may prove a profitable religious exercise.

Of the Divine Being our views must necessarily be comparatively imperfect and narrow. Our minds are quite finite, and are incapable of comprehending, in any aspect, the infinite. Of power, our highest effort will not enable us to understand the absolute degree requisitely exerted in the creation of a world like our own. The wisdom displayed in the economy of the simplest flower that beautifies the plain, far transcends the utmost reach of the human intellect. The benevolence which has infused enjoyment into the life of every being, from the burning seraph to the meanest reptile or microscopic insect, is altogether beyond our capacity of admeasurement. Even the mode of spiritual existence in its humblest form, is a truth which we speculate about rather than understand. All things which are not the subject of observation, experiment and mathematics, are evermore matters of faith. But faith may be mightier than any demonstration. Who shall wonder, then, if our perceptions of the Infinite God are somewhat inadequate? But does it afford us excuse for our present ignorance, that we can never hope to understand all? Because we cannot fathom the sciences, shall we neglect the study of them? This were not even so absurd and injurious, as to neglect acquaintance with the great Maker of the soul and the universe, in the knowledge of whom is the essence of everlasting life.

One difficulty that attends our contemplations of the Divine Being, arises from our ceaseless contact and communion with matter; so as to unfit us, as it were by habit, for that vigorous spiritual effort which will bring us into living connection with

great spiritual truths. This ought, perhaps, in some degree to be called the neglect of personal duty; for if we should frequently and faithfully attend to the obligations which, in this respect, rest upon us, the difficulty would measurably vanish. Still, however, it will not be wholly removed—for, say what we will, it is not easy to conceive how spirit exists distinct from, and independent of matter. To say nothing of revelation, the faith which nature alone brings us, teaches us that such must nevertheless be the fact, although in our present state we are too feeble to divine the mode through which it is done. So men of all nations and ages have believed in the existence of beings higher and purer than all matter, though oftentimes their notions have been gross and dishonorable.

Against our forming anything like just conceptions of the Divine omnipresence, a difficulty also arises from the manner in which the Deity has been represented. The idea so skillfully elaborated by Paley, has obtained very general currency, though it appears to us to be very far from the highest and the truest. The same idea has been carried to still greater mathematical exactness, by the recent author of the "Vestiges of Creation." This idea represents God as a mere mechanician, who has constructed the universe—put it in motion—and now sits remote and retired, "inspecting from without the engine of creation to see how it works." According to this theory, He is not vitally present everywhere and with every thing—so livingly its dependence and support, that His withdrawal would be instant annihilation. "Indeed, this mechanical metaphor appears to be of all representations of the Divine nature, the least religious—its very clearness proclaiming its insufficiency for those affections which seek, not the finite, but the infinite—its coldness repelling all emotions, and reducing them to physiological admiration—and its scientific procedure presenting the Creator to us in a relation quite too mean, as *one* of the causes in creation, to whom a chapter might be devoted in any treatise on dynamics. The true natural language of devotion speaks out rather in the poetry of the Psalmist and the prayers of Christ—declares the living contact of the divine spirit with the human—the mystic implication of His nature with our own,

and ours with His—His serenity amid our griefs, His sanctity amid our guilt, His wakefulness in our sleep, His silence amid our stormy force—and refers to Him as the absolute basis of all relative existence—all else being in comparison but phantasm and shadow, and He alone the real and essential life." Something like this men of all times have felt, and have struggled to realize it in their notions of the beings they worshiped. Thus, while their chief divinities were local, they filled every place with their divine messengers. The Astarte of the Assyrians—the Jupiter of the Latins—the Zeus of the Greeks, was each a supreme divinity, but each had a host of inferior gods, to whom was committed the guardianship of small territories, of which they became, as it were, the patron—and these communicated to the higher powers the intelligence of the doings of this lower world.

But the Christian revelation opens a different and holier scene for contemplation. All ideas of corporiety, nationality, and locality, are removed by the spirituality, universality, and omnipresence of God. The local temple built with men's hands, which in an important sense had ever been deemed essential, was no longer necessary in order that the people might find the presence of the Almighty. As soon as the voice of the great Teacher was heard, God was understood to be in the secret place, giving audience to the prayers of His children, no less than in the gilded sanctuary of the nation. So actually and actively present is He, that that Teacher said, "not a sparrow falleth to the ground without His notice." And He also said, "The hour cometh and now is, when the true worshipers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth. God is a spirit; and they that worship him, must worship him in spirit and in truth." The condition on which worship was now acceptable, was not that it should be offered in a particular place or posture; but that it should be the exercise of the spirit. No matter where man might be, when he lifted up the devotions of his soul—for God is everywhere. The groves where the early Christians met, and prayed, and sung, were as full of His presence as the dedicated temple. In the wilderness when Jesus was tempted—on the sea when fainting Peter walked and

the tempest raged—at the house of weeping Martha, and on the Mount of Crucifixion, was alike the presence of the infinite Jehovah. In the conviction of God's omnipresence Jesus continually lived—He *felt* that He had his being and his life in God. And whenever He wished to address his Father in heaven, when there was nothing which He desired to conceal from men, He lifted up his voice to him in the place where, at the time, He happened to be—for God was there. And how impressive must this thought have been on the mind of the Master—and what a holy and sustaining influence must it have exerted on the thoughts and deeds of his life!

And this, my brethren, is true to-day and every day, that God is everywhere present, whether we sing or weep, whether we sleep or wake. Not in the heavens alone—not in the far off depths of the universe, seated on a throne, doing His will through legions of angels alone—but here also, and there and everywhere. Yes, here in this temple, at this very hour—and at thy side, my brother, ay, and within thy soul, and cognizant to its every thought. Hast thou so thought of it?—Dost thou *feel* that the infinite Jehovah is here in the very midst, actually, livingly?—that He is at the door of thy heart, seeing all there is of hatred or love, of vice or virtue, that is working mysteriously there?—that He sees the birth of thy plans, and the ripening of thy purposes? If you did so realize it, would you not strive after better thoughts and feelings? Do you not—do not all—place him in the distance—in some far off and local heaven, and dream that you must go hence to get into His actual presence? Is it not the general feeling, that God is alone in heaven, wherever that be, and that He only communicates with His children here by special messages of His spirit? Is not your notion of God's omnipresence a speculative theory, rather than a living, palpable truth? Have you ever attempted to realize that Paul said truly, when he declared that "in God we live?" Think of it a moment—make it an earnest engagement. Look above you with the mind's vision—God is there;—look around you—He is there also;—below you—and He is there;—within you—and behold, He is there likewise—there, not in mere fancy, not in the illusions of the imagination, but

in the awful majesty of His everlasting being and power. Truly, "in God we live."

But dost thou say thou canst not see Him? So said Paul; but did Paul doubt, therefore? So said Jesus; but did he consequently doubt? Oh, no! Wherefore, then, dost thou doubt? It is not so in regard to other things. What is it that is in that pew at thy side—that wonderful treasury of powers and thoughts—that world of affections? It is a mind—a human mind. But canst thou see it?—canst tell its form, or the mode of its workings? Goes thy keen vision to the awful sanctuary of human thought? Canst tell how that mind reasons—how it feels—how it wills—how it loves and hates—or where it is and what it is doing when the body sleeps? Look again: there it is at thy side; thou feelest the contact of its clayey tenement—and tell me, dost thou see it? Ah, no! thou canst not see it; but dost thou therefore doubt, that a spiritual existence is enthroned in the form thou seest—a power capable of measuring worlds and melting in beauty and tenderness? Not at all—thou knowest that a human soul throbs there—and to it are invisibly linked the joys or woes of kindred existences. But why not doubt—you cannot see it—not touch it? The only answer is, that you see its manifestations. But you equally see the manifestations of God's spirit;—why, then, doubt His actual presence as much as that of the friend at your side? Doubt!—there is no room for doubt here: a faith there lives, as strong in the one case as in the other—a faith which sees that on God everything depends every moment. If God should remove His presence from a single soul, it would annihilate it; if He should withdraw it from the world, the world would instantly cease to be. O, no! I cannot doubt; God *is* here, and there, and everywhere, continually. I cannot attain so great a height as to be able to fathom the nature of a being capable of such universal presence: I cannot tell how it is; I only know the overwhelming truth. When I look out upon the blue expanse of ocean, I cannot feel that those mighty waters need no longer the supporting hand of the Infinite. When I ascend the mountain, resting on its everlasting granite, I cannot feel that I am only standing on a place where He laid

His hand ages ago, but has never since visited it with His august presence. No: should God's power be withdrawn, that mighty mountain, looking with grandeur into the lofty heaven, would topple into its primeval chaos. Truly, then, did the Psalmist say,—"If I ascend up into heaven, He is there; if I make my bed in hell, behold He is there. If I say, surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night is light about me. The darkness hideth not from Him; the night shineth as the day; the darkness and the light are both alike unto Him."

And this, my friends, I would have impressed upon the minds of us all, that the heavenly Father never leaves nor forsakes us, wherever we are, or whatever our condition. You dwell in His presence. Here, as you bend before the consecrated altar, with humility and reverence, to approve, encourage, and strengthen you,—'tis He that gives you all those holy and blessed emotions, as the reward of your virtue and piety. So near is He to you, that He sees the devotions you would express, and the gratitude that is now just kindling on the altar of your hearts. So near, that He feels the blood that trickles from the wounds which affliction hath made. So near to every one, whether rich or poor, that He sees whether you are worshiping in spirit and in truth—or whether other motives have drawn you here, and you are indulging base and unholy thoughts and affections. It is not mine to judge you—but your Judge is near, and you cannot deceive Him or escape—your conscience is His voice, joyous in approval, or terrible in retributative condemnation.

In your homes, whether they be full of plenty, and provided with all comforts, or poor and lowly, with few comforts and pleasures, God is still present. When you sleep, He keeps the beating heart at its busy toil, and lifts you up when the morning comes, and knows whether you forget to thank Him for His care and goodness to you through the night. And thou, poor and lonely one, whom the world has neglected or forgotten, passing unheedingly by or with only unkind and rude comment —when the drear, cold night has closed its solemn curtain round thy chill and desolate home—and with thy famishing child in thy fainting arms, thou bendest, shivering, over the

dying embers of thy last day's labor—deem not that thou art alone in the wide universe—for God is with thee, and knowest all thy pangs—feels thy frigid shiver—and sees the tears fall from thy pallid-stricken cheek, that are wrung from thy mother's heart by the earnest petitions of thy hungry child. Oh, no! thou art not alone—thy Father is near, bending in infinite compassion over all thy sadness. Look up, then, and labor, and trust Him still, and thou shalt meet with conscious and ample reward for all.

In the hour of sickness and death, when the world grows weary, and from the soul all visible things fade gradually into darkness, even then the soul is not forsaken. Not alone did thy companion or thy friend pass away from thee—whether on the huge ocean the lamp of life was extinguished by the fury-sped storm-breath—by the flash of the thunder-cloud—or gently, from exhaustion of its wonted resources, on thy anxious arm, in the awful stillness of the chamber—not alone, for in that solemn hour God was with them—and as the reward of virtue and a religious life, removed the fear of death, and transfigured the quiver of the bloodless lips into the warbled notes of a song of triumph. And this is what He ever does—for no good shall lose its meet recompense. His presence makes virtue beautiful even in death—like the rose, its odor is sweet even in the grave. Oh, then, let the mourning soul remember that it is not solitary—though its friend is absent—gone, to revisit thy earthly home no more—that better Friend, and Author of all friendships, is there, and will never leave nor forsake.

But what influence ought this truth of God's omnipresence to have upon the conduct of our lives? If it be a truth—and so I trust we all regard it—it ought not to be esteemed as a mere theory to speculate about, but should enter into our every experience—should be as practical as any idea we cherish, and be in our thoughts every day of life. If you are disposed to murmur, just remember that God is with you, and awe and reverence will banish the unholy feeling. If hate, or envy, or malice, or any other evil passion rise in your bosom, remember where you are, and what awful majesty is near. Study to realize to yourselves the truth of the actual omnipresence of God.

This, I fear, is what we do not earnestly undertake. If God should manifest himself to you in a visible form, so that you knew that it was the Maker of the universe that was present with you day and night, would you not think differently and act differently in almost every respect from what you now do? And yet is not God as actually present with every one of us, as He will be even in heaven itself—not so manifestly, but as actually? Take then this thought with you wherever you go, *that God is there;* and let it influence you as though you saw, from the bending heavens, the very eye of Jehovah beaming full upon you.

And if there are any who seek under cover of night an opportunity to visit the haunts of vice, or to mingle in scenes of iniquity or infidelity, let them soberly remember the burning words of the Psalmist's experience—"If I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there; if I say, surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night is light about me." "There is not a word in my mouth but thou knowest it altogether. Thou bringest me swift to judgment"—"thy ways are past finding out." Ah, my brother, there is no deep where sin can hide;—for God is everywhere. Never forget this—God is everywhere.

Omnipresent!—I am overwhelmed with the magnitude of the truth. As present to my most latent thought, as to an angel's vision. "If I ascend up into heaven, He is there; in peerless splendor, in ineffable majesty; diffusing, from an inexhaustible fountain, the mighty tide of light, and life, and love, from world to world, and from system to system." If I take the wings of the morning and fly to the uttermost parts of the visible universe; He is still there in the plenitude of power, the unsearchableness of His wisdom, and the infinitude of His benevolence, ceaselessly conducting the minutest as the grandest affairs. If I descend into the grave, He is there also; still actively employed in the same benevolent pursuit;—still, though in a different manner, promoting the calm but unceasing career of vitality and happiness; harmoniously leading on the silent process of decomposition and reorganization; rendering death itself the mysterious source of reproduction and new existence; and thus literally making "the dry bones live," and "the dead

sing praises to his name." Then whether in the church or out of it—whether at home or abroad—wherever we are—let us "never consent to sin, for God is there."

CHRISTIAN HOPE.

For we are saved by hope.—Rom. 8 : 24.

There is, perhaps, no principle more frequently and joyfully recognized in the New Testament, than the principle of hope. By Christ and the Apostles it is represented as a distinct and glowing element of Christianity, and fruitful of many and varied blessings. It is sometimes personified, and made to speak and act, performing highly important results. And always its voice is one of cheer and gladness. It is invested with power to borrow from the future those hues, which mingle a welcome light and beauty into the scene of the present hour. It dulls the keen eye of anguish, and lightens the pressure of present adversity. It is a sweet and soothing balm to the smitten and bleeding heart. There is in its nature no rudeness and violence —in its breath, no blasting and mildew. It is ever a silver echo from a brighter and better land. Angel beauty and heavenly love dwell on its inspiring countenance;—its form is the grace of perfection—its voice the music of enchantment. And it willingly dwelleth everywhere; for it knows no distinctions—it acknowledges no favorites. With rapid pinion it flieth to the soul that calleth for its presence. It speaks all languages and understands all tongues, and never faileth to make its messages rightly understood. You may see it in the palace, in strange and rebuking contrast to the surrounding pomp and show, standing in its meekness and humility, speaking gentle words to the sad and fainting heart; and, giving what all around that heart has failed to give, a joyful trust in the unseen and eternal. You may see it in the lowly habitation—so mean and poor that the falling rains and descending snows penetrate to the very sleeping couches of its inmates—still making the soul glad, and filling the eye with the light of coming joy. In

that mean tenement, when the weary work of life is done, and the long-suffering mother has bid adieu to the starving objects of her earthly love and strife, clad in its robes of white, it sweetly and softly lays its hand of snowy purity upon her pale brow, and the mother looks upward, and smiles as she dies.

So beautiful is the mission of hope—so cheerful and blessed its messages—and so omnipresent in its character! In many important respects, it is the great solace of life. And yet, although so common as to dwell in almost every heart, there is scarcely any principle of Christianity, perhaps, concerning which there is, in men's minds, so much vagueness. How seldom can you meet an individual who can give you any definite idea of it! It seems to have been taken for granted, that hope, religious hope especially, is an inscrutable mystery. It is something undefined—intangible—shadowy. It has neither form nor substance—yet it comes down from heaven to the soul, as in the olden time the dove descended upon the great and anointed One. It is always invested with a bewildering, miraculous glory. When we are blest with the presence and possession of religious hope, it is only through the inspired workings of the Holy Ghost. The simplicity and plainness which so strikingly characterize all the other great principles of the gospel, are in this case utterly disregarded, and we are left in our ignorance to struggle as best we may with an inexplicable marvel. Hence, hope is commonly spoken of as something we may get, as by bargain and sale. It is conferred, outright and complete, on certain conditions, which the recipient may perform, but which seem to bear no very special relation to the principle itself. This is the common view—and the common view among Christians—of the hope by the power of which we are saved. But it is precisely the view which I find myself unable to adopt. It appears to me there is much unnecessary mysticism thrown around the matter; for hope, instead of being an exception to the general principles of Christianity, is among the very simplest of them all. I suppose—and I trust not without reason, as will appear hereafter,—that hope comes to us in accordance with our nature, not in disregard of it, nor by express miracle. It is also both an effect and a cause; the

effect of answered wants of our nature by revelations of truth from heaven; the cause of many sweet and thrilling joys, and of adding beauty and enchantment to numerous scenes in life's great pilgrimage.

Let us here consider if hope is not susceptible of such an analysis, as will not only reveal its elements, but make it plain to every understanding.

In turning our attention to the examination of the principles of hope, we are at once struck with the facts of its compound character. We cannot fail to see immediately that it has, at least, two elements, quite different from each other in their nature. They differ, and yet they are but one,—like light and heat in the sunbeam, they blend into a complete unity. There is never anything discordant between them; indeed, they cannot truly exist as the principle of hope, unless they are perfectly agreed together—lost in one individuality.

Of these two elements, that which seems of right first to claim consideration, is the one which belongs to our nature as progressive beings. It is that which asks for change and improvement. Its lowest form of manifestation is simply desire for something better—its highest form is earnest aspiration. In the best sense of the word, it may be called desire for good. The present, however much it may be blest with, is never quite complete in itself—there is evermore something lacking. It is to this something lacking—this something beyond—this something in the deep infinite future—that this principle in our nature points and attracts us. From its character, we cannot, of course, conceive it possible for it to ask for anything but what we suppose to be good—what will in some way bless us. It is itself a craving after good—the finite earnestly aspiring toward the infinite—or, as the scriptures express it, a "hungering and thirsting after righteousness."

The other element of hope comes from faith. It is meeting desire with the promise that it shall be gratified. It is the assurance of undoubting belief. It is the conviction of the reality and certain approach of the desired good. Whatever gives this assurance, begets hope. In the case of religion, this element comes chiefly from revelation: it springs from faith in

the promises which relate to the future. Now, hope is the union of these two elements—the desire for good—for improvement in our condition—for the progress of being,—and the assurance—the faith that it will surely come—that the future shall compensate for the imperfections of the present—that though we now see through a glass darkly, we then shall see face to face. Accordingly we cannot have hope for what we do not desire—nor for what we have no faith in. Hope is the coupled action of faith and desire—their indissoluble marriage —and cannot be the action of either separately. This may be rendered plain by two or three familiar examples.

Suppose I come to you with the story, that by the death of some relative in a distant land from which I have just returned, you have, by will, been made the sole heir of a large fortune. Now, you have a strong desire to be made the possessor of the fortune, but you have no faith whatever in the story I relate concerning it. Surely nothing could here be more obvious, than that, however much you may desire to be the inheritor of a splendid estate, you cannot hope for it, so long as there is not reasonable ground for the weakest faith in the desired and desirable result. You will also observe, from this instance, that where there is no accompanying assurance of its gratification, desire, in proportion as it is strong and active, is a source of misery.

Then, again, suppose I come to you with the very different story of some recent terrible calamity, in which are involved some of your dearest friends. And I present such evidence of my statements that you cannot resist the conviction of their truth. But strong as your hope may be, can you hope for the truth of my story? Most certainly not: for by the force of most unwelcome evidence you are compelled to believe what is most positively and strongly against all the desires of your heart. And here again, you will also observe, that faith, when not accompanied by the best desires of the heart, is likewise a source of misery to its possessor. The reason is also obvious why genuine hope is of so cheerful a character, since it is active faith in desired good.

Nor is what has now been said all merely theoretical; indeed

it is exceedingly practical; and living illustrations of it exist all around us. So inseparable is active faith from good desire in the principle of hope, that a faithless man is always a hopeless one. Hope never extends to regions beyond the dominion of faith. The man who has the least faith in human nature, has also the least hope of its progress, goodness, and success. The man who has little faith in God, whose belief in the Infinite One is narrow and limited, has small hope in grand and glorious results ever flowing from His government of all these boundless affairs. So, too, men of narrowest faith—whose souls do not rest on a broad basis of trust—are the most cheerless and morose of men. However broad their desires may extend, however high their aspirations after good may go, they have no active faith in them, no living assurance which is strong enough to convert them into present blessings. When they look to the future, it is all dark and gloomy; not half the world shall receive any good from it; they are even uncertain of their own happiness; and sometimes even doubt their own immortality. It is only by cultivating a faith broad as the holiest tendencies of our souls, that we can bring ourselves into the state to experience any cheer and joy in this mingled and shadowy scene of life. For this reason, both as a part of religion and a part of philosophy—they who believe most hope most—and they who hope most enjoy most. They enter into that condition of happiness, which the Apostle calls the salvation of hope. And surely, if we have given the true idea of hope, it has power to save all into whose soul it comes; not, indeed, from a future hell, or into a future heaven, but here in this hour of breathing time, where it is most of all needed, from the darkness of doubt—from the misery of fear—from the gloom of cheerless sadness and despondency. And in the stead of these, give a living and holy faith—a warm and cheerful trust—and, with its snowy hand, remove the dark, forbidding curtain from before the soul's vision, and open to it a boundless future all radiant with the light of love and the glory of God.

And this is the principle, my friends, that speaks to us of the better land; that is ever, with winning smile and animating voice, beckoning us onward in the laborious journey of life, to

that delightful region of beauty, that home of endless rest. It comes of our broad faith, and delights the soul with the sweetest of all promises. It tells us gladly, that we shall be gainers by our existence. Above all this deluge of sin and wrong, it spans the far-reaching sky, the rainbow of the moral world. It tells us—

"Drive away despair;
Never yield to sorrow;
The darkest sky may wear
A sunny face to-morrow."

It would alleviate the severity of all present trial, by enabling us to lay hold on that within the veil, whither one has entered for us, as the example of the soul's ultimate triumph. Burdened and oppressed—sad and weary oftentimes, all around disappointment and the ruins of our plans, if there were no voice that came from beyond this painful scene, encouraging us to be strong and still labor in patience, for brighter days shall yet come—how should we sink under the weight of our sad experience. How truly are we saved by hope. Let it dwell in our hearts then, and point us steadily to that blessed home where we are to live forever. Eternal life—immortality—

"O grandest gift of the Creator,
O largess worthy of a God,
Who shall grasp the thrilling thought,
Life and joy forever?
For the sun in heaven's heaven
Is love that cannot change,
And the shining of that sun
Is life, to all beneath its beams;
Who shall arrest it in the firmanent,
Or drag it from its sphere?
Or bid its beauty smile no more,
But be extinct forever?
Yea, where God hath given,
None shall take away,
Nor build up limits to his love,
Nor bid his bounty cease;
Wide, as space is peopled,
Endless as the empire of heaven,
The river of the water of life
Floweth on in majesty forever."

THE INFIDELITY OF LIFE.

If any provide not for his own, and especially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel.—1 Tim. 5 : 8.

Infidelity is a most odious word;—to call a man infidel, is to excite all the hateful and bitter prejudices of the general mind against him. Commonly, the infidel is associated with the worst criminals. Most religious people look upon him as a sort of monster, a Bohan Upas of sin, the devil incarnated—and speak of him with as much bitterness and horror as if there were not a virtue in him; as if his heart did not pulsate like other human hearts, with love and joy;—as if he were, in fact and hopelessly, a genuine, doubly-distilled decoction of evil. All this because the man's head is wrong—because his judgment has erred—because with his intellect he has come to the conclusion that he cannot believe religion as other men believe it. Now, that he is responsible and blamable for this condition of mind, I do by no means deny; for if he is responsible and blamable for any wrong condition of the mind, then is he likewise responsible and blamable for this; though there may be always many circumstances of mitigation, which, in estimating the degree of culpability, should in justice be taken into the account. I am no apologist for infidelity, but I would do it no injustice. The popular method of wholesale condemnation is most unchristian and pernicious. Bad as infidelity is, there are many things in the world worse than it;—Paul in the text says, that a man who neglects the care of his family, has not only denied the faith, but is worse than an infidel. Uncharitableness is one of the great sins of Christians—and in nothing has it appeared more odious than in their judgment and treatment of that unfortunate class of erring men reputed as infidels.

The infidelity here meant is the infidelity of religion. It is unbelief in those great truths which constitute the Christian system. It is against this which all the clamor and noise that

we hear, is made. But there is another kind of infidelity quite as actual, and, if I mistake not, much more hurtful. It is not much spoken against, except under less offensive terms, for, for the most part, it exists under the Christian name. It is the infidelity of life—of living and acting. The former we may call the infidelity of faith—this the infidelity of fact. The former puzzles our head, and excites our pity or disgust—the latter hurts our feelings, and saps the foundations of our confidence in man. The former is speculative infidelity—the latter practical infidelity. The former relates to the belief of the soul—the latter to the duty of the soul. The former is believing a falsehood—the latter is living it, rendering it actual. Of these two kinds of infidelity, the latter, it is easy to see, is by far the more prevalent and pernicious. I know of nothing that, to the observing mind, is more painful than the extent and variety in which this practical infidelity exists and manifests itself. It may be seen in nearly every department and condition of human society. It festers like a gangrene on all the social virtues of life. Men look upon each other not as men, but as antagonisms. They do not trust each other. Each looks at the other with a sly, suspicious eye, to see if he is not, in some way, going to entrap him—to get the fastest hold of the dollar or the ship. Men stand to each other, not as living faiths, but as acting falsehoods;—and that they may not be cheated, they act falsehoods back again. To keep square with the world, they deal in the world's coin, however base that coin may be. And what is most lamentable in the case is, that these things are conceived by Christian hearts, and executed by Christian hands. They who talk the most bitterly against the speculative infidel, applying to him the most opprobrious and burning epithets, are many of them daily guilty of this practical infidelity, which, with a tireless energy, is doing a most terrible work against all religion. The man of the church is thus, often, the church's worst enemy. The infidel in faith does the church little or no harm—he does religion little or no harm;—but he who professes religion, claims the name of Christian, and yet practices infidelity—lives out false principles in the world—he it is that does harm to the church and religion. And

yet this man will tell you that he *must* live so, when he is in the world, or he cannot live at all. When he is in the church, he will be devout, and pray and sing—will be religious;—but when he goes out into the street, to engage in the labors and duties of life, he must do as does the sinful and sinning world. What better is he than the other sinners with whom he is on a level? Is he not an example of a Christian faith with an infidel life?

But let us descend to some illustrations of this practical infidelity. The term infidel properly signifies faithless; and is applicable to all cases where faith is either wanting or violated. So that the man who gives you the assurance of anything, and then fails from neglect or intention to meet that assurance, is practically infidel. The term may seem invidious—but it is quite as just to apply it to him, as to that class on whom it has been exclusively bestowed. The man who leads to the altar of marriage one to whom he has declared his love, and there takes on himself the promise of faithfulness in that covenant relation, and is thereafter guilty of adultery, of drunkenness, cold indifference, or neglects to provide for the wants and necessities of his wife—that man—to go no farther—is an infidel husband. And his infidelity is more pernicious, strikes a more awful blow at the root of domestic happiness, than the man who honestly disbelieves the divine authority of Paul and John. And it is not confined to the circle of sufferers within his own home;—it exerts an influence on others of a favorable temperament, weakening and corrupting the sanctities that belong to the marriage covenant. Reciprocally, the same is true also of woman. If she violate the promise she has voluntarily made—if she wilfully disregards her duties as a wife, or maliciously dishonors her husband—if she proves faithless to the confidence reposed in her purity and love—she is not merely guilty of improprieties—but she is guilty of downright sinning —of practical infidelity. The marriage relation is not one to be dealt with slightly;—if it be anything, it is the most sacred thing. It rests on faith and love. It is actualizing our ideas of the true and holy. Confidence and fidelity are the secret of its success and its joys. Here, as elsewhere, a corrupt fountain

cannot send forth pure and sweet waters. Next to our duty to God, therefore, it involves the highest human obligations; and whoever, man or woman, infringes them, violates them, and pollutes that relation, is, in so far, faithless, guilty of practical infidelity. Yet by Christian men and women these things are done—and domestic life, in a thousand homes, is distracted, rendered awfully miserable by them. Shall we any longer palliate such vices, by applying to them soft names, calling them failings and faults? In the eye of all purity, and faith, and religion, the adulterer is incomparably a more execrable and pernicious character than any speculative infidel. Bad as is infidelity in faith, this infidelity of life is greatly worse;—for it lessens our confidence in man, in the integrity and faithfulness of the heart—it weakens our reverence for the institutions under which he lives and professes to esteem, besides the immediate and terrible evils it brings upon those directly concerned in, and connected with it. Let all such faithlessness, therefore, instead of being rendered inoffensive by soft and palliative terms, be openly and boldly denounced by the odious, but just name of infidelity. And let the hateful significance of the name be a true index of the public and social judgments which shall fall, burning, upon the heads of all such offenders;—that the world may see that in life, as in religion, faith is the highest and holiest thing.

Look now at social and religious life. The church, friendship and society, in anything like truthful and successful forms, depend upon veracity in all the intercourse and interchanges between man and man. In relation to these, we can all see that everything said and done should be positive and reliable. Truth is the only real and permanent basis of these institutions. It is here required that every one shall speak the truth and act the truth. There shall be no dissembling, no prevarication, no deceit. We should only pretend to what we feel and believe—our tongue should not belie our hands—all should be marked by genuine fidelity.

But I go out into the world and see the man who, a little while ago, told me he was a member of the church, how he loved it, and what sacrifices he would heartily make for it, now

engaged in a mean transaction with his neighbor—extorting by cunning and artifice from an ignorant man, a poor widow, or orphan children. He says to them and the world, by his profession, that he is a member of the Christian church—they know that the church requires veracity and honesty, and accordingly rely upon the truth of his statements and the fidelity of his conduct;—nor will they believe otherwise until they find themselves cheated, wronged, and their confidence abused.

In a hundred different forms, deceit, hypocrisy, and falsehood, are exhibited by persons who make loud professions of Christianity, faith, and prayer, and clamor most bitterly against speculative infidelity. Now, do not such persons manifest a heartless, and faithless, and most pernicious spirit? No matter how many of the forms of religion they may punctiliously observe, can any honest man believe them, and trust them? Do they not send out an influence most desecrating and unholy? And do they not, to a multitude of minds, present an objection more palpable and strong than any ever furnished by the genius of theoretical infidelity? I have read many infidel books, but never one staggered my faith in man and the Church, like such falsehood and hypocrisy. This practical faithlessness—this infidelity of life—is the saddest thing we have to witness, in connection with the Church. It mars its beauty—it corrupts its influence—it degenerates its office—it makes it, in the eye of the world, an unlovely and unloved thing. Do I say too much, when I say that such persons are infidels—infidels in conduct—in the visible and important facts of life? For, do they not manifest, actually live out, the real spirit of infidelity —of faithlessness.

But do not let me be misunderstood here, as saying or implying anything against the Church as an institution: I am not speaking of the Church as such—but only of those who, in religion's name, violate the sanctities of faith, and by their dealings with the world exhibit the spirit of infidelity, rendering the Christian profession a suspicious garb, under which to play the game of cheat. The Church is a true, holy, and indispensable institution: when filled and guided by Christ's faith and spirit, it presents a noble, a heavenly spectacle, which the sincere

heart must contemplate with reverence and delight. And there are now among its members many high examples of true Christian character. Such should be remembered and honored for their fidelity to their faith and professions—they are the light of the world, the salt of the earth.

If we turn now to friendship, that endearing relation, fraught with such various, intense, and inexpressible blessings, what sad havoc is made with it by this same spirit of faithlessness. There are few friendships that continue through life. However ardent and active in the early periods of their existence, some faithless act, on the one part or the other, that breaks the golden chain of confidence, and terminates the relation, is very apt, sooner or later, to occur. These thousand broken friendships, all around us, are the sad work of practical infidelity. How many friends have you been separated from by the development of this spirit—a violation of your reciprocal faith and trust? Any language or conduct which destroys, or even shakes your confidence in another, puts an end to your friendship; for you cannot love whom you cannot trust—whom you even *doubt*. How necessary then is faith, good faith, unbroken by word or deed, to the existence and perpetuity of genuine friendship. As this relation is dear and valuable, beware of that practical infidelity which leads to the violation of faith, truth, and honor. If you would have a pure flame, you must not mix your oil.

I can allude to but one other illustration of the prevalence and operation of this practical infidelity—and that is found in men's business transactions. I enter a shop and inquire for some particular article I want. The shop-keeper presents it, when I inquire if its quality is good. He looks me in the face and tells me straightly "it is the very best." I then inquire the price—he tells me it is so much; I reply it is too high, and I cannot take it, and turn to walk away. He calls me back, and tells me I may have it for a less price—that, "seeing it is I, he will let me have it for a certain sum, which is considerably lower than he ever sold it before." I go out and meet a half dozen persons, who, within a few days, have bought the same article, at the same place, at even a less price than that for which he offered it to me.

Now, to be plain and throw aside all terms of apology—what must I—what ought I, to think of the Christian profession of the man who endeavors, by the use of such trickery and deceit—such deliberate falsehood,—to so effect a little trade with me, that out of it he shall make an additional profit of a few pennies! I have mentioned this example, because, to greater or less extent, it exhibits the spirit and manner in which, and by which, the business operations of society are at present carried on. There are exceptions, thank God! but they are too few. The Christianity of trade would hardly be recognized, I fear, by the Apostles of the early time. There is a sad lack of faith among men in this respect—they have little confidence in each other, and conscience and integrity have come to signify *art* and *success*. When an exchange is to be made, a trade to be effected, both parties exert all the powers they have, to get the better of the bargain, or at least not to get cheated. Every man keeps his sagacity on perpetual vigilance, and yet, in spite of all he has done or can do, he often gets deceived and wronged. Each example of this kind, as well as the general method and operation of trade all around him, tends to put him on a stricter guard, and the exercise of greater caution, in his future transactions with his fellow men. Hence it has come to pass, that almost every man deals with every other man just as though he were a rogue. There are exceptions, honorable exceptions which stand out like beacon lights on the dark threatening ocean, but they are only exceptions, not the rule. And this spirit, in one form or another, extends from the greatest to the smallest transactions, embraces and pervades the whole circle of business—the entire system of trade. And, more in sorrow than in anger, I ask, what is this spirit of infidelity—of faithlessness of man in man? Does it not seem, that faith, truth, honor, integrity, sacred and inviolable, are no longer regarded as the basis of the system of trade, as the principles on which business should be done? Now, this is all wrong, sadly, awfully wrong. It shuts religion out from the place where a most important part of her mission lies. Christianity was designed for the workshop and counting-room, as much as for the temple and the Sabbath. In every place,

and of every thing, it would have man speak the truth, and *act* the truth. It would have the life, and the whole life, religious. A falsehood acted, is, in its sight, as unholy as a falsehood spoken; and either is equally criminal, whether done in the church or in the shop. A man cannot be religious, in any acceptable Christian sense of that term, without faith, honesty, integrity, as much in his business as in his prayers—as much towards man as towards God. And whoever lives in violation thereof, leads an infidel life, whatever may be the faith of his head and the profession of his lips.

I have thus, my brethren, imperfectly and in a plain way, represented my idea of practical infidelity—the infidelity of fact—of life. The illustrations are merely suggestive of the painful realities that everywhere surround us. May they lead us to such reflections as shall be profitable to our hearts and lives. And let us not forget, that Christianity should make us true and holy in our homes, in the church, in society, in business, in every relation and transaction of life, as well as before the altar and in the closet. While we condemn the theoretical infidelity of the head, let us not be guilty of practical infidelity, the infidelity of life.

HISTORICAL PROOF OF THE MORAL TENDENCY OF UNIVERSALISM.

I.

And when thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren.—Luke 22: 32.

The positive tendency of a doctrine or principle always determines the moral character of that doctrine or principle. Whenever we can ascertain, through reliable means, what is the actual effect which a particular form of faith has on its believers' heart and life, we may safely pass judgment on that form of faith. If we see a man holding a principle with the greatest tenacity—always speaking of it as though all his hopes rested on it—and yet living as though he did not believe it—as though he regarded it as the mere figment of some erring fancy—we may reasonably conclude that that principle is deficient in living moral force. If we can certainly know what are the fruits a tree bears, we can as certainly know the tree by its fruits. It is thus by our experience, or by knowledge gained from the experience of others, that we can with any real approach to certainty in our conclusions, determine the character of doctrines and principles. We may exercise our wisdom and skill in judging of them abstractly, but our decisions will be like most abstractions, have very little truth in them. And yet, unless we have been strangely perverted by a false education, it were wonderful if we did not sometimes hit fairly upon the truth, in the conclusions to which our reason should thus arrive. But the safer and more reasonable way evidently is, wherever it is possible, to base our judgment of the character of doctrines and principles upon those practical results, of which their application to life has made us, at least, measurably certain.

Now, I propose in this way, in the present and following discourse, to consider the character of Liberal Christianity—of

enlarged and generous sentiment—of Universalism. It is surely the most candid and fair manner in which we can judge of it, to judge its tendency by its actual moral results on its most earnest believers—and, of course, of its truth or falsity by its positive tendency. If its results prove its tendency to be bad —if they show that hearty belief in it makes men worse—then it is a most fair inference that it has not come from God—that it is false. And so also, on the other hand, if those results show its tendency on men's hearts and lives, to be holy and virtuous, then it is a most just inference that it is true, and has descended from Heaven. In executing the purpose which I here have in view, I shall turn to the history of the past for examples, in order that we may have those which we may judge fairly, and without prejudice—and also that we may avoid the imputation of a self-righteous exhibition of ourselves; a foolish vanity that is but too common among Christians. And I shall go to that part of the history of the past whose authority will be received by all—which all profess to make the ground of their faith and the rule of their life as Christians—the New Testament.

The history of Peter—the strong, stern, Jewish Peter—will furnish the example in illustration, to which your attention is now invited. It appears to us that the history of this Apostle most clearly and satisfactorily reveals the effect of increasing liberality of sentiment upon the mind. Every one who is at all familiar with the New Testament records, has gained a distinct idea of Peter. There is a ruggedness and decision—a stern dogmatic positiveness about him, which we cannot mistake. As soon as he speaks, we know his voice, it is so nervous and decisive. When our eyes fall upon a saying in the New Testament narrative, we know at once whether or not it proceeded from the lips of Peter. All artists represent him with a deep-set, penetrating eye—a high, knit brow—and sharp, compressed lips. As we read the record we experience a marked and peculiar feeling whenever he appears, or acts, or talks. John affects us often, but how differently from Peter; —they appear to our feelings as unlike as the mild spring-time and the rugged winter. To this natural peculiarity of mind

which so singles Peter out from the other characters in the Gospel histories, there were added other noticeable circumstances. He was born a Jew;—his first nourishment came to him impregnated with the Jewish prejudices. His education gave him only narrow and straitened views. From parent and priest he received the spirit of exclusiveness, that confined the knowledge of God and His blessings to those only who were born Hebrews. He was instructed that, of all this fair world, God's smile rested only on little, rough Palestine. The rest of the world was under Jehovah's curse;—its people were outcasts and dogs, on whom a burning vengeance would in due time be visited. It was certain, as nobody but Jews received God's favor here, nobody but Jews would ever get to heaven. Heaven, indeed, was to be altogether a Jewish affair—none but Jews could ever enter there; and all laws and pleasures, and everything, were to be Jewish, and Jewish only. These narrow views and prejudices had been so uniformly taught him—had grown with his years—until they were the fixed habitudes of his mind and heart.

Such was Simon Peter when Jesus called him to the discipleship of the new religion. He entered upon the duties of the new profession with his usual decisiveness of character; and proved himself so positive and forward as to call forth the staying hand and rebuking word from the mild and gentle Master. He had little patience with the slow and peaceful way in which Jesus was prosecuting the establishment of the kingdom of heaven;—he would smite those who were reluctant or opposed, either into the faith or into the grave. Though constantly with Jesus, sharing His conversation and His teaching, as well as witnessing His life and wonderful works, he seemed hardly to understand anything more of what he heard and saw than that Jesus was the expected Messiah, and would certainly do some great thing. Despite all Christ's teachings, Peter remained a Jew in his faith and feelings. His narrow and illiberal views, under whose dominion he had so long lived, seemed to operate as a sort of perverting medium to all the words that fell from the Master's lips. Yet from considerations which arose out of his very mistakes of Christ,

he was deeply interested in Him, and in the work which he expected He would accomplish. This interested attachment, as well as the forward positiveness of his character, was manifested in his speech after the last supper—"Lord, I am ready to go with thee, both into prison and unto death." These are strong words, but Christ was wiser than Peter;—he knew the weakness which narrow faiths and illiberal prejudices have upon the virtues of the mind, and that Peter was still under their influence, and could not in the nature of things receive strength enough from them to abide the trial to which his strong speech would shortly subject him,—and He answered him in the voice of prophecy:—"I tell thee, Peter, the cock shall not crow this day, before thou shalt thrice deny that thou knowest me; but when thou art *converted*, strengthen thy brethren." That is—Peter, you are now weak, however otherwise you may feel;—your limited and ungenerous sentiments limit the power of your virtues;—to inspire true and abiding strength, you must set no bounds to its resources and results;—the idea of limit imparts weakness to the mind; for since cause must be greater than effect, everything must produce consequences smaller than itself;—so that the tendency of narrow and illiberal faiths must legitimately be to weakness in moral virtue;—you will therefore fail in the coming hour of trial;—your feeling of strength will prove mean and cowardly weakness, in so far that instead of gloriously dying with me, you will wickedly deny me. But this is not the end—you will yet learn great and powerful lessons. Your ignorance shall be enlightened—your darkness illuminated—your narrow faiths and illiberal sentiments be exchanged for purer and broader ones—you shall be *converted;*—and then shall you be strong—able to impart strength unto your brethren; for your strength will rest upon sources that are infinite. Faith in the infinite, impressing its own character upon you, shall make you greater than all outward circumstances—so that what you shall to-day, under the influence of you limited and ungenerous faith, meanly and wickedly shrink from, when you are converted you shall meet with the fearless heart and the unfaltering virtue of true Christian heroism.

Now follow Peter through the remainder of his history, and see what the event proves. His first trial was close at hand when Christ's prophetic words to him were uttered. Christ was soon after betrayed and brought into the high-priest's house. His fortunes now appeared to be entirely changed. He was in the hands of his enemies. He made no resistance when they seized him, and he now made no exertion to retrieve himself. Everything about him began to look dark—a deepening shade of thoughtfulness was settling upon his countenance—hope in his case was departing with rapid pinion. It would seem that, as his enemies press closer around him with their insulting and vexing questions, he must now call down fire from heaven, and blast in a moment their power and their life. But no—he is silent—he seems to be wholly in their power—and they exult and sneer, spitting in his face, and buffeting him. And Simon Peter was there: he had "followed Jesus afar off, unto the high-priest's palace, and went in, and sat with the servants to see the end."

Soon there came one to him, and saying,—"thou also wast with Jesus." But he denied it before them all. Upon the charge being repeated, he not only concealed himself under base falsehood, but he added to it with an oath, and also with cursing and swearing. And such was the strong and awful comment on Jesus' prophecy of the cowardly weakness of his moral virtues, which the painful conduct of Peter furnishes. Yet there is nothing unnatural—nothing strange in it. From his infancy he had been accustomed to have his actions governed by fear: this principle was his chief motive to all religious, and indeed also to all other obedience; and his short service under Christ had not supplanted it with the higher principles of faith and love as revealed in Christ;—and when he found his Master thus situated—the awful danger thickening around him, like the increasing darkness of the gathering storm,—full of threatening and destruction to all who were known to be intimately associated with him—the fear of the *present* was mightier than the fear of the *future*—and by it was he driven to that terrible guilt. It was the smallness and frailty of his faith

that led to the frailty of his conduct—that left him so feeble and mean just when he should have been strong and noble.

But there are still other chapters in Peter's history. His faith and feelings were destined to be enlarged and liberalized. The first great step towards this was effected by Christ's resurrection from the dead. By this fact, his hope in the Messiah, which, with his denial, had fled, was reanimated in a transcendently more glorious form. His worldly and Jewish views of Christ and his kingdom—of God and heaven—gave place to such truer conceptions of them as to cause him to exclaim,—"Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, who, according to His abundant mercy, hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you, who are kept by the power of God, *through faith*, unto salvation."

Another impulse was given to the enlargement of Peter's faith and charity, by the spiritual illumination visited upon him during the scene on the day of Pentecost, when three thousand received new life from the words he spake unto them. The outpouring of the spirit opened before his vision a wider field, and also gave to it distinctness and reach—so that he saw far more than ever before what are the great truths that constitute the power and glory of the kingdom of Christ. Their perception filled him with a new life, and his words came with a resistless power. "The promise," he said "is unto you—and to your children—and to all that are afar off—even as many as the Lord our God shall call. * * * And He shall send Jesus Christ, which before was preached unto you;—whom the Heavens must receive until the times of the restitution of all things, which God hath spoken of by the mouth of all His holy prophets since the world began."

And yet, with all this increase of light and knowledge, Peter's mind was not entirely disenthralled from its slavery to Jewish opinions and feelings. He still, somehow, looked upon the Hebrew nation as the peculiar people of God, and felt so strong a partiality towards them that he esteemed it his duty, as a religious man, to associate with none other. These views and

feelings were untrue to Christianity, and needed to be corrected. To effect this, the vision of the sheet came. It is written, he "saw the heavens open, and a certain vessel descending unto him, as it had been a great sheet knit together at the four corners, and let down to the earth,—wherein were all manner of four-footed beasts, and creeping things, and fowls of the air. And there came a voice unto him—Rise, Peter, kill and eat. But he said, not so, Lord; for nothing common or unclean hath at any time entered into my mouth. And the voice spake unto him again the second time—What God hath cleansed, that call thou not common or unclean. This was done thrice; and the vessel was received up again into heaven."

This did the needed work, and Peter was translated into another man. With a most inspiring earnestness, we now hear him exclaim,—"ye know that it is an unlawful thing for a man that is a Jew to keep company or come unto one of another nation; but God hath showed me that I should not call any man common or unclean. * * * Of a truth, I perceive that God is no respecter of persons."

We have now alluded to the most striking periods in the history of the enlargement and liberalizing of Simon Peter's religious faith; and no one, it seems to us, can fail to perceive the identity of each change, each addition to his faith, as represented, with a fundamental feature of the distinctive faith we hold. What now was the effect of these changes into a wider faith—of this increase in generous and enlarged sentiment—on the practically religious life of the Apostle? Was their tendency, as manifested in the subsequent conduct of his life, evil and dangerous? Does his subsequent history contain a single passage that should make us regret these modifications in his faith and charities? Rather, does not his subsequent history furnish us the most satisfactory proofs, that every step he made towards the full faith of Universalism, until he reached and rejoiced in it, tended, directly and positively, to greater strictness in his religious feelings and greater heroic strength in the moral integrities of his soul? Surely he became, through precisely this instrumentality, and through none other, one of the most devoted, exemplary, and faithful of the Apostles. There

was none among them more earnest, of stronger courage, or more abiding fortitude. When he reached this great point in his faith—when all his limited views were lost in the infinite, and his narrow partialities in universal charities — religion became the one grand, absorbing interest of his being—for which alone he would live—for which alone he was ready to die—and for which, as is generally believed, he at last did die, being martyred on a cross with his head downward.

Such, my brethren, is the tendency of liberal doctrines in religion—of Universalism—as illustrated upon the heart and life of one of the most earnest of men. It found him blind, narrow, and bigoted, in his views and feelings—under the dominion of the strongest passions—hating and despising everything that was not essentially Jewish;—and though professedly religious, capable of the greatest extravagance and profanity: but it left him a man of intelligent zeal, self-sacrificing devotion to the great cause of truth and right—and in all the great virtues that adorn and bless humanity—that make him the friend of God and the friend of his race—a high and notable example for all succeeding generations to study and follow. And what must strike the mind as peculiar and forcible in the case, is that Peter became a better and nobler man, just in proportion as he believed more and more in the broad and liberal doctrines of Universalism. Surely, this is a circumstance that is full of meaning, and affords the most conclusive proof that the proper moral tendency of our religion is pure and holy. Let us therefore add new zeal to our faith, and publish the doctrines of the Gospel with more earnestness and faithfulness than ever before.

HISTORICAL PROOF OF THE MORAL TENDENCY OF UNIVERSALISM.

II.

And when thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren.—Luke 22: 32.

Every religious truth—and may not every truth, when once we get to the bottom of things, be religious—every religious truth is moral in its tendency. Its real fruits, when manifested in the heart and life, are ever pure and holy. God has made it an active cause, where rightly received, producing righteousness. Religious truth is the soul of all genuine religious virtue. It is clothed with a redeeming power. According to its extent, it saves and blesses. It at once gives freedom and strictness to the conscience and the life, according to the degree in which it is truly embraced. It is a living moral force, or spiritual energy, doing the will of God in man. It has its source in God, and all its tendencies are into His own likeness. It comes from heaven, and in heaven it ends. And this of *all* religious truths. No matter how great or small, according to our standard of estimation it may be, if it be religious, it must, in all its operations, be a strictly moral thing: less than this it cannot be. From this general statement we suppose there will be no dissent, since nothing can be plainer than that all religious truths must come from God, and whatever truths come from God must be purely moral in their actual results. It is thus, we all believe that Christianity came from God—and believing this, receive and regard it as the revealed power to lead us to piety and moral virtue. On the fact that God is its source, rests all our confidence in it as a religion, whose power is unto salvation. Take away this fact, and you take away Christianity from our faith and affections; strengthen it, and you increase our reverence for Christianity, and augment its power over us.

Now, we most devoutly believe the form of religious faith

we hold is true. A thousand reasons all around and within us, tell us it is true. It seems to us to be written on all things, from the little flower to the inspired record. Our very consciousness bears witness to it. Now, if it be true, if it be one of the everlasting facts, it must, in the nature of things, tend to redemption from sin and to holiness of life; it can have no other tendency, for it is a purely religious cause, and can only issue in religious results. Such, at least, is the only conclusion to which we have been able to come; not only from the grounds here expressed, but from every consideration connected with the subject. And yet it is sometimes, how often? declared, that, admitting its truth, our form of religious faith ought not to be preached, that it is indeed most ruinous to preach it, because nothing but evil will come of it. More in sorrow than in anger, we say nothing seems to us more absurd and unjust than such statements. What! can the truth beget a lie? Will love send forth the issues of hate? Does good produce evil; a good tree bring forth corrupt fruit? Will faith in God, and Christ, and heaven, lead us to walk in the ways of Satan, and death, and hell? In the nature of things, must not every effect receive its special character from its cause? Do we not call that a good man, who leads a life of goodness? Does "man's inhumanity to man," spring from faith in man, or from the lack of it? Surely nothing can be more certain than that our religious faith, if it be true, must lead to piety of heart and holiness of life. We should have no possible inducement to hold it—to cherish it as we do—if we did not feel the most sacred assurance, that such are the blessed consequences which naturally flow from it.

But as though it were not enough to misrepresent our faith, our motives also are impeached; the painful charge is preferred against us, that we cling to our faith only because we know it gives us license to sin, throws off all restraint from our conscience, and bids us go headlong into vice and crime. Do men suppose we are lost to all the interests of the human heart; that we are dead to every religious feeling and hope, that they can calmly talk thus of us? As an individual, have I not as much interest in the truth, as any man? Does not my happiness in

this life—my destiny in that to come, concern me as deeply, as do theirs any of my brethren? And must I not be worse than insane, to cling to that which I know is leading straight to endless destruction—and to cling to it, only, because I hope a momentary release from the vigilance of my conscience? No, my brethren, this charge is false and unjust; it does us deep wrong in our feelings, and every way. From a little child I have felt myself a frail and dependent creature; through many a long and weary night have I had earnest and awful thoughts of my Maker, my duty, and my destiny; and in prayer and tears sought His answer to these questions; the answer, and the only answer that has come, is the faith we cherish and love, and which, with His grace assisting us, we mean to live.

I have repeatedly said, what must be apparent to every one who will be candid, that if our form of religious faith be true, it must be holy in its tendency. But besides the direct statement and proofs of that faith, there is a species of evidence, not by any means unimportant in its character or value, that is deducable from those examples where it has been held and lived. It is reasoning from the effect to the cause, and inferring the character of the latter from the character of the former. This we have already done in the case afforded us in the history of the Apostle Peter, where, as we believe, it was fairly shown that Peter became truly religious and holy in the precise ratio that he increased in the liberality of his faith and sentiments, until he attained the full faith of Christ. We now propose in a similar way, to present a brief outline of the history of the Apostle Paul, who, though very unlike Peter, is a most striking example of the blessed effect of enlarged and generous faith on the piety of the heart and the morality of the life. The history of these two men, as it appears to us, ought to satisfy every one, that liberal Christianity, instead of being the foe to strict religious character, does most surely and happily encourage it, does indeed directly and positively produce it, more definitely and to a far greater extent, than any other system of religion.

Paul, like Peter, was born a Jew, and in many respects received the same religious education. He was also a Pharisee, and a Pharisee "after the strictest sect." The Pharisaic sect

was a numerous and peculiar body. They stood out in marked relief from all the rest of the Jewish people. Whatever may have been their origin, about which there is much speculation and little that is certain, they were now, in Paul's time, wide enough of genuine piety and morality. One author tells us, that they believed in an oral law, given by Moses and preserved by tradition; that the soul of man is immortal—that in the invisible world, beneath the earth, rewards and punishments will be dispensed to the virtuous and vicious; that the wicked shall be confined in an eternal prison, but the good shall obtain a speedy return into life and happiness; and that thoughts and desires are not sinful and will not be judged. Another informs us, that they called themselves Pharisees, or separatists, because they esteemed themselves too holy to associate with common men; that they believed in the immortality of the soul, in the resurrection of the body; in future rewards for the righteous, whom they reckoned to be only the Jews, and that the wicked go directly to hell at their death. He states also that they were excessively zealous for the oral law and the observance of all rites and ceremonies, insomuch that they would neglect not the smallest thing in the way of tithing and ablutions. Another assures us, that they believed in a resurrection of the body, but they excluded the wicked from any participation in this feature of the resurrection, holding that while their bodies were not raised their souls were immediately at death transmitted into a state of everlasting wo. They also held that, though God was the creator of all men and nations, He was the benefactor and savior only of the Jews. In their faith, they were excessively narrow, rigid and exclusive; and their chief motives to obedience were the physical penalties of the law and the hot flames of hell. A man, it seems, could not be a good Pharisee without believing stoutly in a fiery hell and the hopeless burning of the wicked therein. Now, what ought we to expect according to the current Christian philosophy from this straitness of faith? Certainly, that the Pharisees were the most religious of men; but, instead of this desirable result, all agree in pronouncing them the most *un*religious and hollow-hearted, so that their very distinctive title has become

synonymous with that most execrable of characters, the hypocrite. It has been strongly, and, beyond doubt, truthfully said of them, "that their aim was to *seem* good and excellent, not to *be* good and excellent. They wished to have all of goodness and excellence, all of religion, except goodness, religion itself. They would unite the two worlds of salvation and iniquity, having the appearance of the one, and the reality of the other. They would work in deceit and wickedness, and yet appear to men with clean hands. They would pray in one direction, and yet live in just the opposite way, thus attempting, as it were, to blind the eyes, and cheat the justice of the all-knowing God. A Pharisee may be defined, as the circumstances of a good man, after the good man has left them. He could pray long and loud, where he was sure to be heard, at the corners of the streets, and give alms in public places, to gain the name of devout, charitable, or munificent, while he devoured widows' houses, or the inheritance of orphans, and in his inward part was full of ravening and wickedness."

Such were the Pharisees—and the question here presses itself upon us, why were they such bad men as they are here, and everywhere, represented? They seem to have been almost the only men who called forth any severe rebuke from the Savior. Are we to look for the answer in the principles of human nature, or in their religious system? Are we to regard their painfully exceptionable life as the fruit of the moral constitution with which God endowed them, or as the legitimate product of their narrow and soulless faith?

A member of this sect it was that Saul of Tarsus was bred. In this Phariseeism you may see his religion, to which he clung with a zeal and bigotry correspondent to his remarkable mental strength. And doubtless his attachment to that religious system was honest, sincere;—and the same remark, it appears to me, should, in bare justice to human nature, be made of the great body of that sect. It is no uncommon thing for men to be better than principles; but bad principles must produce evil results on the morality of him who long persists in his attachment to them. Under the influence of his Pharisaism, Saul went forth in the cruel spirit of persecution against Jesus and

his disciples. His religion made him "exceeding mad" against all who took Christ to be the Messiah. As one of the influential among his sect, he resolved upon the extermination of the new religion; and entered upon a systematic warfare against the persons of its believers. With a heart frozen to marble—utterly dead to all the sympathies and kindness of Christian love—he not only stood by, witnessing and giving his approval at the martyrdom of Stephen, but he took special care of the clothes of the executioners while they were stoning his brother to death. While the flames of hell, which he believed would inevitably be the portion of the wicked, were glaring him full in the face,—"breathing out slaughter and vengeance against the disciples of the Lord, he went unto the high-priest, and desired of him letters to Damascus, to the synagogues, that, if he found any of this way, whether men or women, he might bring them bound unto Jerusalem." In his memorable defense before Agrippa, he says of himself, by way of confession—"I verily thought I ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth. Which things I also did in Jerusalem; —and many of the saints did I shut up in prison, having received authority from the chief priests;—when they were put to death, I gave my voice against them. And I punished them oft in every synagogue, and compelled to blaspheme;—and being exceeding mad against them, I persecuted them even unto strange cities."

This confession of Saul is a sorry commentary on the religion of the Pharisees;—if these are to be set down as among its natural fruits, we have every warrant for pronouncing it inherently bad—as resting to no small extent on falsehood. If we take Paul for what he everywhere appears to be, a sincere and honest man, we must regard him as faithfully endeavoring to carry out, under peculiar circumstances, the peculiar principles of his religious belief. He even assures us himself, that in all this he thought he was doing God service. Here, then, we see to what results Pharisaism led—and what a melancholy perversion is it of the noble powers of a great man—and what a painful record does it make in the history of the great Apostle! And it should not be a record that comes to

us in vain—it should teach us a lesson, so deep, so important, as to lead us to shun forever, as the destruction of all true holiness and right moral virtue, all systems that exclude the universal paternity of God and brotherhood of the human race.

But it is time we passed to the next chapter in Paul's history. We necessarily can only notice the more striking facts connected with, and illustrative of the Apostle's religious faith. In the midst of his career, as the murderous persecutor of the disciples of Jesus, he was arrested by the most wonderful conversion on record. With vengeance and death burning in his heart, he was met by the presence of the Lord, with the awfully impressive question—"Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" The light of that glorious presence had already smitten him blind to the earth. While prostrate—breathless—his very heart forgetting its duty in that presence—the words—so gently spoken that none else heard them—fell, one by one, with a subduing power upon his sin-hardened soul. There was no terror—no threatening. No dreadful regions were opened, with horrid glare, to his soul's vision. But only simple, holy words, in tones of love—"why persecutest thou me?" And these were enough—they melted his steeled heart—subdued, disarmed him—and with a responsive love he lifted up his soul in the question—"Who art thou, Lord?" The answer came in the same heavenly and persuasive tones—"I am Jesus of Nazareth whom thou persecutest." The great work was done—Paul was a converted man—the enemy was changed into a friend—the tiger was become the dove. Life was breathed into that marble heart, and transmuted it into warm, pulsating flesh. An electrical sympathy flashed through his being, and in a moment he felt himself indissolubly united to his race—his interest and his destiny linked in and bound up in theirs. To love Christ, he must love man;—it was his hatred here that had kept him at enmity against man's elder brother and Redeemer. From the spiritual intercourse which now followed between him and Christ and his other apostles, great and holy truths came to be his glorious possession. From the narrowest, he passed into the broadest and purest faith—from the grossest bigotry into the most heavenly charity—from exclu-

siveness into universal good will—in a word, from a Pharisee and a Jew, into a man and a Christian. There was thus a most wonderful enlargement, liberality, expansiveness, given to all his views and sentiments;—the limited, the partial, was lost in the universal;—the salvation of the Jews became the salvation of the world.

Of his numerous writings we can refer to but few passages expressive of the character and extent of the Apostle's new faith, after his conversion to Christ, and these we will bring together promiscuously as they occur to our mind. "To us," he says, "there is but one God, the Father, of whom are all things, and we of Him." —— "There is one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all." —— He "hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation;—for in Him we live, and move, and have our being, * * for we are also His offspring." —— "We have had fathers of our flesh which corrected us, and we gave them reverence; shall we not rather be in subjection to the Father of our spirits, and live? For they verily for a few days chastened us after their own pleasure; but He for our profit, that we might be partakers of His holiness. Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness to them which are exercised thereby." —— "We trust in the living God, who is the Savior of all men, especially of them that believe." —— "God will have all men to be saved and come unto the knowledge of the truth." —— "Wherein He hath abounded toward us in all wisdom and prudence; having made known unto us the mystery of His will, according to His good pleasure which He hath purposed in Himself: that in the dispensation of the fullness of times He might gather together in one all things in Christ, both which are in heaven, and which are on earth, even in Him." —— "As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive. * * * Then the end, when he shall have delivered up the kingdom to God, even the Father;—when he shall have put down all rule and all authority and power. For he must reign, till he hath

put all enemies under his feet. The last enemy that shall be destroyed is Death. * * * And when all things shall be subdued unto Him, then shall the Son also himself be subject unto Him that put all things under him, that God may be all in all." —— "Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name: that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord to the glory of God the Father."

But enough. In such language it is that Paul declares his faith. How strong and decisive it is! And who can fail to perceive that it most clearly teaches the form of faith we hold? We know not how to set it forth more distinctly and strongly, than it has been done by this Apostle. We never succeed so well in expressing our faith, as when we adopt his words.

What, now, let us ask, was the effect of this wonderful enlargement of Paul's faith on his moral life? Did it throw all restraint off his conscience, and give him indulgence to sin? Did this liberality in sentiment impart weakness and looseness to his moral virtues? Did that translation from the hades of Pharisaism to the sunny clime of universal benevolence and salvation, fill the Apostle's soul with a passionate lust of wickedness and crime? Does his subsequent history furnish us with a single passage, that should make us regret this change, this expansion of his faith?—that should make us lament he went so far and believed so much? Surely, no one will pretend it; for the change in his moral life was as great and favorable as was the change in his religious belief. It converted the mad persecutor to a holy, and patient, and forbearing disciple of the humble Nazarene. It made him bear, with singular virtue, the hottest persecution and severest trials. It led him, at the expense of home, and rank, and friends, all local attachments and blessings, all personal ease and comforts, to take his life in his hand, and devote himself, unreservedly, to God and Christ and Truth. In this devotion did he continue till his latest breath, and yielded up his life at last amid the flames and agony of martyrdom, sealing with his death the truth and power of the

new religion. Such was the work of Christ's love, of broad and heavenly faith upon the Pharisee of Tarsus.

Tell me not, therefore, that Christianity as interpreted by Universalism, is licentious in its tendency—that it leads to painful and immoral results;—nor that its results are proof of its falsity. Every fruit it bears is holy and pure. I see in the life it inspires—in the piety and holiness it begets—the most convincing proofs that it came from God. In the life of Jesus, I see it shining in every act—hear it speaking in every word—and behold it triumphing on the cross. I turn to Peter, and he tells me it leads to Christ, and transforms us into the spiritual children of the Infinite One; and his own history assures me that he speaks truly. I look to Paul, and he tells me that, through Christ, it changes us into the image of the Divine—from glory to glory. I turn within, and, from my frail experience, *feel* that it is indeed the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.

O, let us, then, praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men.

"THEY SHALL BE COMFORTED."

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.—MATT. 5: 4.

To MOST persons this text seems to be the strictest paradox,—declaring mourning to be happiness, and contradicting all past results of human experience. We are apt to associate with sorrow little of what we commonly understand as happiness;—and with the sentiments usually entertained in connection with those trying seasons, it were scarcely less than cruel mockery to address those who are thus suffering as "blessed because they mourn." Yet I think, upon reflection, we shall discover that the Savior is wiser than men, and has, under this apparent paradox, revealed to us one of the great laws of human weal.

I. In pursuing this reflection, the first thing I remark is, "Blessed are they that mourn" for their sin. If there be anything which, above others, a man should sorrow for, it is the evil that is in him. Over what is it fitter he should weep, than over his faults, his secret faults? There is room here for deepest regret. The pity he has to others shown, he has occasion now to show himself. There are misfortunes in his own heart to mourn over. If he think of them at all—if he, for a moment, contemplate the state of things he has brought to pass there, within the temple of his own spirit—he must be far gone indeed if there be not rising up within him sincere emotions of penitential sorrow. And if he weep for these sins earnestly and faithfully, it is well. It is "godly sorrow which worketh repentance, that needeth not to be repented of." Blessed is that mourning, for it leadeth to spiritual comfort. The work which is here, and thus done, is not superficial and short-lived, coming with stormy excitement, and passing away with the subsequent calm. His heart is in it;—it is not accidental and transient;—it is the mourning that brings him the "very present help" of God, kindles his conscience into its holiest endeavor, and raises him into the happy estate of genuine spiritual reformation. The tears of spiritual mourn-

ing are regenerative;—they purify;—they bring the oppressed heart relief;—they fertilize the soil of virtue;—and they soften and chasten the graces of the heart. How truly are they blessed that mourn for their sins.

II. But the causes of mourning do not all lie in sin; and the sorrows which spring from disappointment, bereavement, and trial, are not less blessed in their influences upon the heart of the sufferer,—though they may not be so readily discovered nor so willingly admitted. Among the happy effects operated by this kind of mourning, who has not witnessed, if he has not most sensibly felt, the drawing of the soul into nearer and more living communion with the Creator? In the hour of man's pride, when he has just perfected his arrangements to live after the desires of his own heart, the unthought-of blow of adversity, like the lightning-stroke from the noonday heaven, falls upon the temple reared by his mere human skill and power, and, amazed and bewildered, in his weakness he trembles amidst its scattered ruins. The companion of his bosom, the child of his love, the friend dear to him as life itself, spite of his hopes, his efforts, his prayers, do what he will, sinks away before his eyes, sundering the sensitive cords that so sweetly link them to himself—and with bowed and solemn spirit he lays them away in the stillness of the all-embracing tomb. From the hilarity of gladness, his heart is suddenly swept into the region of mourning,—and the tongue that was just now eloquent of pleasure, hesitates and stammers in prayer. He who a little time since felt the want of nothing, now asks for mercy—pleads for strength and help. His littleness and weakness have become his absorbing consciousness:—life is no longer the thing it was—it has lost its charm,—and he "feels after God, if haply he find him," where his troubled heart may be "comforted." Thus his mourning leads him to the source of infinite consolation. Such thoughts of his divine Father spring up in his soul as he never experienced before,—and holy influences descend upon him, and a class of benigner hopes, to which, till then, he had been a stranger. Under the discipline of this ordination, if it continue any considerable time, he learns to transfer from himself to the Omnipotent One

his reliance for all that is abiding in human well-being, and seeks from Him those blessings without which life proves but a fleeting vanity. The long selfish and alienated man becomes a communicant child. Bitterly has he learned that, though the human may seemingly suffice well enough in prosperity, God only is sufficient in adversity and death. And no man's life is so uniform—so unvisited by adverse incidents and sore misfortunes of one kind or another, as never to feel the need of the great Sustainer and Consolator. Hence the sacred office of his tears, which wash away the blinding film from his eyes, showing him himself as he is, and revealing to him God and his infinite beauty, tenderness and love.

III. "Mourning" also tends to spiritualize man. It purifies his views, and purges out the dross of earthiness from his feelings. His affections, which should be placed upon heavenly and eternal things, have been engrossed by ignoble and sensual objects—but sorrow speedily shows him the injurious mistake into which he has fallen. The soul which was made to find its chief sources of pleasure in the spiritualities of religion and a divine life, and thus to be in readiness for the various circumstances which transpire in a mixed state of being, sadly fails of its exalted privileges when it gives itself up to sensualism. Among the numerous agencies which aim at the same result, sorrow strikingly confutes this miserable folly, and demonstrates its utter incapacity for the soberer emergencies of life. There is accordingly nothing which so soon weans a man's attachments from the world. It requires but a brief experience in the discipline of deep mourning, to convince the heart of the entire futility of earthly hopes, and to persuade it to look above for its consolation and support. Sorrow transfigures religion to the soul. It is the heart's baptism, at which the heavens open, and the spiritual dove descends upon it. The affections are transfused with a new essence, and become like crystal streams in sunlight. Hope is clothed in immaculate chastity. The gawd and tinsel of time is supplanted by calm and peaceful thoughts of eternity. A new world opens upon the mourner, whence pours a flood of celestial light and beauty, reinvesting the old with a new significance, and revealing the

love of God in new and more endearing forms. The cup of sorrow is ever the cup of purity; no grossness, no sensualism mingles there; its draught softens, subdues, humanizes, inducts into the soul active spirituality, and fosters the growth of a holier life. Here we see why it is, that the most spiritual men, in all ages, have been deep sufferers; they have dwelt almost ever, as it were, in shadow; the thick clouds of adversity have darkened their skies; misfortunes "thick as autumnal leaves in Vallombrosa" strew their path; the icy hand of death hath stilled the hearts that beat all as their own; a life of outward and inward struggle has been theirs; but as gold in the refiner's fire, their trials have refined them almost into heavenly conditions of spirituality, so that while they live in the world, they seem to live a life not of the world. In the narrow circle of my own observation, I have witnessed this happy effect of sorrow and trial in examples worthy of public record—where the worldly-minded, the irreligious, and the harsh-tempered have, by the sudden adverse turn of fortune and the death of dear friends, been, as if by miracle, transformed into devotedly religious persons, with temper as sweet, heart as pure, trust as childlike and beautiful as in the early disciples—having in their supreme affections exchanged the temporal for the eternal, and drawing from that world where no sorrow is, the honeyed balm to heal the wounds and sweeten the ills of this.

IV. Finally, "Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted." They shall be comforted!—precious promise from the lips of Him who spake as the Father gave unto Him. Comfort for the mourner! assurance that takes half the sting of sorrow away. It may be an unwelcome visitor; it may come in an hour when we feel least prepared for it; it may be painful—may oppress and weigh down the spirit—fill the heart with an awful sense of loneliness, and even of desolation; it may blast the hopes on which we have hung with but too much fondness; it may render us naked of our chosen resources, and cast us prostrate and bleeding in wounds and weakness; but this is not all—it does not end here; it does not strip us of our dearest good, and leave us to shiver and perish in the storm that beats upon us in our bewildered path; it is not a mere de-

solating power, followed by irretrievable ruin and death: oh, no; this is not the work, the end of the sorrow God sendeth; for "he smites to bless, and wounds to heal." There is a joy which ever cometh after—for the mourner "shall be comforted."

"Grief may abide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with morning light."

"The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower."

There is even blessing and comfort here for those that mourn, —the dear mercy of God—the pity which drops from the skies as dew upon the heart—the sweet promises of His more than parental love, and His tenderer than parental care—the holy spirit of His grace—the benign hopes and consolation of His word—the endearing and assuasive sympathy of Christ, who was touched with our infirmities, and was himself a man of sorrows, and is ever with them even unto the end of the world. But what shall I say of the beautiful home where those, for whom they mourn, have gone, and whither themselves soon shall go?—the home where God in His very presence is—and the immaculate and loving Christ—and there are no more adversities and weeping? There, my friends, shall ye be comforted in the immortal significance of the heavenly word. In that society, of which you shall be members, there is not one who has not, like you, mourned and wept;—but their tears are hushed away now—for they are "comforted." Blessed promise to the believing heart, to the sorrowing child,—it shall be comforted. And the sweep of ages shall bring it harm no more;—its rest there comes, and its peace is eternal!

"There, in the soft and beautiful Belief,
Flows the true Lethé for the lips of grief;—
There, penury, hunger, misery, cast their eyes,
How soon the bright republic of the skies!
There, love, heart-broken, sees prepared the bower,
And hears the bridal step, and waits the nuptial hour!
There smiles the mother we have wept! there bloom
Again the buds asleep within the tomb;
There, o'er bright gates inscribed, 'no more we part,'
Soul springs to soul, and heart unites to heart."